

No. 27

64  
PAGES  
OF  
ACTION!

MAY, 1939

# Detective COMICS

10¢

STARTING THIS ISSUE:  
THE AMAZING AND  
UNIQUE ADVENTURES OF  
**THE BATMAN!**





# CRIME NEVER PAYS



## BULLETS BETRAY NO LESS THAN FINGERPRINTS

FORENSIC BALLISTICS - THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF MISSILES IS A GREAT AID IN CRIME DETECTION. AN INDIVIDUAL FIREARM WILL LITERALLY STAMP ITS OWN "FINGERPRINT." NO TWO GUNS ARE ALIKE AND EACH MARKS THE BULLETS IT SHOOTS. TODAY ALL SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED DETECTIVES POSSESS THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS TO ACT AS EXPERTS AND CAN TELL WHAT TYPE OF WEAPON DISCHARGED A BULLET.

HELEN BLIXT - OF SALT LAKE CITY, ONE OF THE LEADING BALLISTICS EXPERTS OF THE U.S.

*The* ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE CAME INTO EXISTENCE OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO 1875, AND TODAY THERE IS A TOTAL OF NEARLY 3,000 IN THE FORCE.



## HOLE IN LEAF CLUE

WHEN A MAN WAS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT TO DEATH, LUKE MAY, CRIMINOLOGIST, OF SEATTLE, WAS CALLED ON THE CASE. THE VICTIM HAD BEEN SHOT BY SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE AS HE SAT BY THE WINDOW IN HIS STUDY. LUKE MAY NOTICED THAT - IF THE SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED CLOSE TO THE GLASS, THE PANE WOULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN. OUTSIDE, NEAR A TREE, MAY LOOKED AROUND FOR CLUES, AND GLANCED AT A LEAF ON A LEVEL WITH THE WINDOW. THROUGH IT WAS A BULLET HOLE. TRACING THE FLIGHT OF THE SLUG LED HIM TO A WINDOW IN A ROOMING HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET THE SLAYER HAD OCCUPIED THE ROOM. HIS DISCUSSION WAS SECURED AND HE WAS ARRESTED.



## TRAVELING CRIME HEADQUARTERS

A POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON WHEELS - AN AUTOMOBILE TRAILER - THAT CAN SPEED DIRECTLY TO THE SCENE OF A SUSPECTED OR KNOWN CRIME WITHOUT DELAY IS USED BY THE NASSAU COUNTY POLICE DETECTIVE DIVISION, NEW YORK. IT IS OUTFITTED WITH THE NEEDS OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD INCLUDING CHAIRS TO ACCOMMODATE SUSPECTED PERSONS OR WITNESSES DURING THE PROCESS OF QUESTIONING. THE TRAILER ALSO CONTAINS A LABORATORY EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING A COMPLETE FINGERPRINTING OUTFIT.

THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION STARTED THEIR FINGERPRINT COLLECTION IN 1924 AND IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

1215	RIGHT THUMB	10
NAME	John Doe	C
OFFENSE	Robbery	S
CHARGE	1st Degree	10
		R
		A
		M

ROLLED IMPRESSION

## DETEC-TEST ?



WHAT IS A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS?

ANSWER - A WRIT DIRECTED TO THE PERSON DETAINING ANOTHER, COMMANDING HIM TO PRODUCE THE BODY OF THE PRISONER AT A CERTAIN TIME AND PLACE.



## ROBS U.S. TREASURY DISPLAY GOLD (?)

THE ONE AND ONLY ROBBERY EVER STAGE IN THE U.S. TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. WAS COMMITTED BY AN UNKNOWN THIEF IN 1934. IF THE BARS OF METAL WHICH WERE STOLEN FROM THE DISPLAY WINDOW HAD BEEN GOLD IT WOULD HAVE BEEN VALUED AT \$30,000 - BUT THEY WERE ONLY GILDED SCRAP IRON.

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN, Editor

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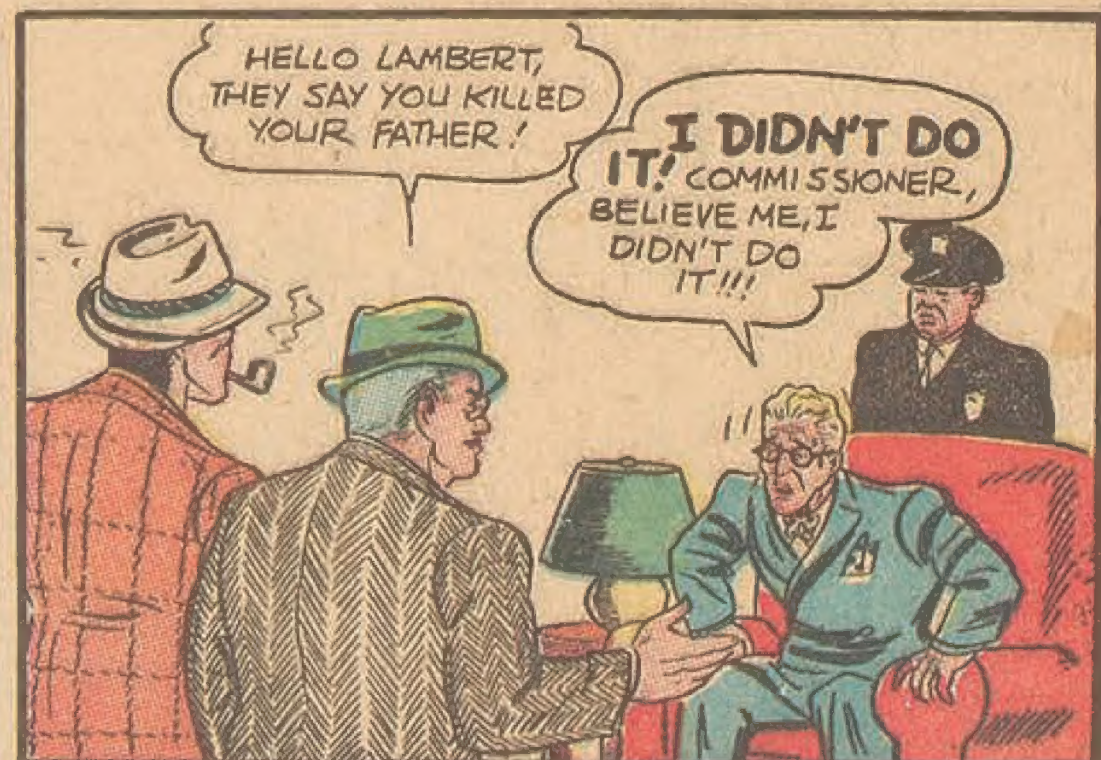
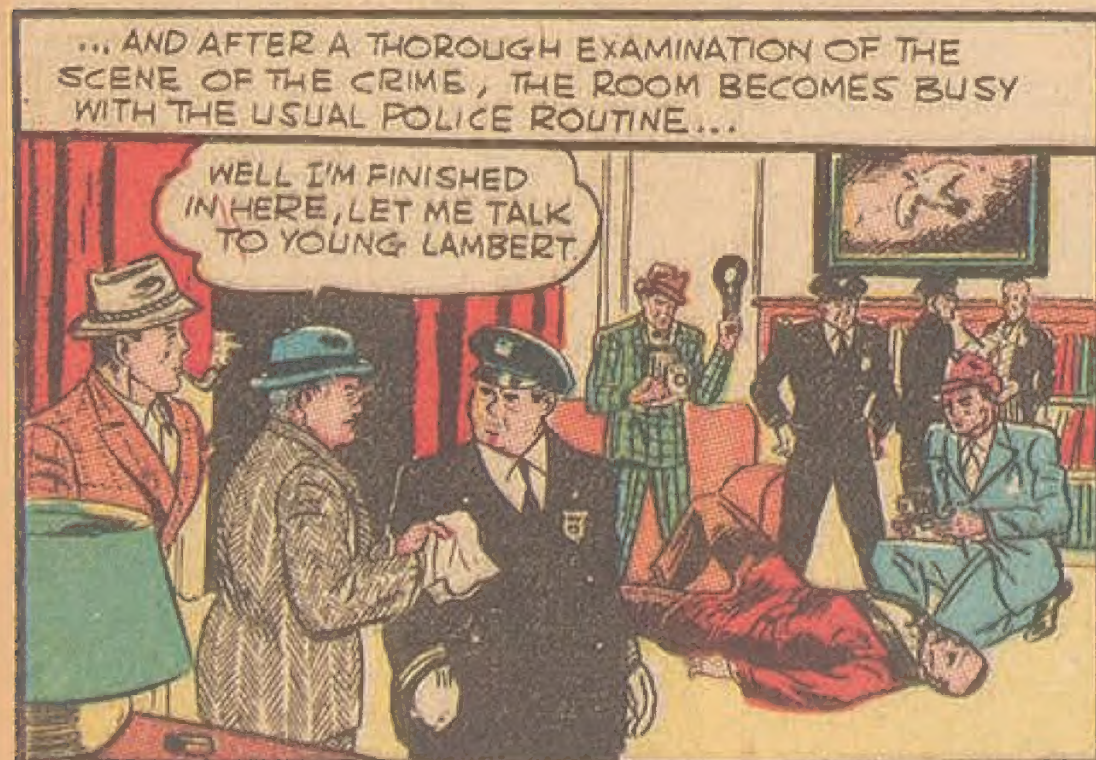
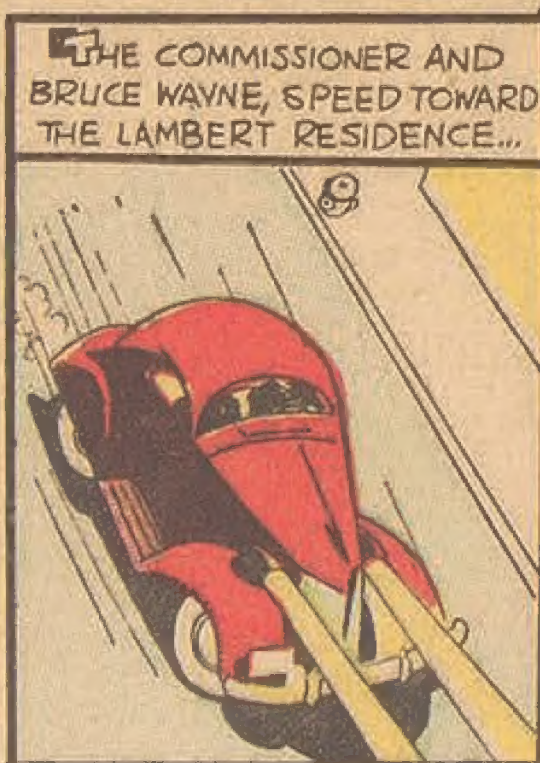


# THE BAT-MAN

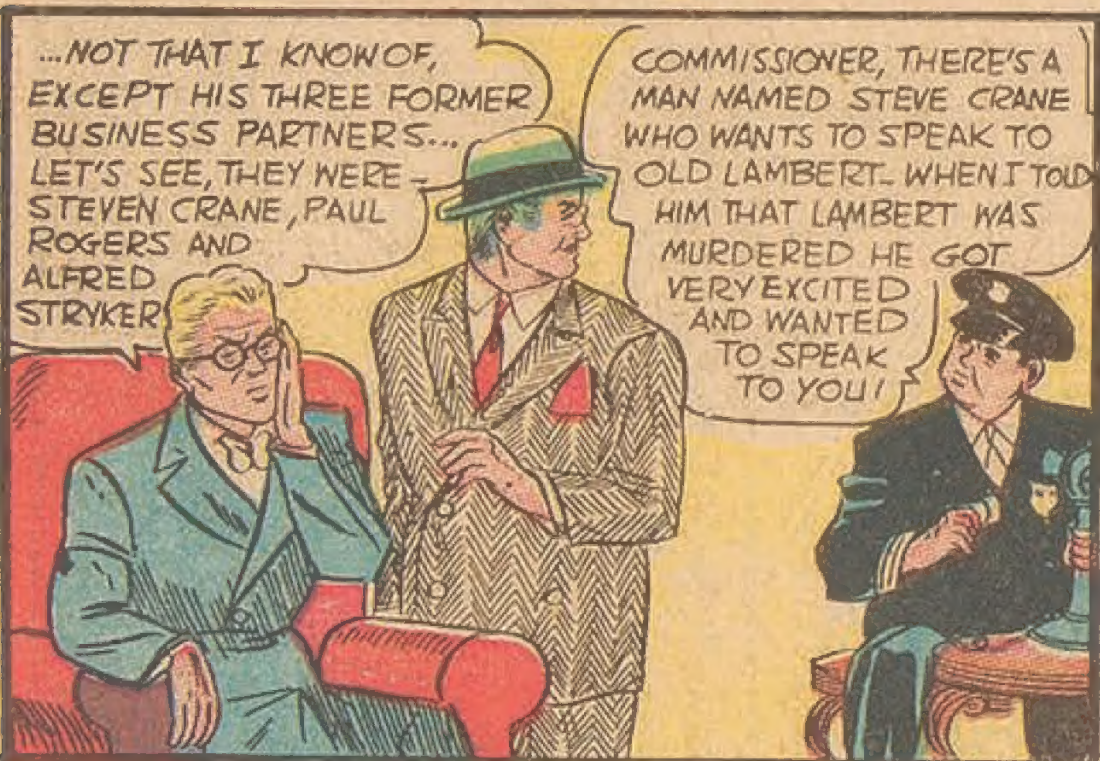
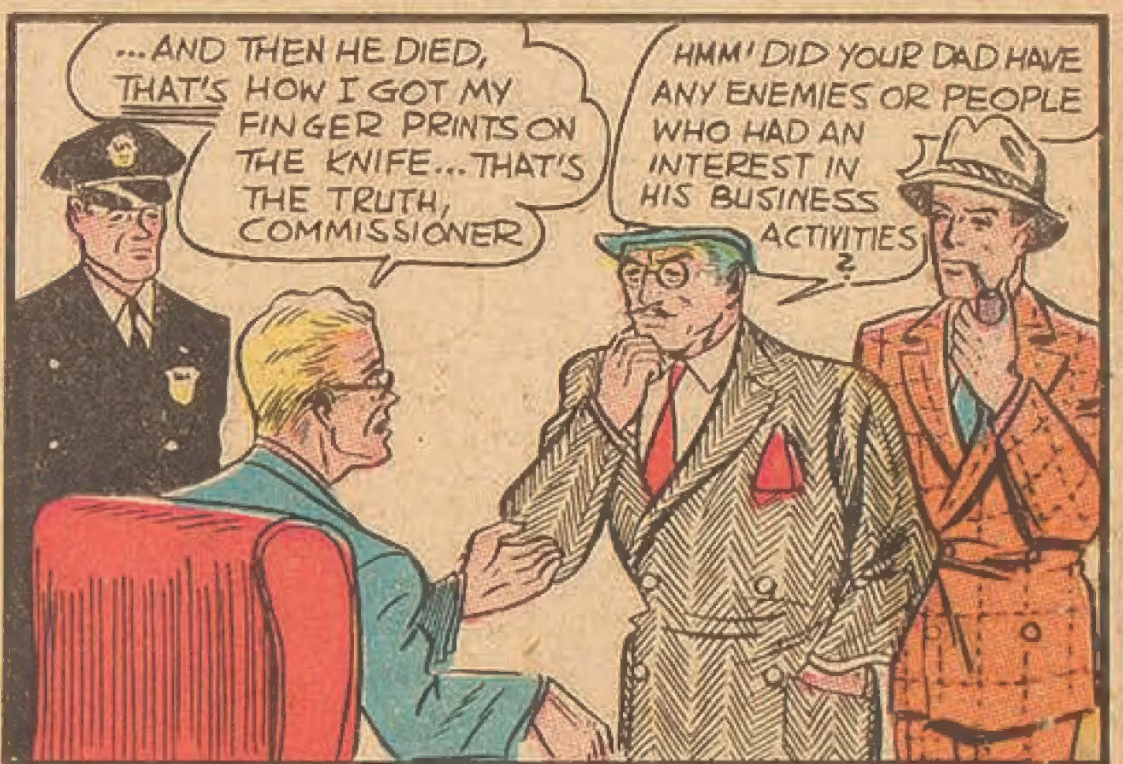
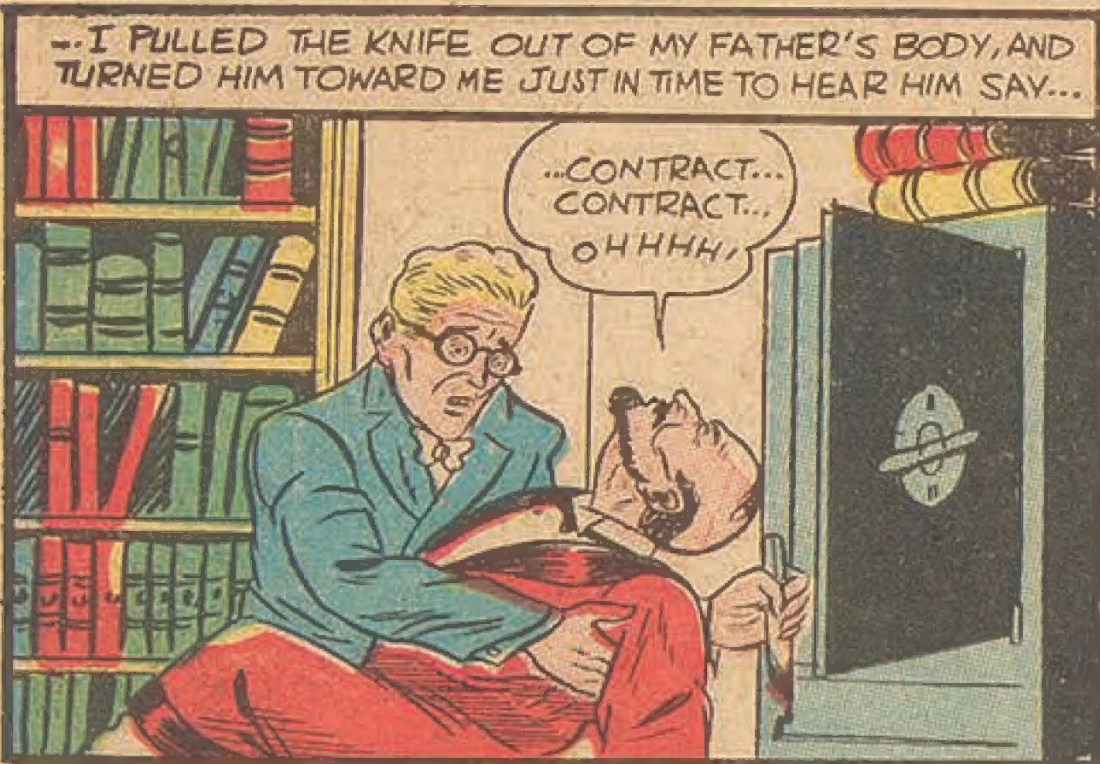
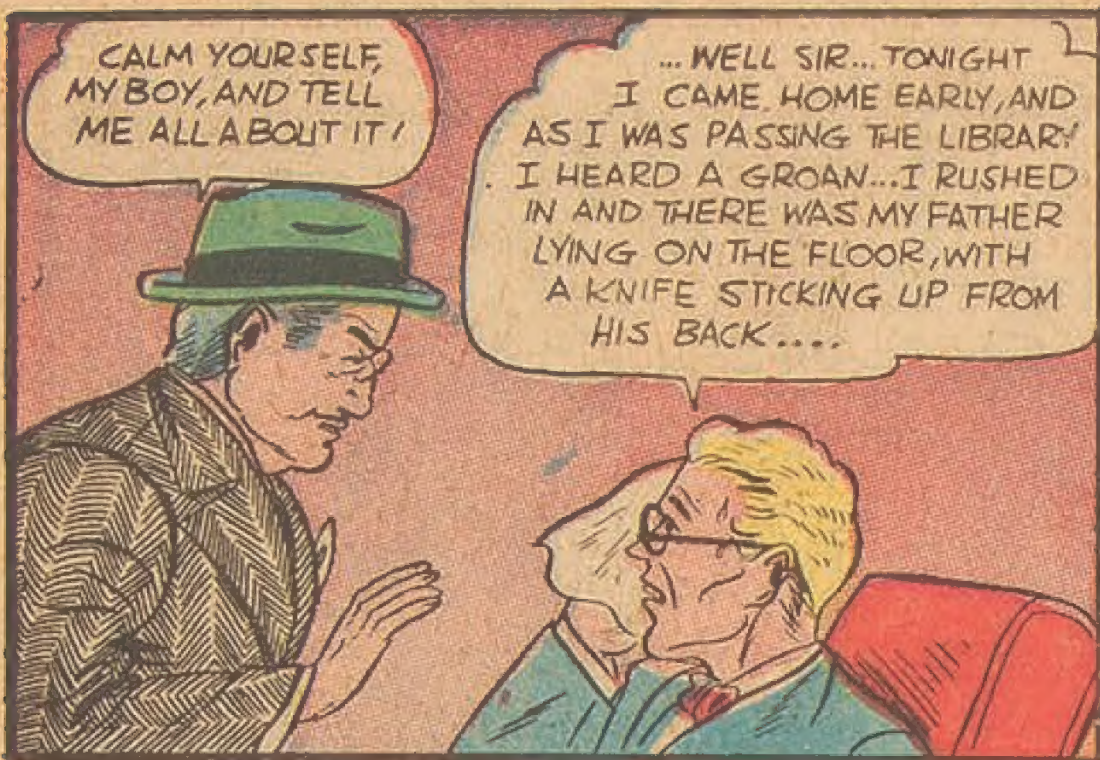
THE CASE OF THE CHEMICAL SYNDICATE.

by **Robt Kane**

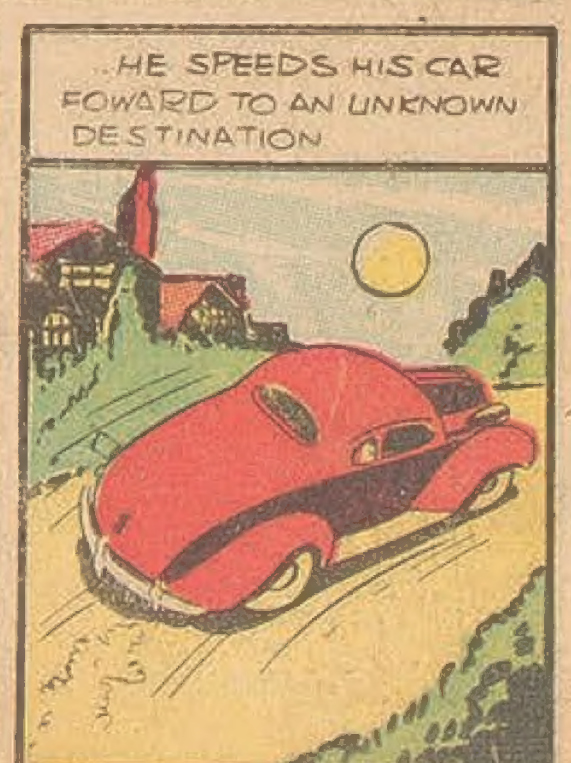
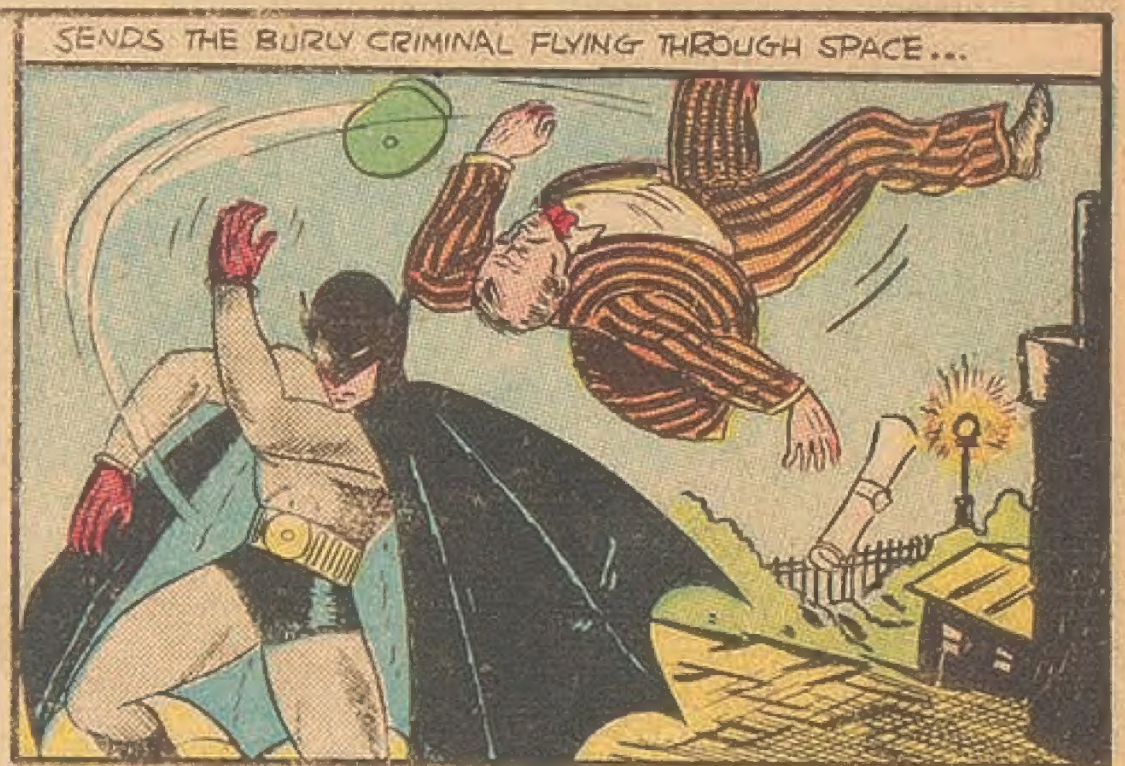
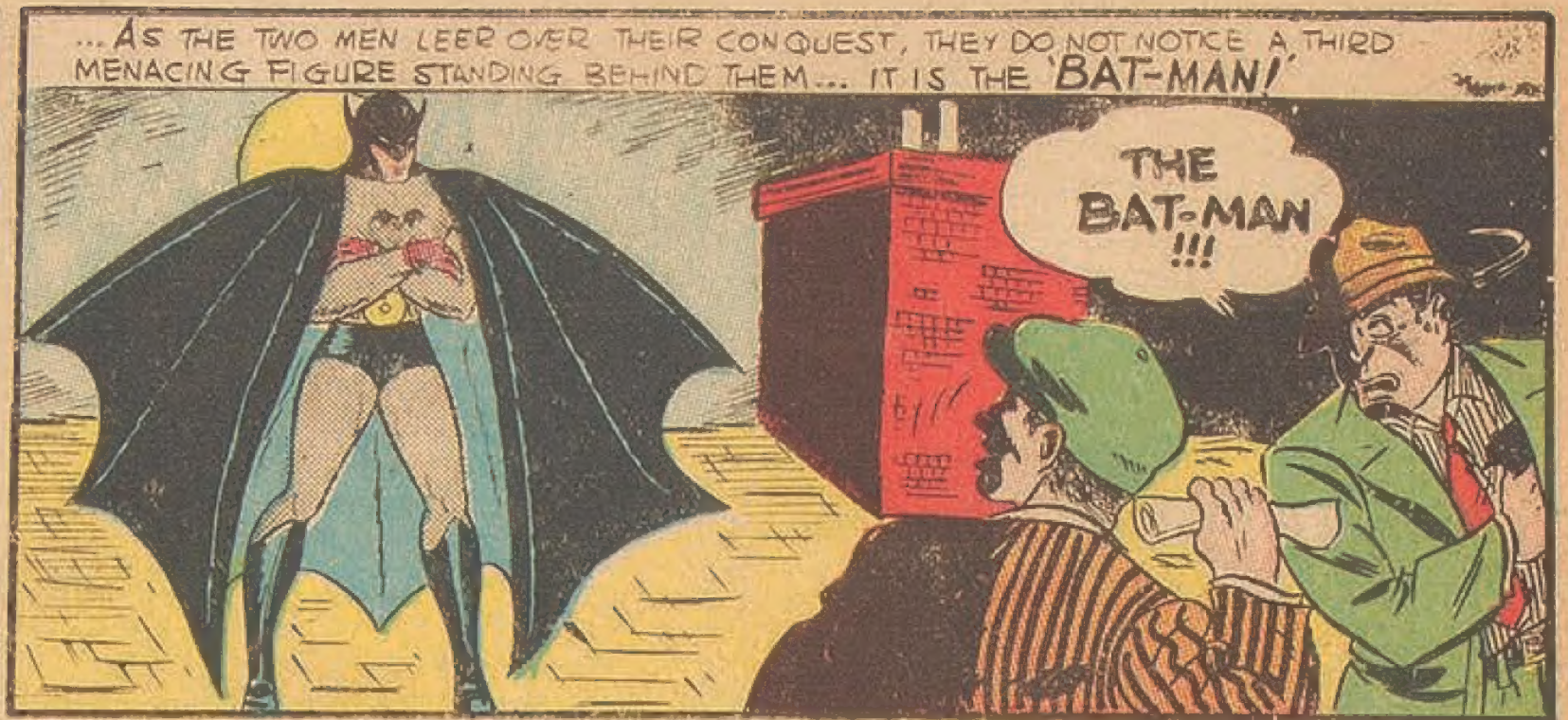
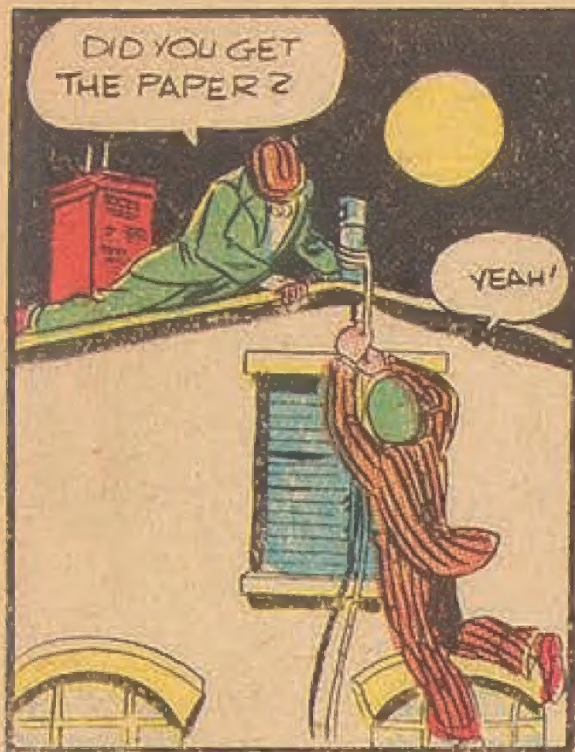
THE 'BAT-MAN', A MYSTERIOUS AND ADVENTUROUS FIGURE, FIGHTING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND APPREHENDING THE WRONG DOER, IN HIS LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE EVIL FORCES OF SOCIETY... HIS IDENTITY REMAINS UNKNOWN.





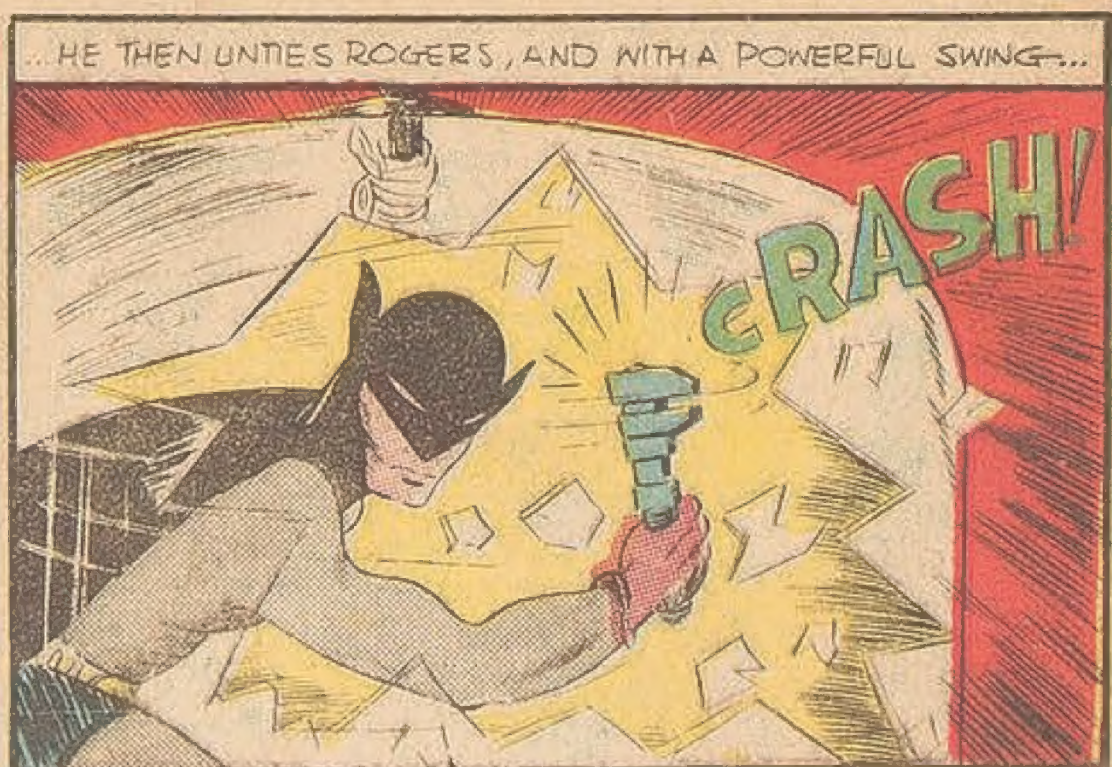
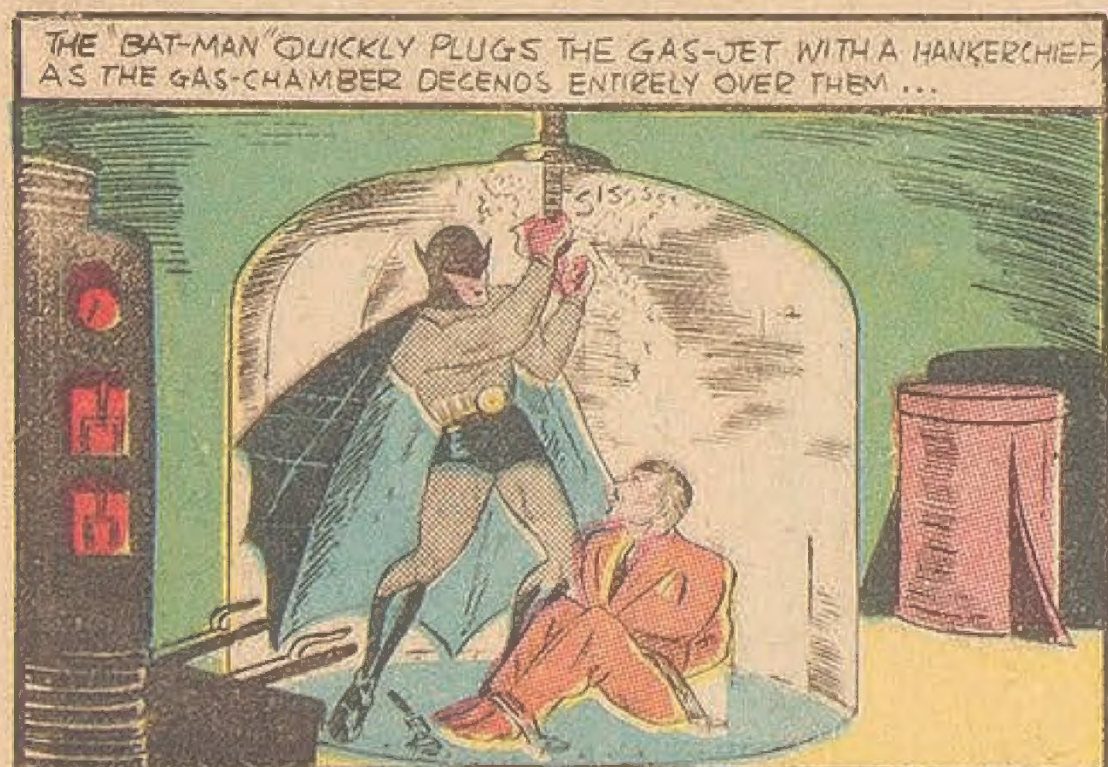
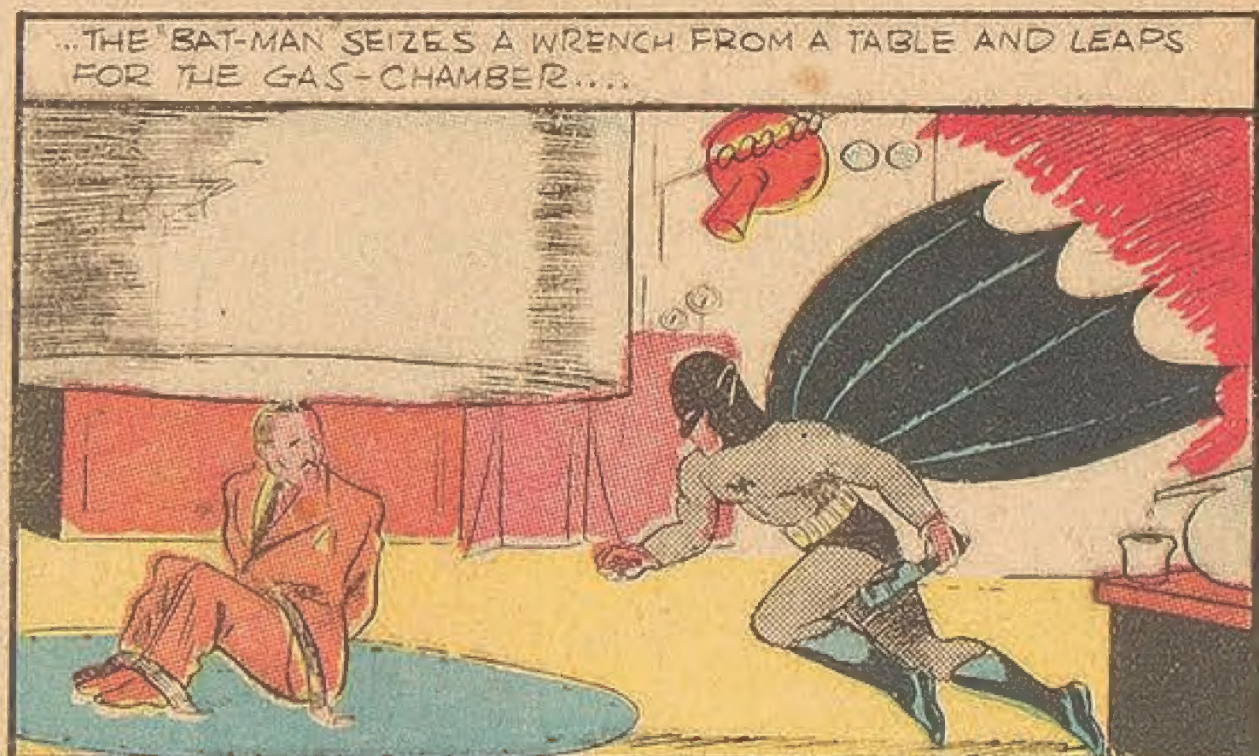
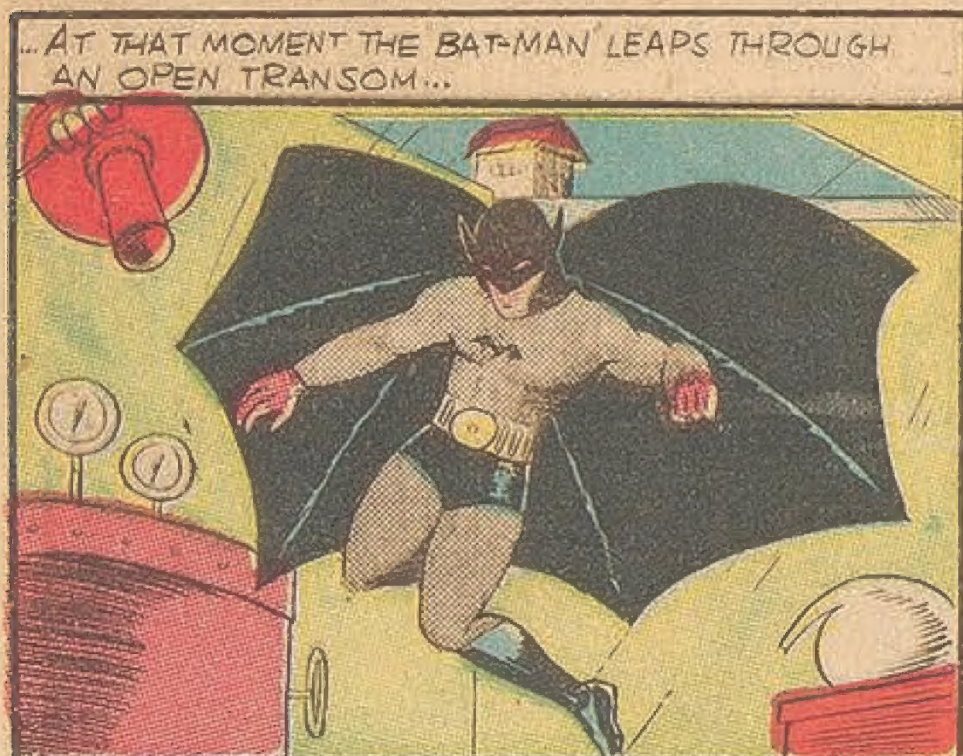
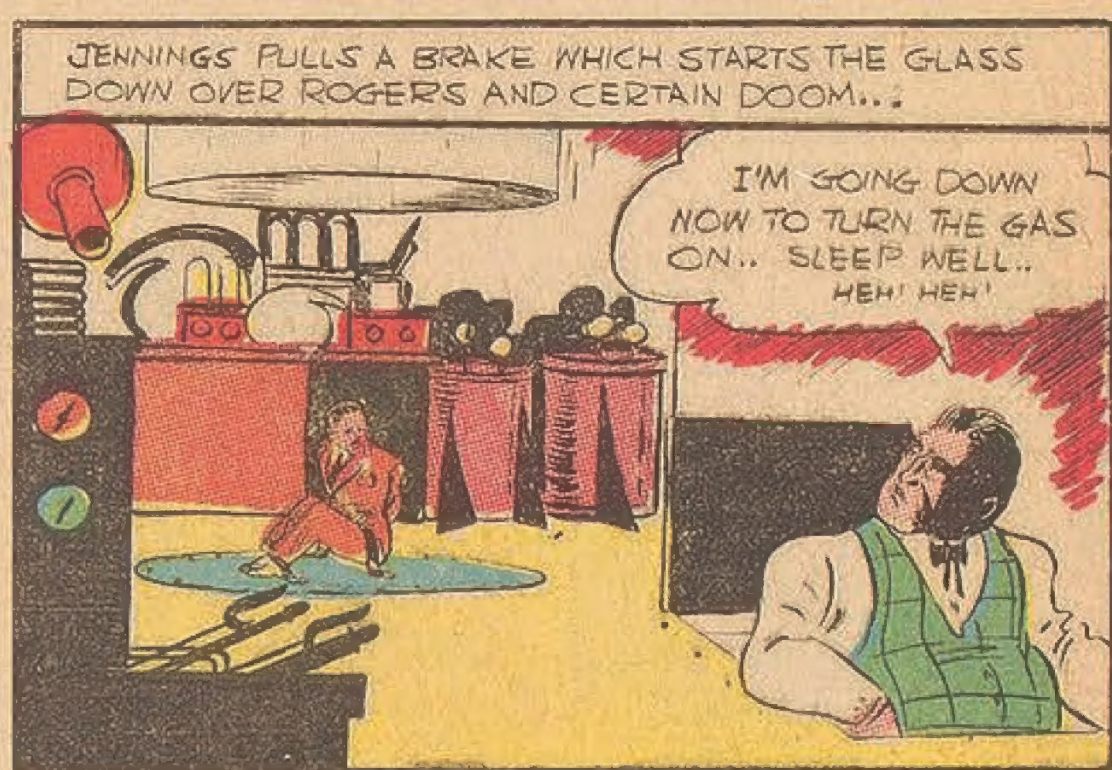
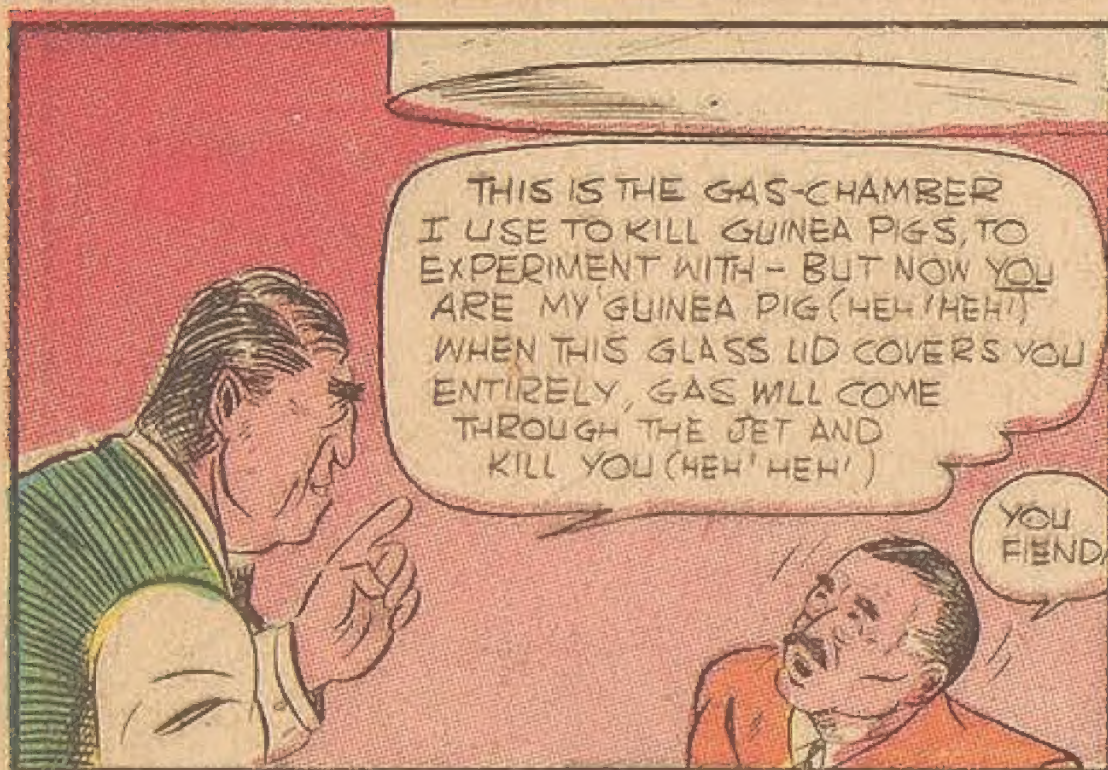






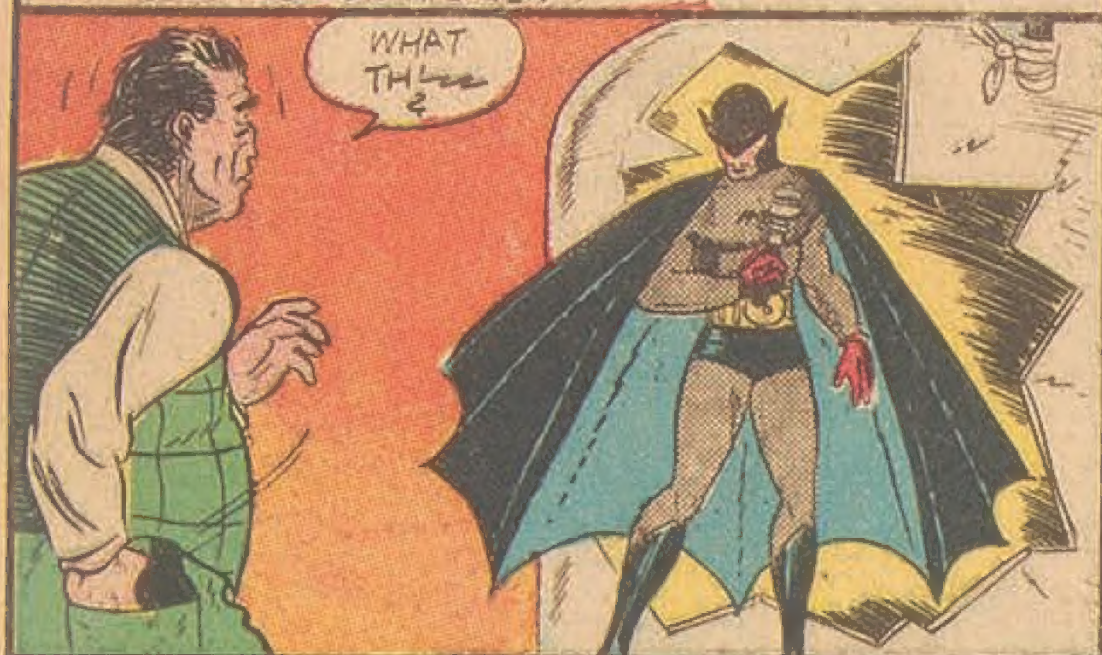


...MEANWHILE ROGERS WHO HAS LEARNED OF LAMBERT'S DEATH BY NEWS BROADCAST, HAS ALL READY GONE TO THE NEIGHBORING LABORATORY OF HIS ERSTWHILE PARTNER, ALFRED STRYKER...

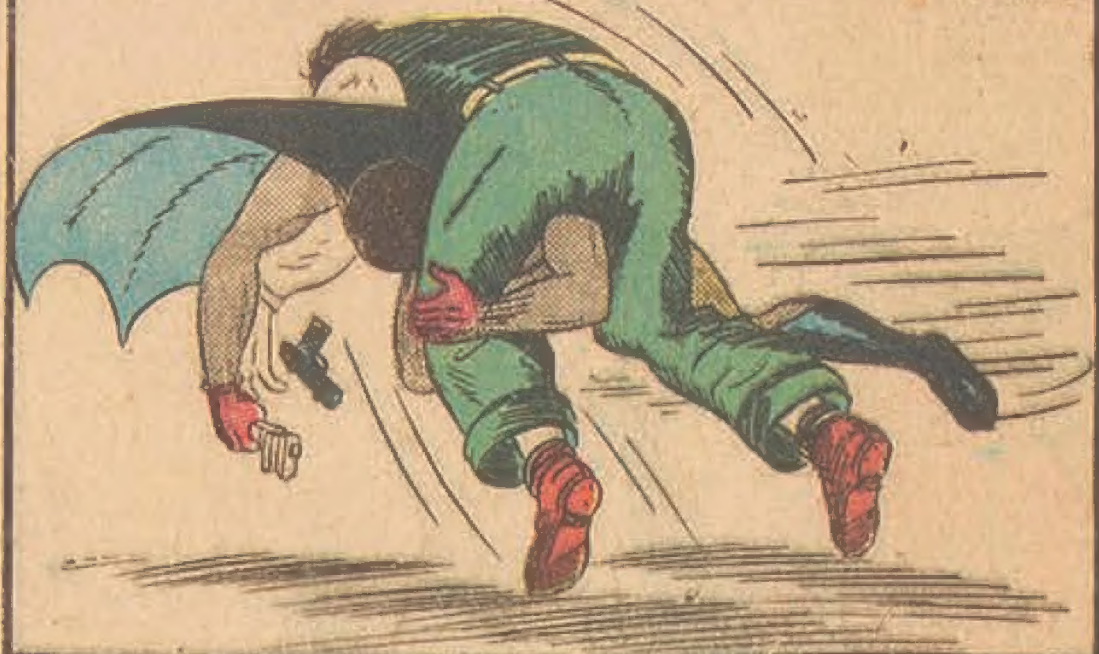




JENNINGS RETURNS AND IS STARTLED BY THE BAT-MAN... HE REACHES FOR HIS GUN...



...THE BAT-MAN GREETS JENNINGS WITH A FLYING TACKLE.



MEANWHILE ALFRED STRYKER HAS HEARD THE CRASH OF THE GAS-CHAMBER ... AS HE ENTERS THE LABORATORY...



HOWEVER STRYKER HAS NOT NOTICED THE BAT-MAN WHO HAS SECLUDED HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWS...



OH!! MY HAND...

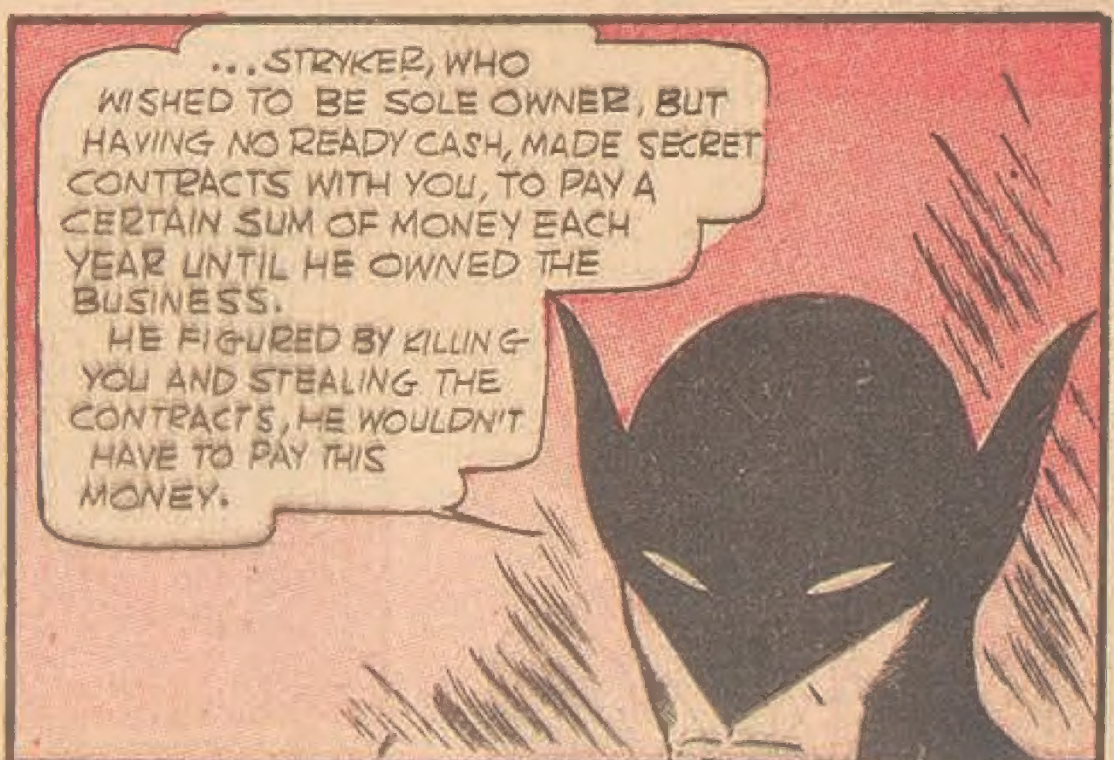


WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHY DID HE TRY TO KILL ME?

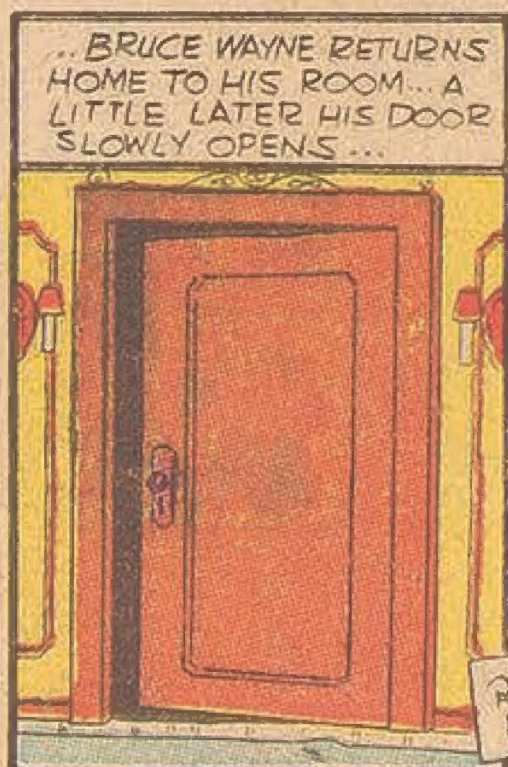
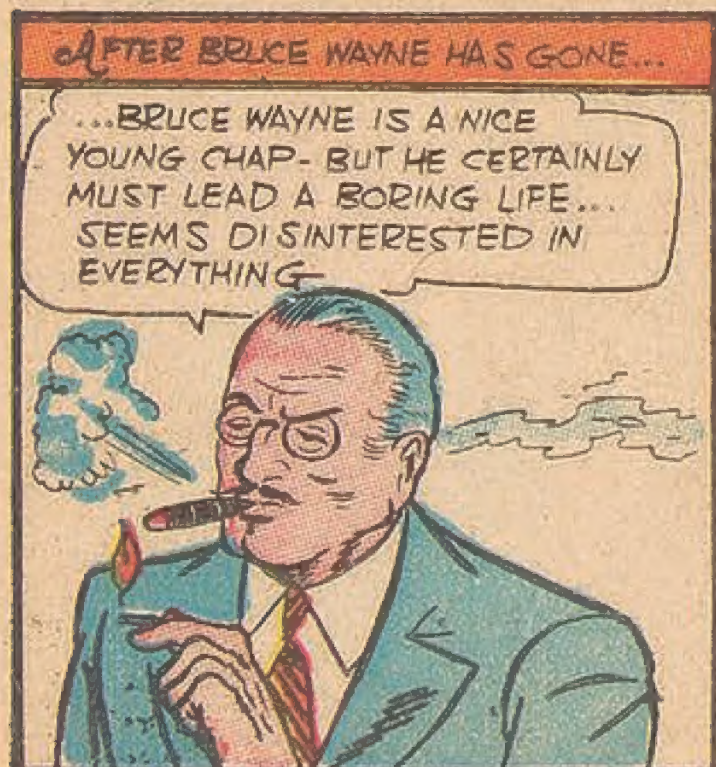
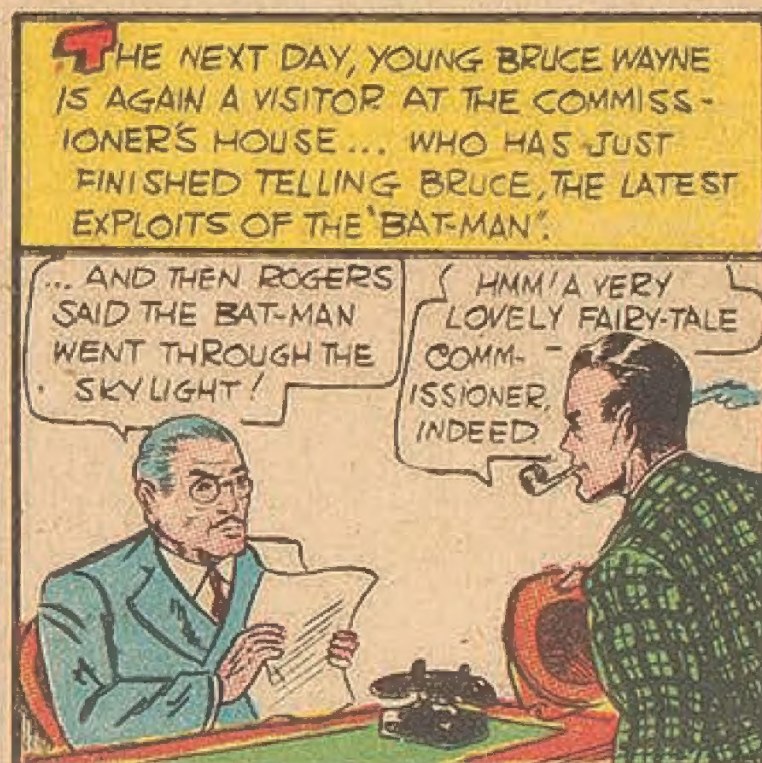
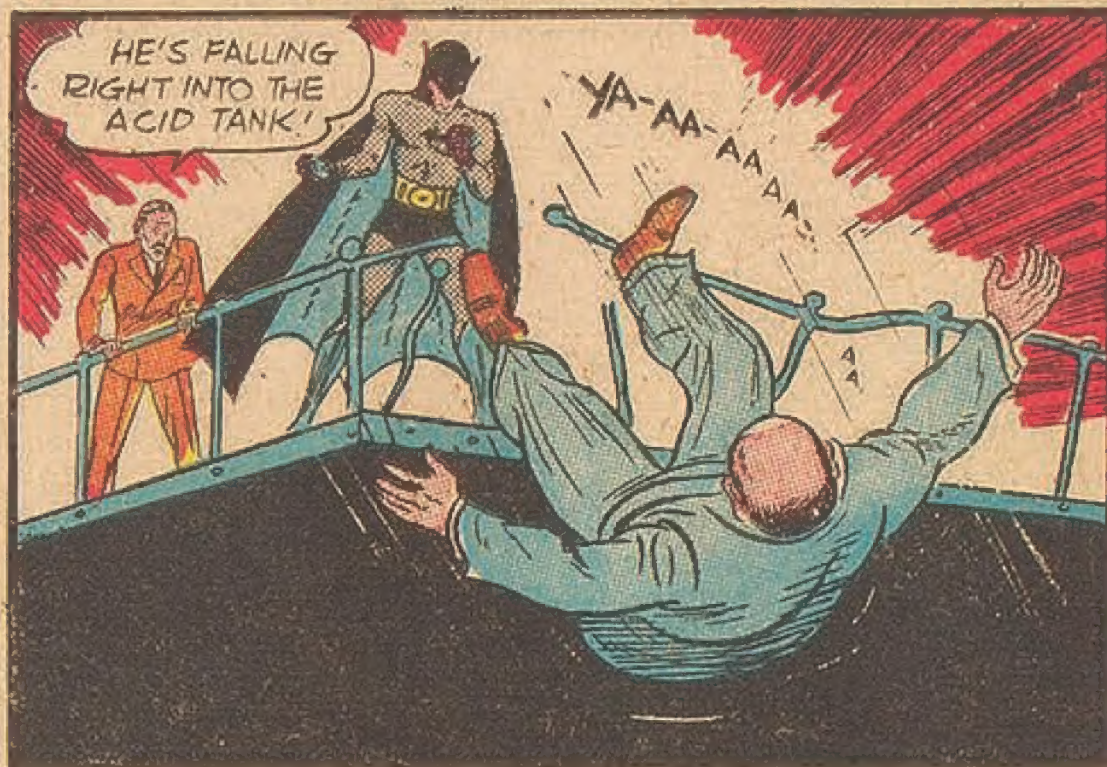
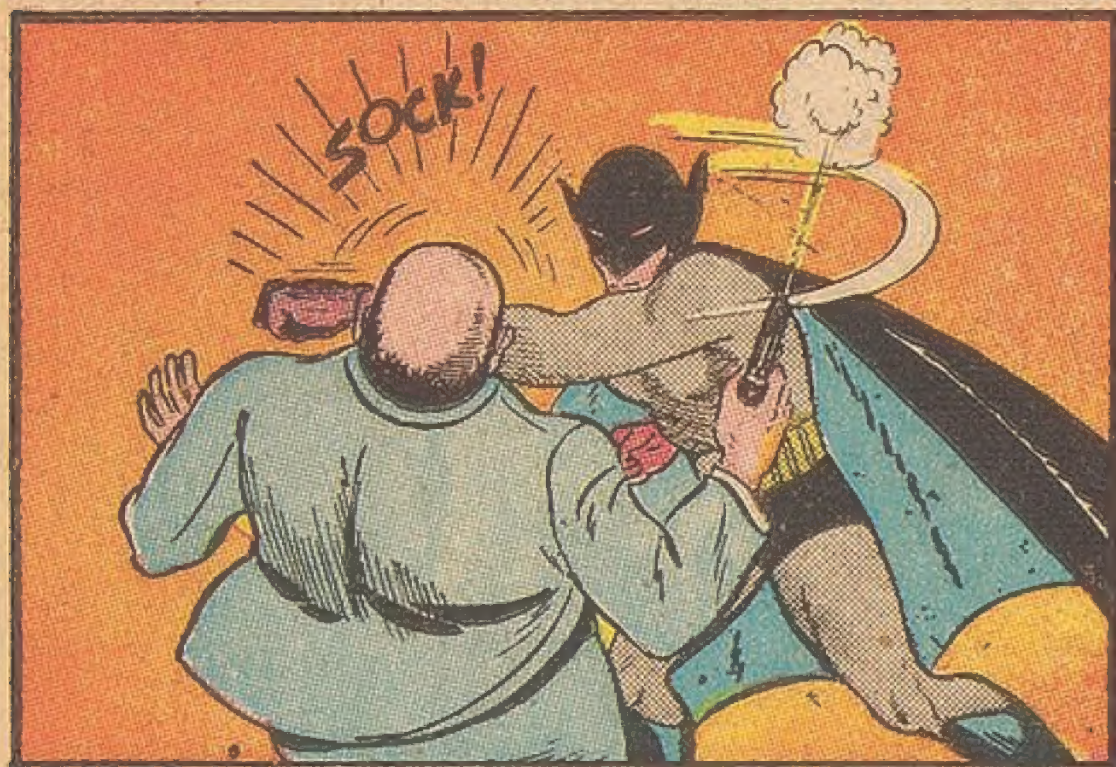
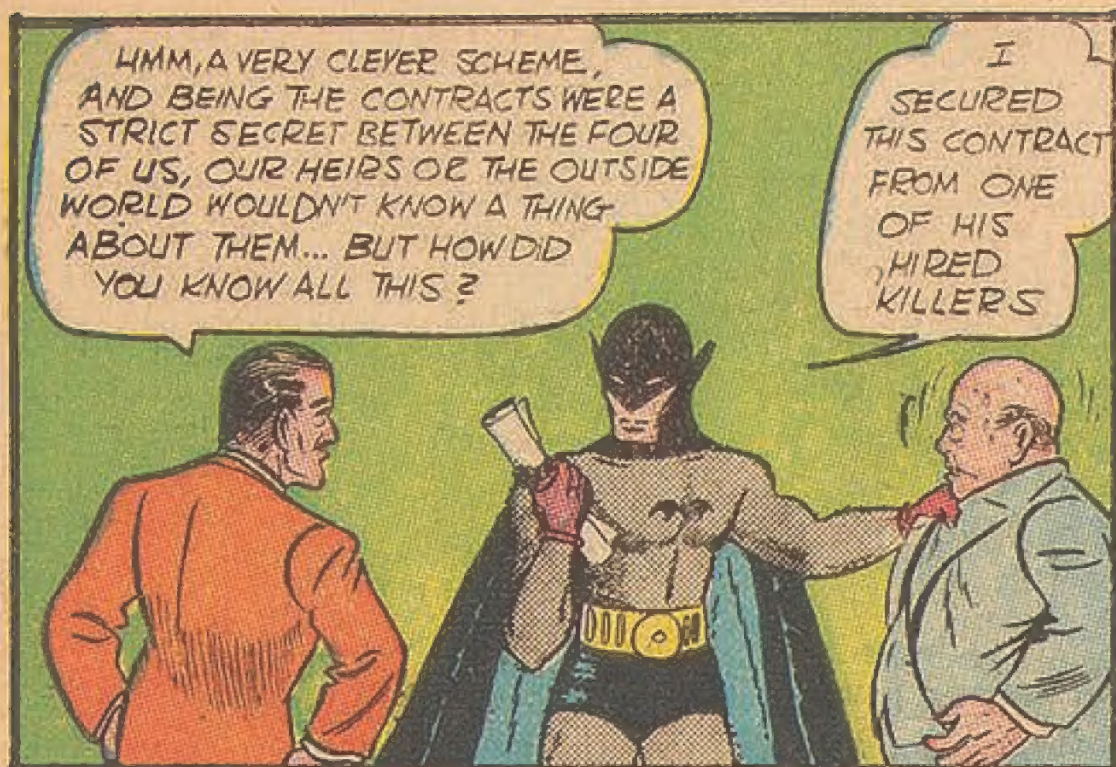
THIS RAT WAS BEHIND THE MURDERS! YOU SEE, I LEARNED THAT YOU, LAMBERT, CRANE AND STRYKER, WERE ONCE PARTNERS IN THE APEX CHEMICAL CORPORATION....



...STRYKER, WHO WISHED TO BE SOLE OWNER, BUT HAVING NO READY CASH, MADE SECRET CONTRACTS WITH YOU, TO PAY A CERTAIN SUM OF MONEY EACH YEAR UNTIL HE OWNED THE BUSINESS. HE FIGURED BY KILLING YOU AND STEALING THE CONTRACTS, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY THIS MONEY.

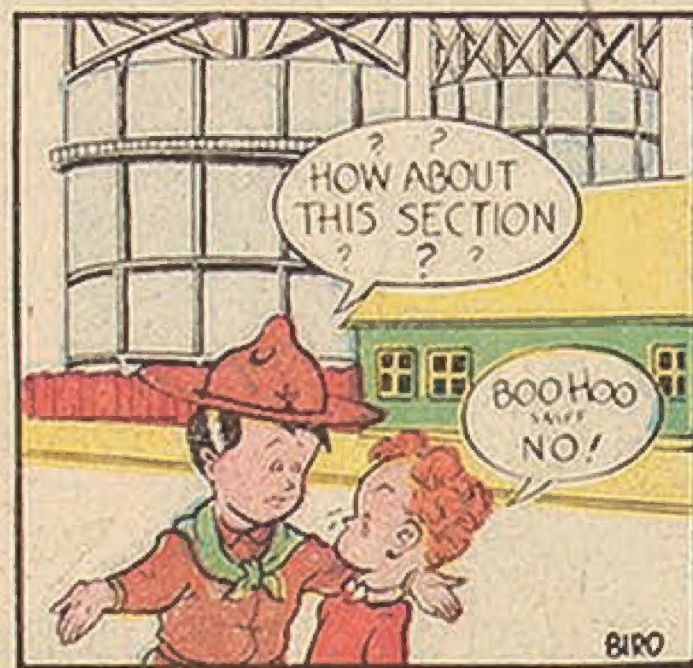
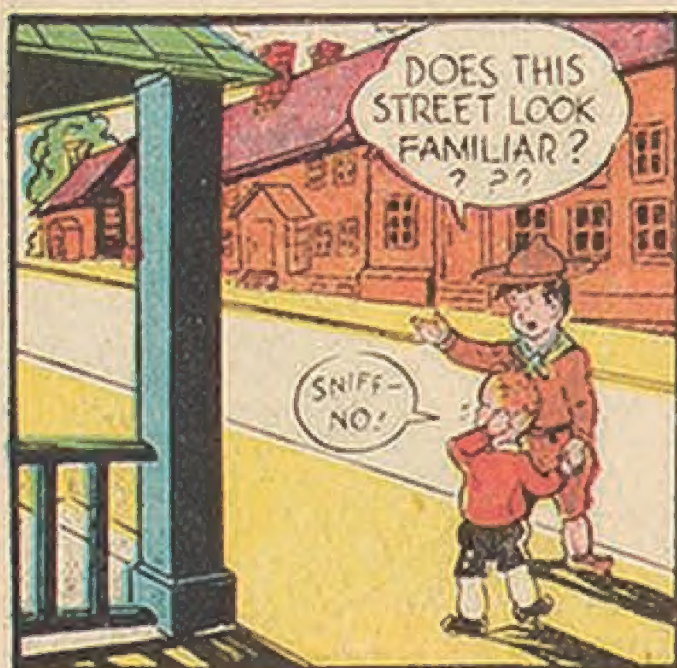
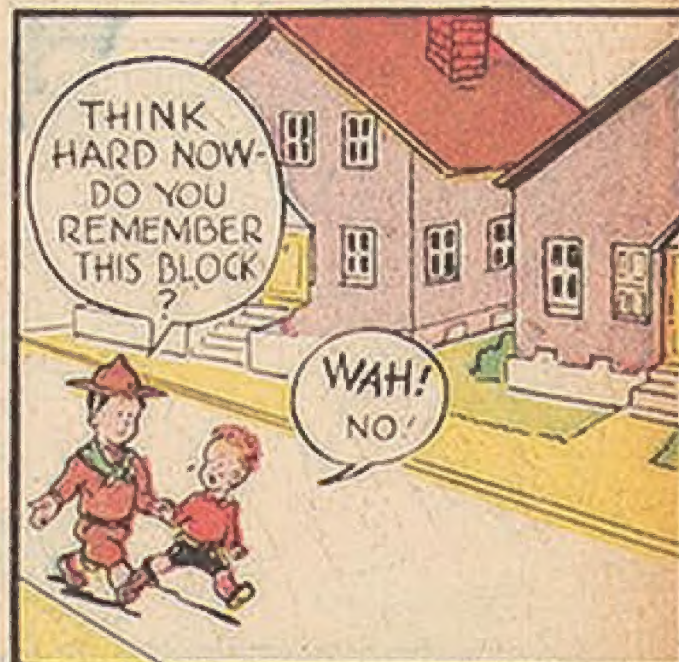
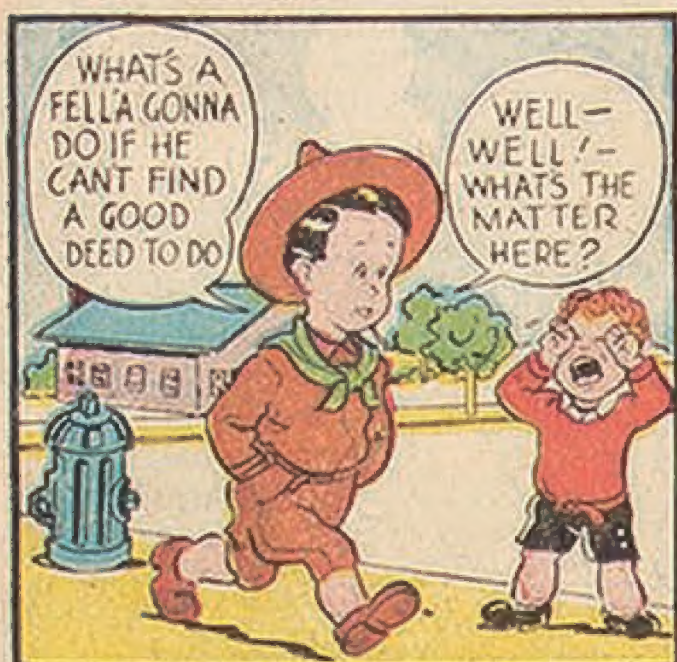
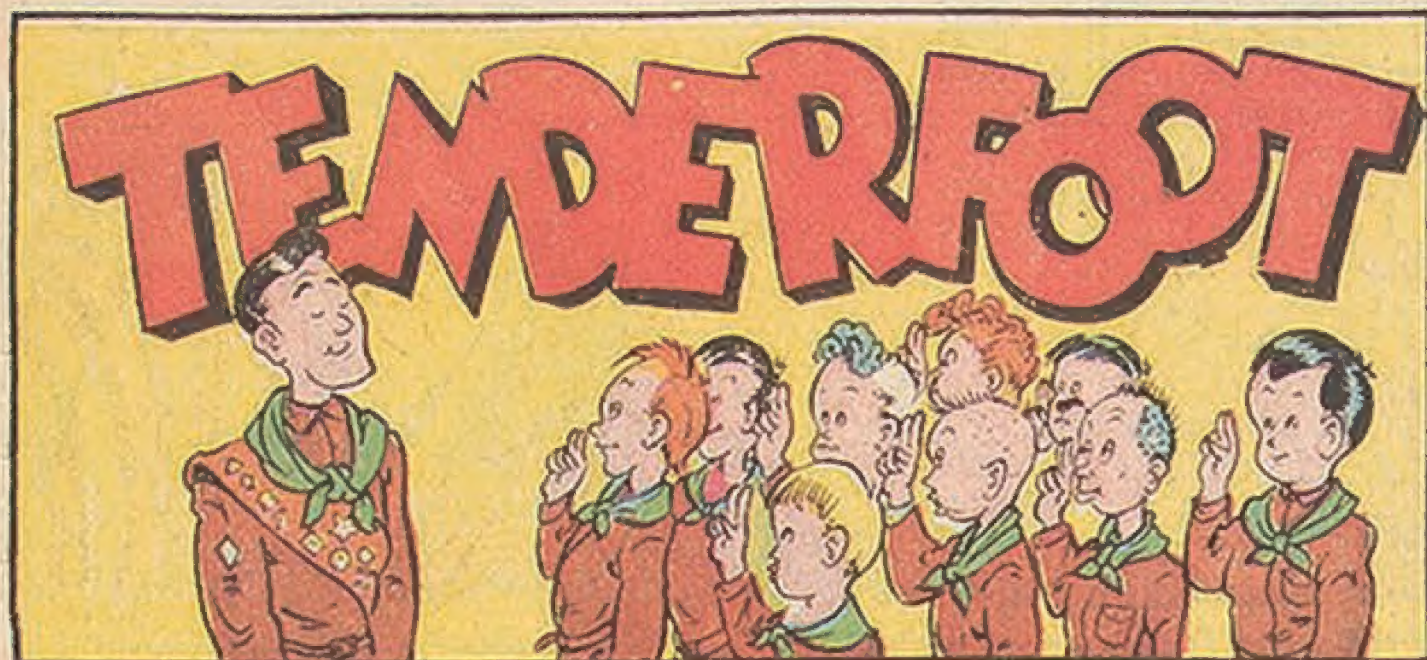








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A ROSATI, 92 E 20th St. N.Y.C.

Please send me the FREE ROSATI

CATALOGUE

NAME .....

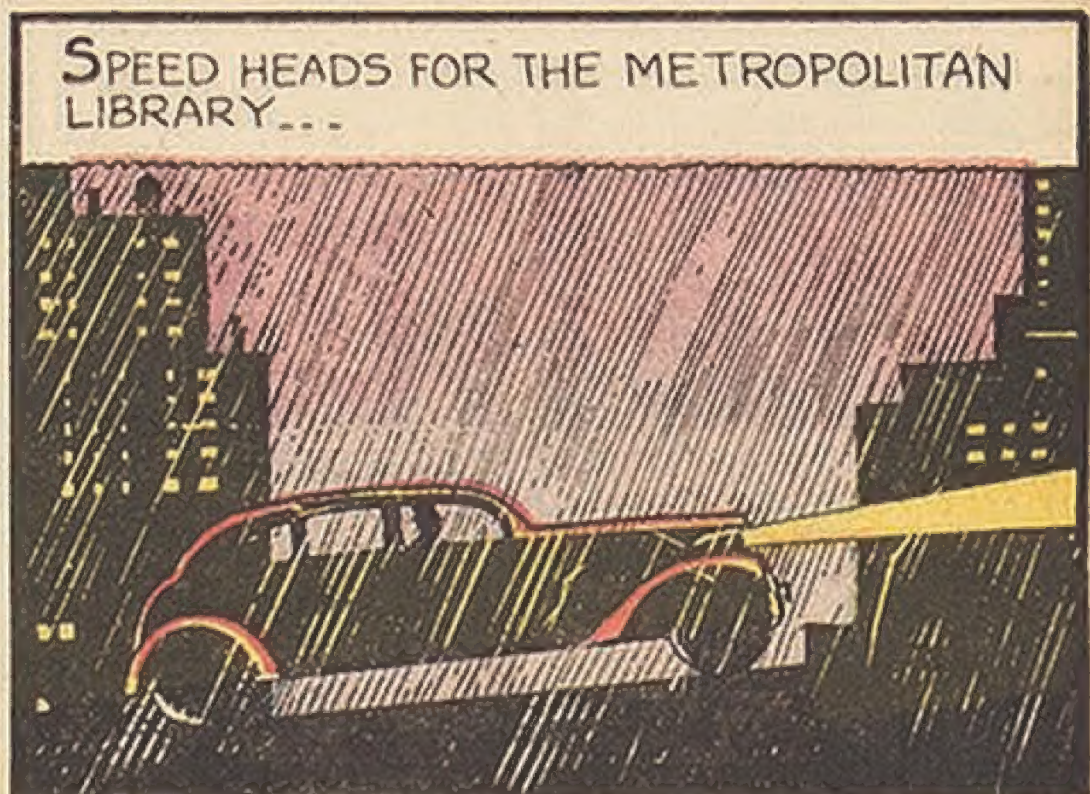
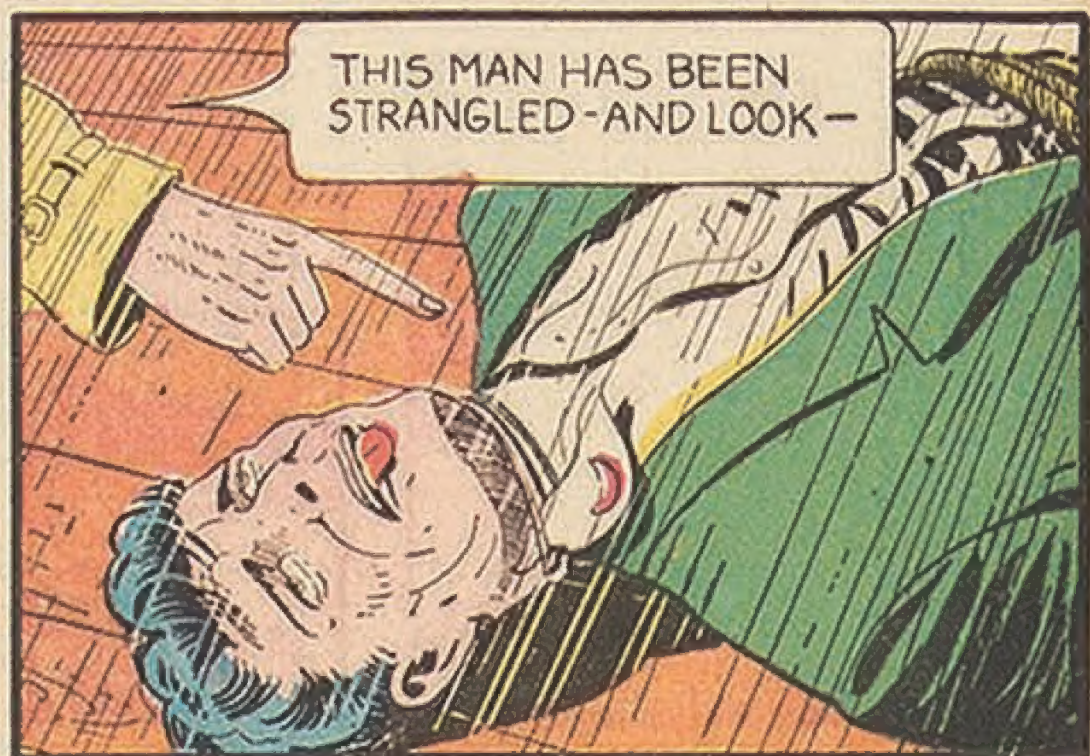
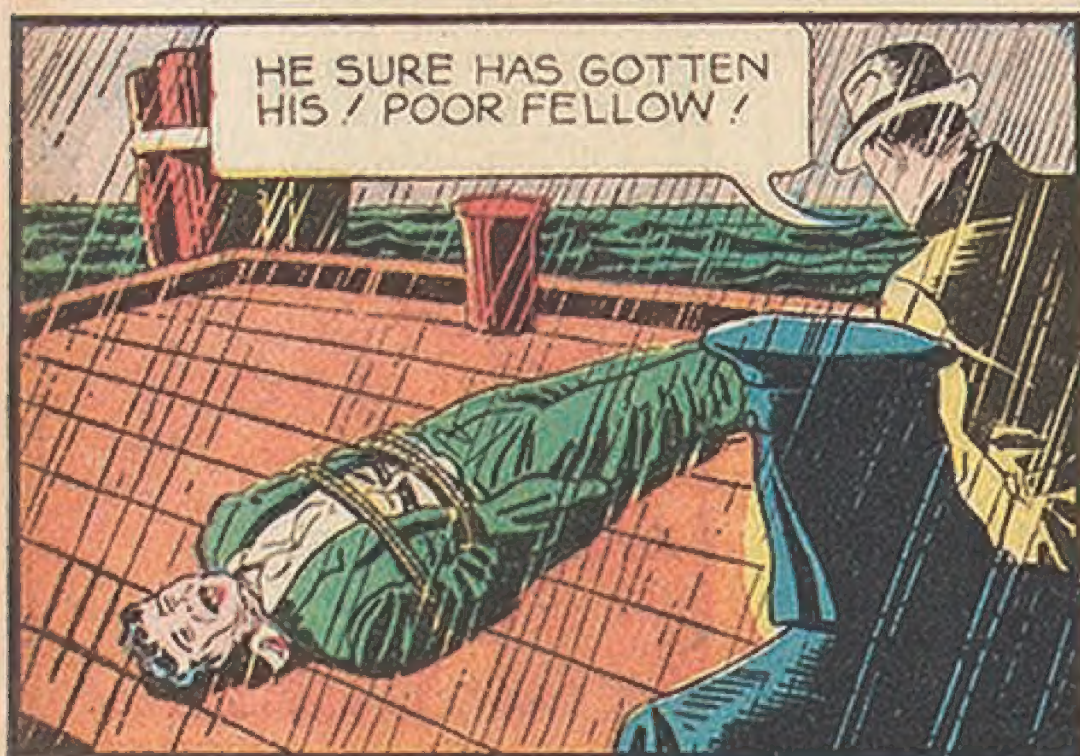
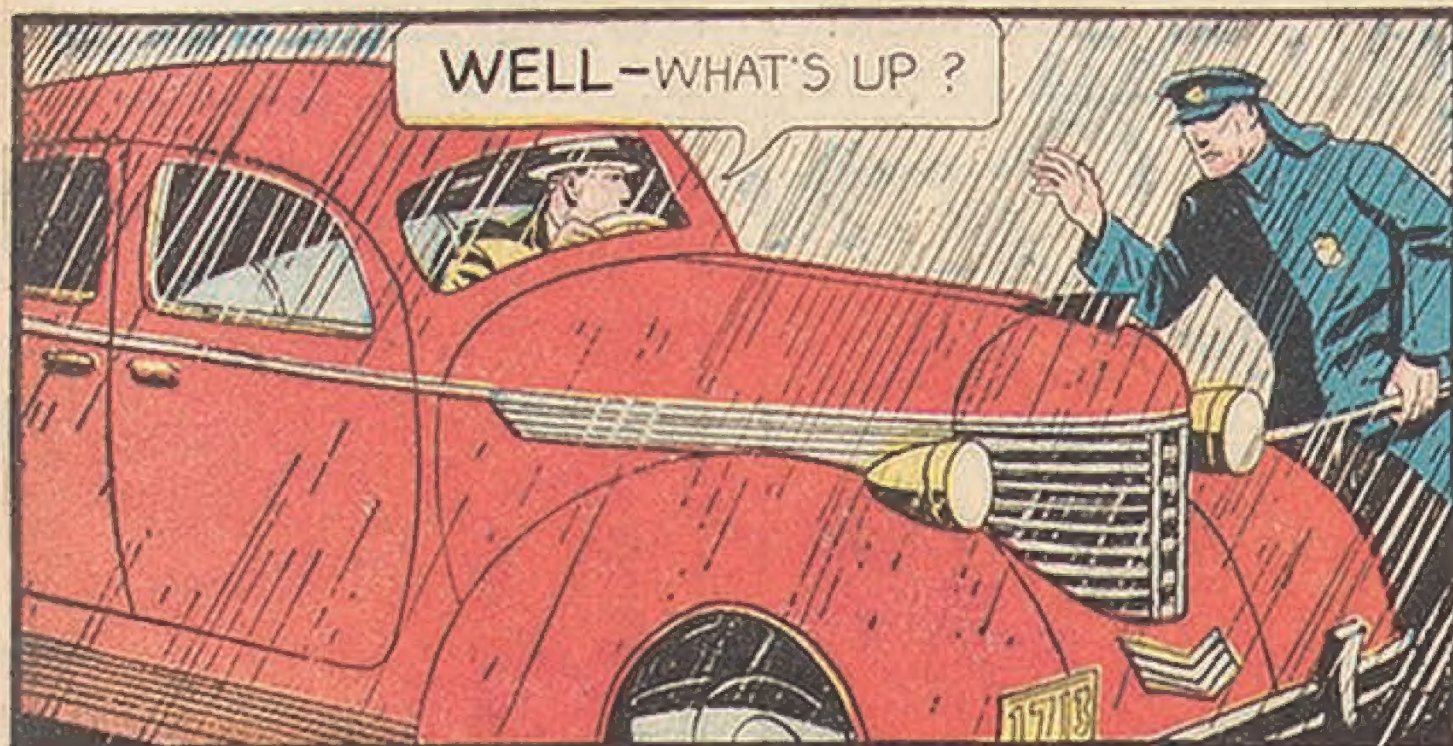
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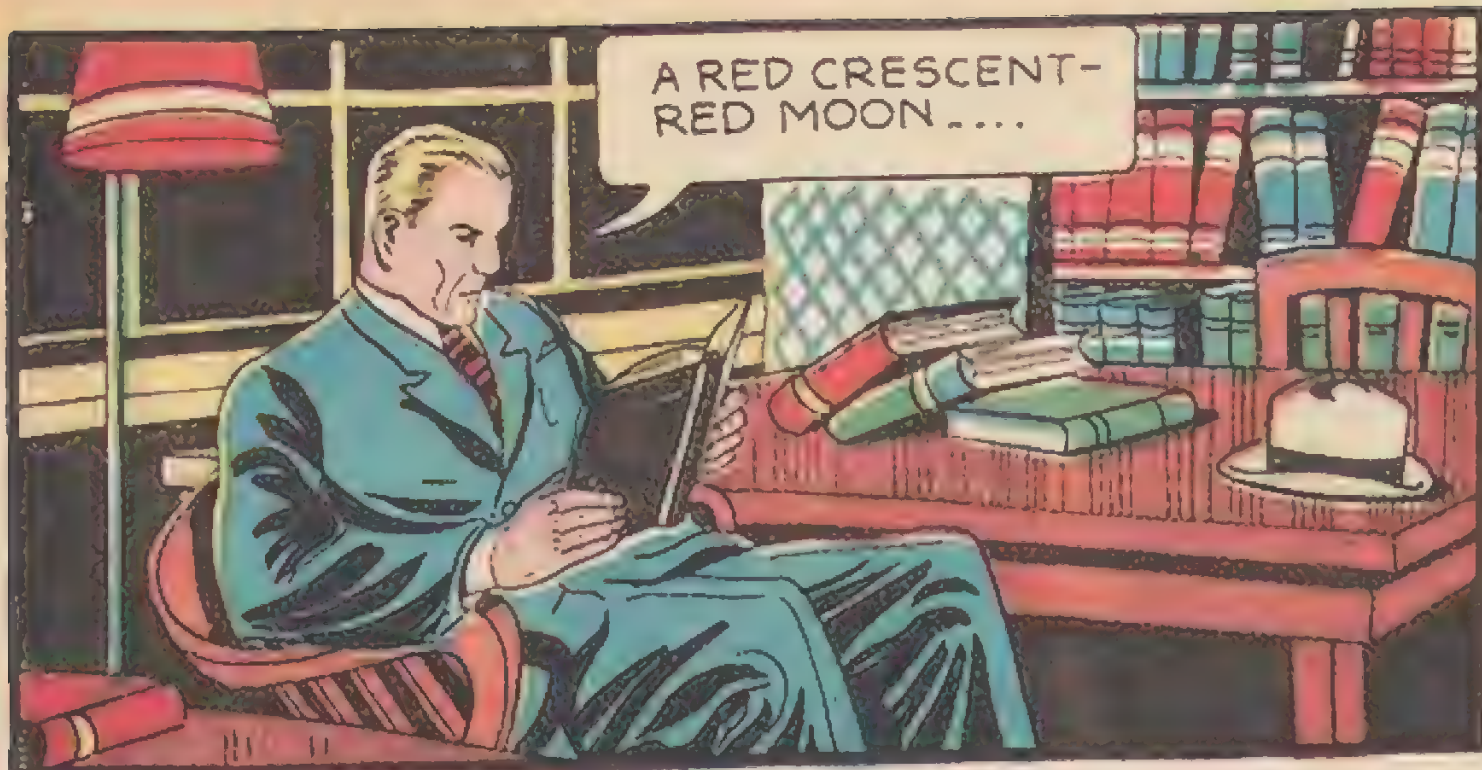


# SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR  
AND THE  
KILLERS OF KURDISTAN  
BY FRED GUARDINEER







A RED CRESCENT-  
RED MOON....



NOW I WONDER IF IT IS AT  
ALL POSSIBLE -



SPEED VISITS AN AUTHORITY ON  
EASTERN LORE ....

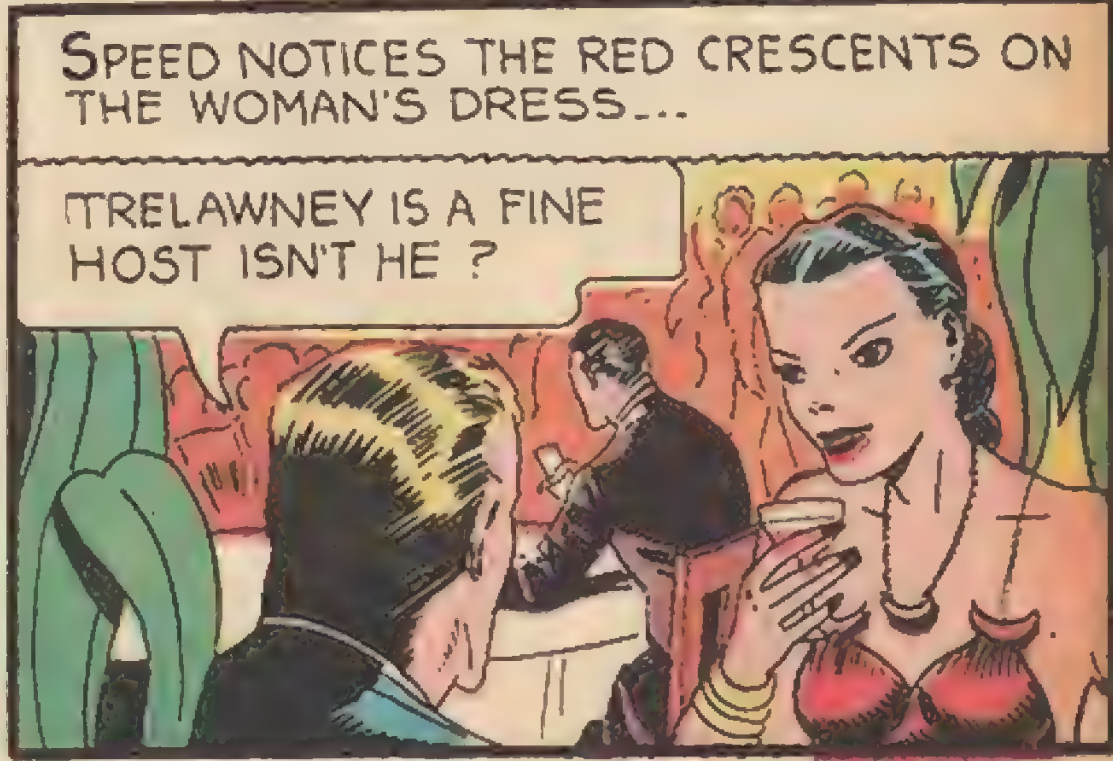


I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE  
HAVING A PARTY, TRELAWNEY,  
OR I WOULDN'T HAVE  
INTERRUPTED -

NOT AT ALL-  
COME IN,  
SPEED!



MAY I PRESENT MY FRIEND, SPEED SAUNDERS -



SPEED NOTICES THE RED CRESCENTS ON  
THE WOMAN'S DRESS...

TRELAWNEY IS A FINE  
HOST ISN'T HE ?



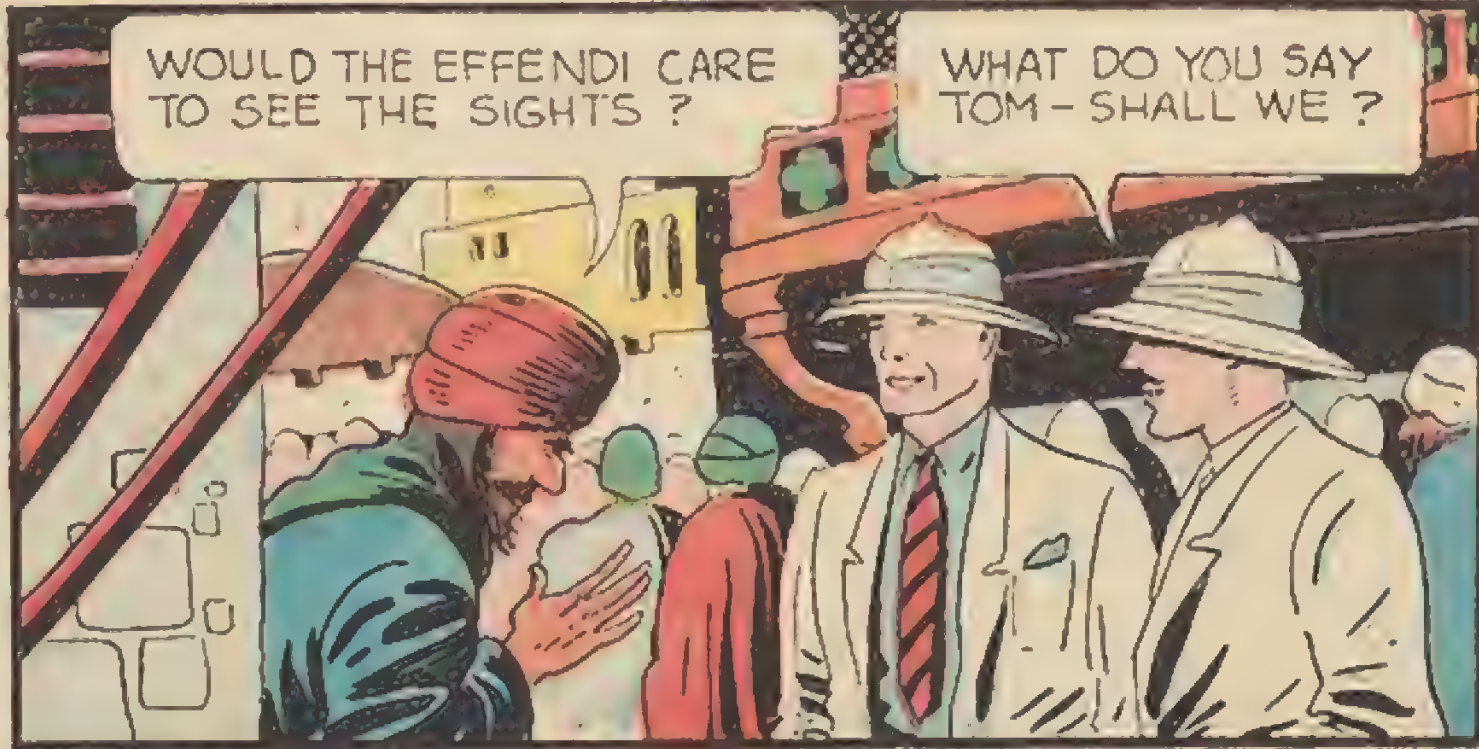
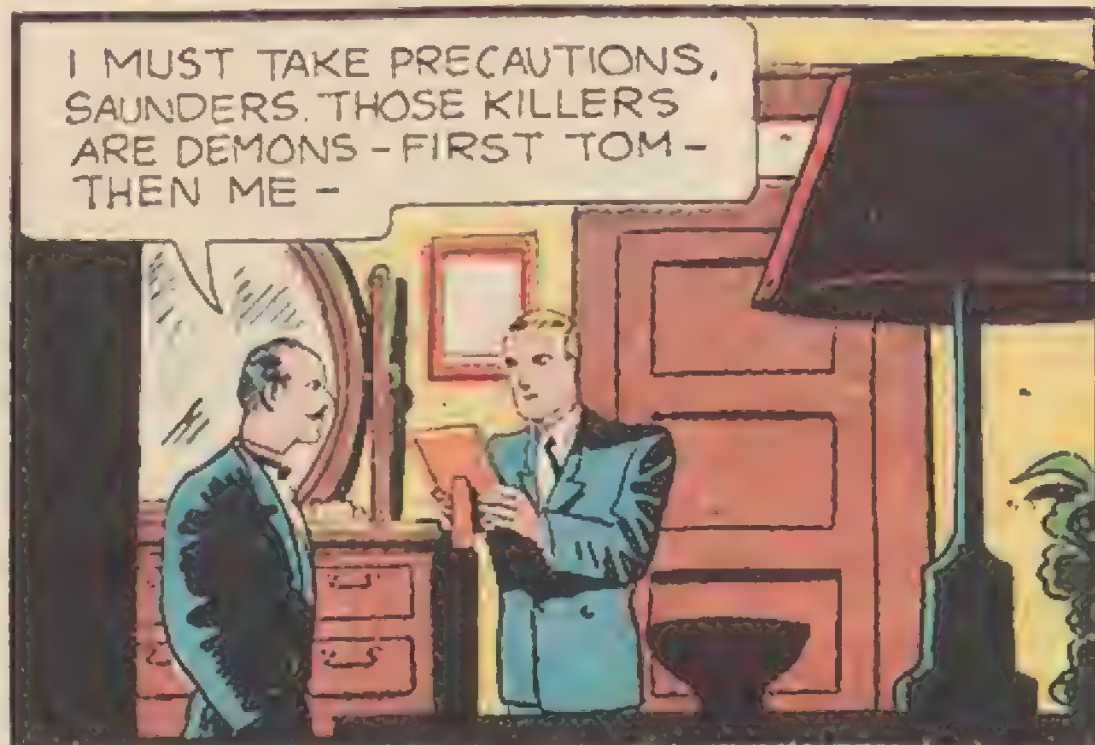
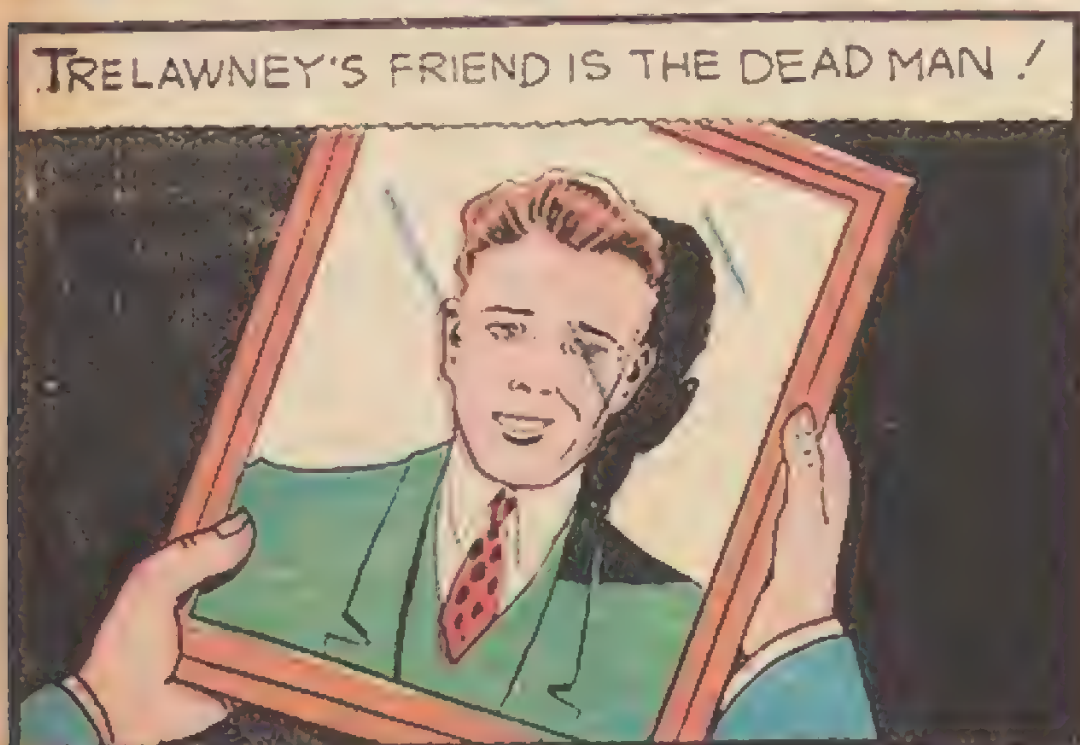
AND ON HER HANDKER-CHIEF ...

YES, HE IS. HE  
CERTAINLY  
KNOWS HOW TO  
ENTERTAIN !



THE RED CRESCENT-  
YES I KNOW IT.  
COME !







THE OATH OF THE KILLERS OF KURDISTAN IS ADMINISTERED...

YE WHO HAVE GATHERED HERE DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR BY THE BLOOD OF THE FIRST KILLERS OF KURDISTAN...

TOM AND I SWORE ON THAT OATH UNWITTINGLY AND NOW WE'RE BOUND KILLERS OF KURDISTAN! WE WOULDN'T KILL - SO NOW WE GET KILLED!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO BRING AN END TO THIS I HAVE A FEW SUSPICIONS WHICH I'D LIKE TO VERIFY

IN THE MEAN-TIME, LET'S JOIN THE COMPANY!

OH! THERE YOU ARE! DO YOU CARE TO DANCE?

I'D BE DELIGHTED!

IT'S SO HOT - CAN'T WE GET A BREATH OF AIR?

LOOK OUT TRELAWNEY!

DEATH STRIKES THE SWORN KURDISTAN KILLER...

KEEP ALL DOORS CLOSED. RING FOR THE STATE POLICE !!

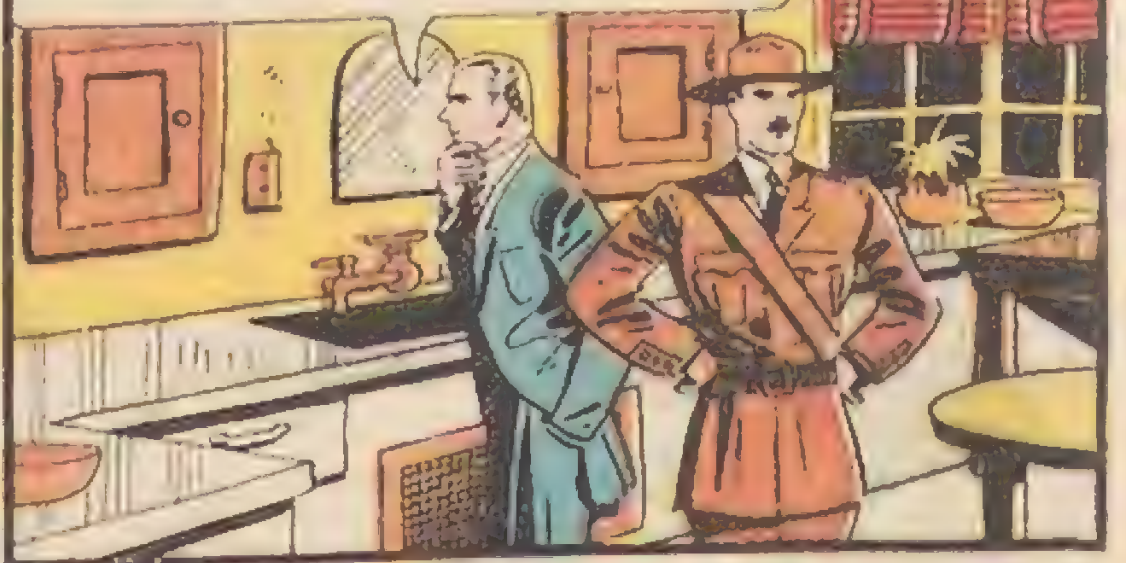


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

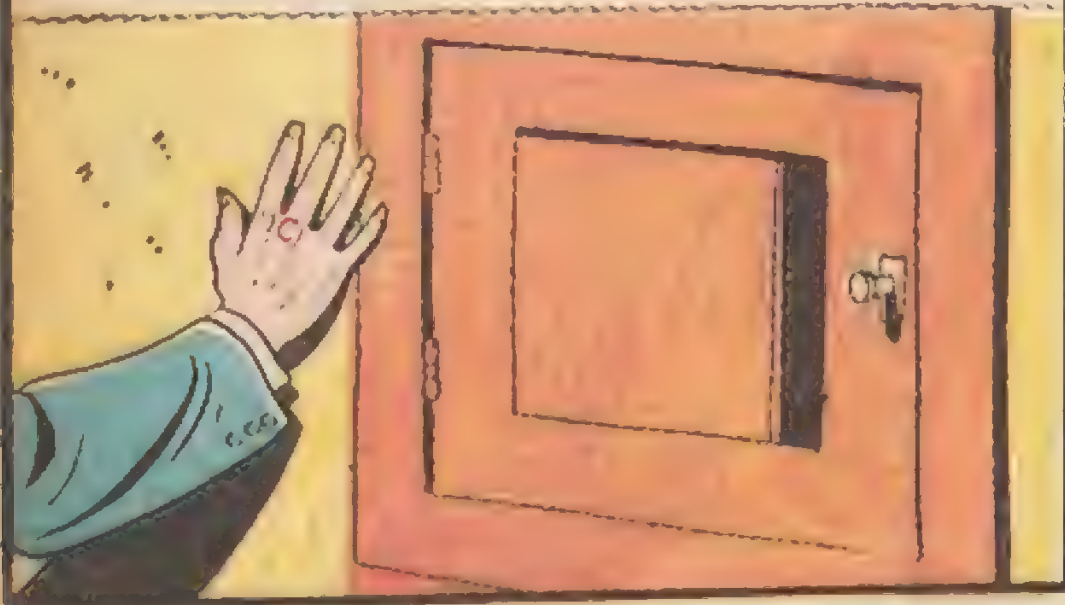
THERE'S A GUN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ON THE PREMISES, LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



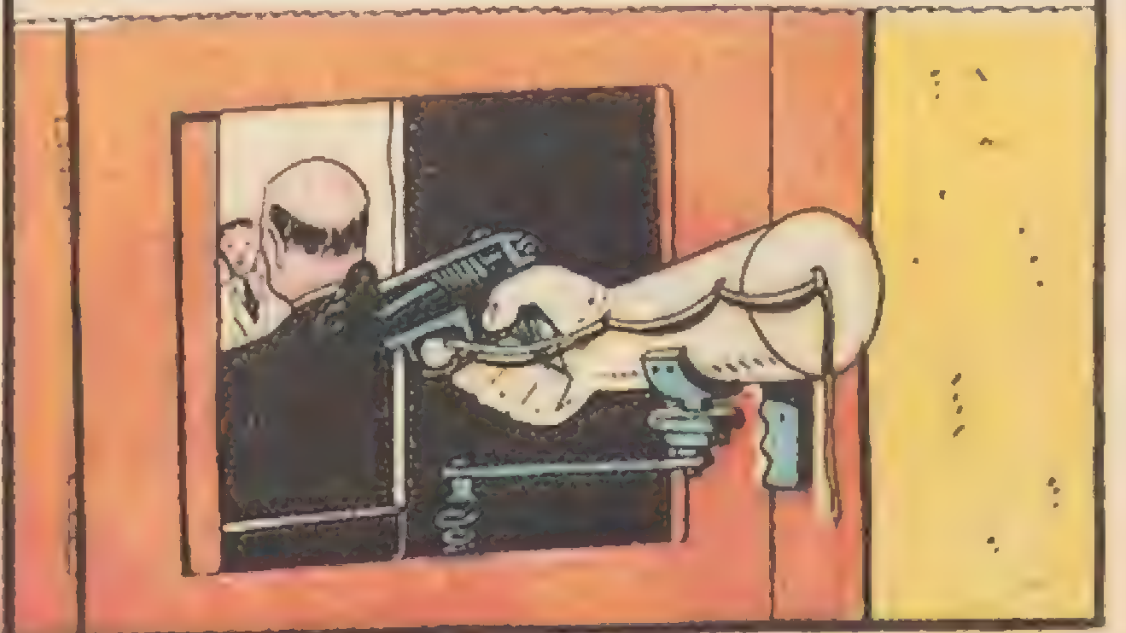
THIS IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SPOT WHERE TRELAWNEY WAS KILLED. THERE OUGHT TO BE A SECRET OPENING...



AS SPEED PRESSES HIS FINGERS AGAINST THE WALL - A PANEL SLOWLY OPENS!



AND THE DEATH WEAPON IS REVEALED!



IN THE MEANTIME THE TROOPER LOCATES THE FRIGHTENED MAID SERVANT...

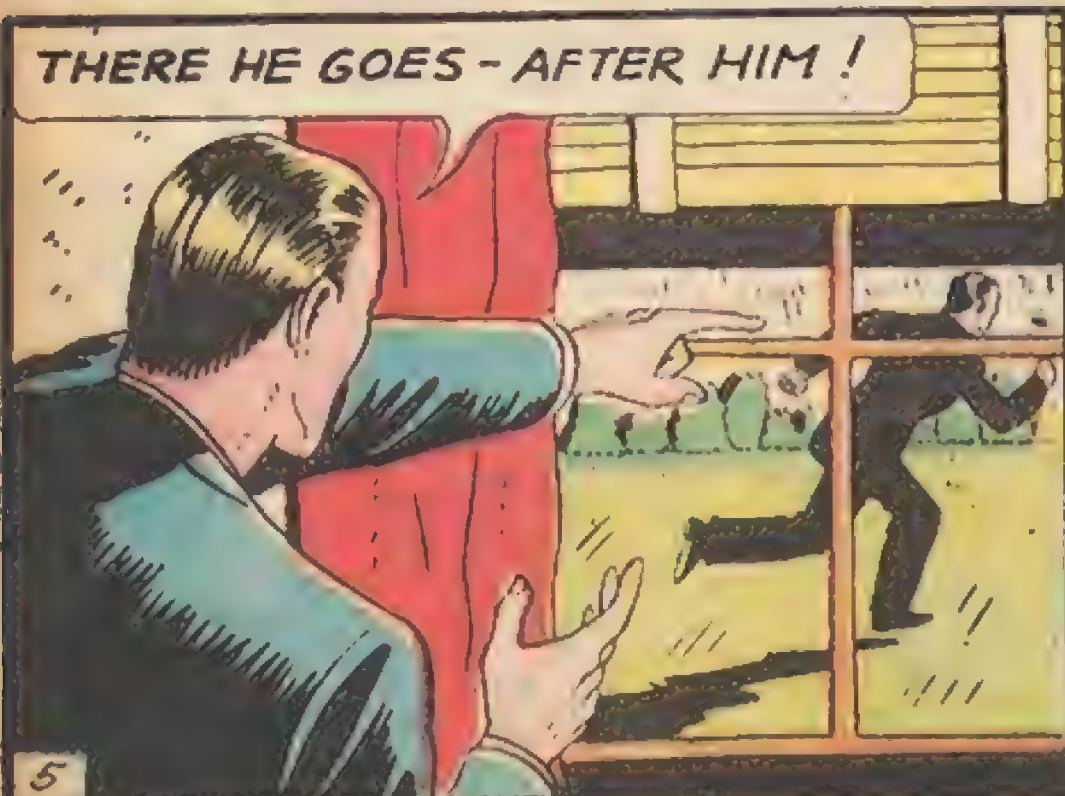
I-I'LL TELL!



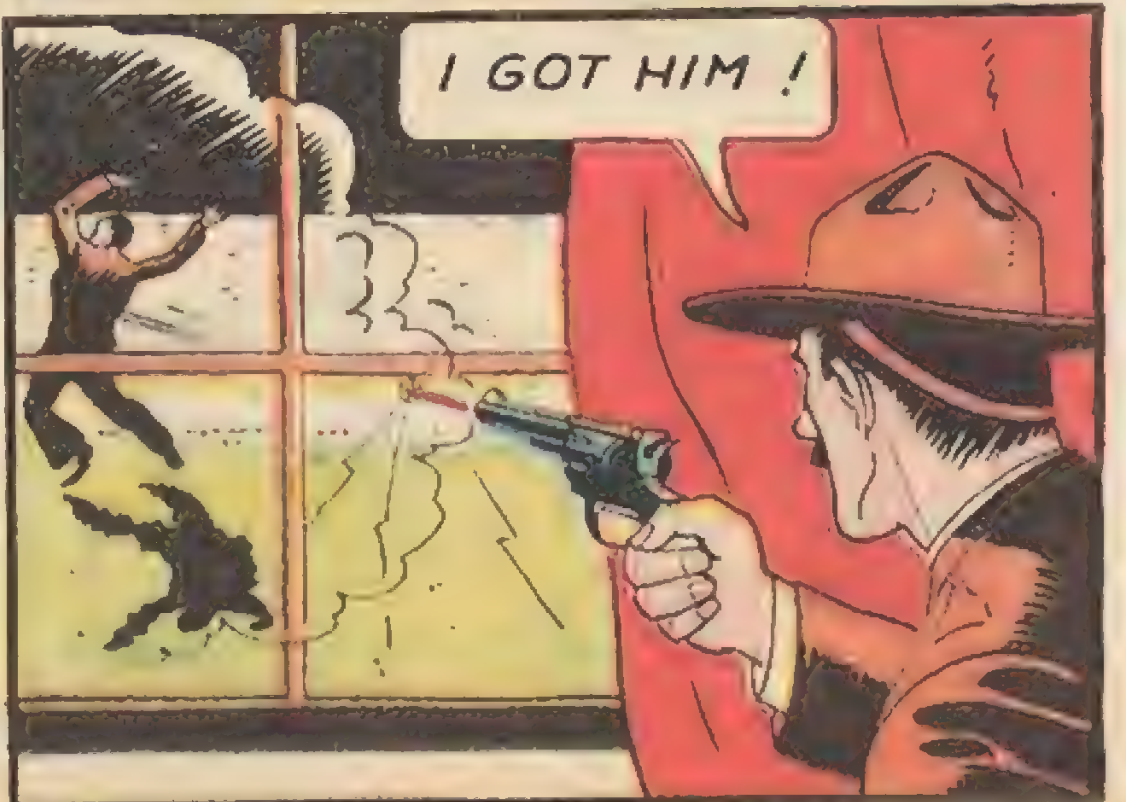
MY LOVER WORKS HERE WITH ME, BUT OFTEN A WOMAN CALLS HIM AND HE LEAVES! HE WAS UP EARLY THIS MORNING, WORKING SECRETLY IN THE KITCHEN -



THERE HE GOES - AFTER HIM!



I GOT HIM!



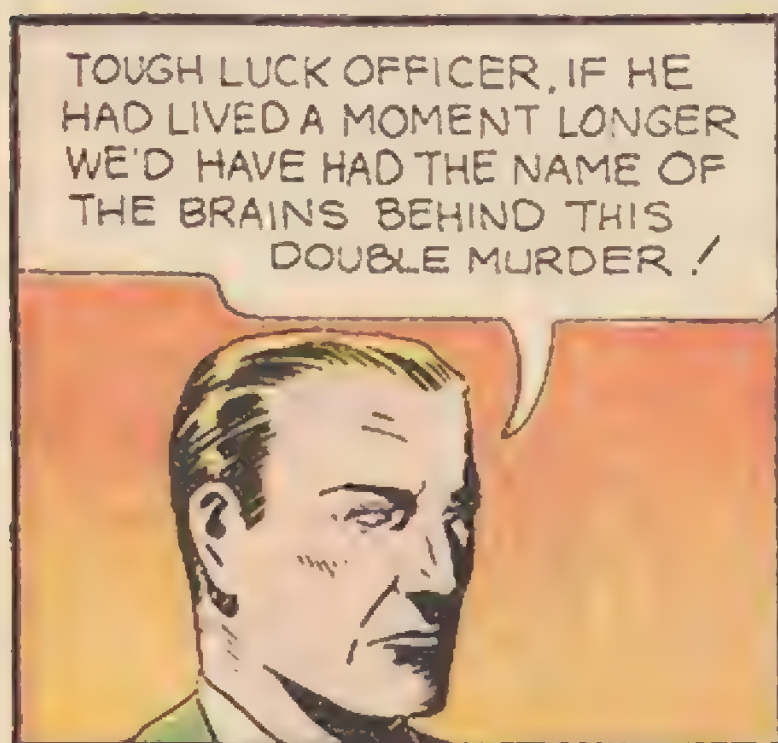




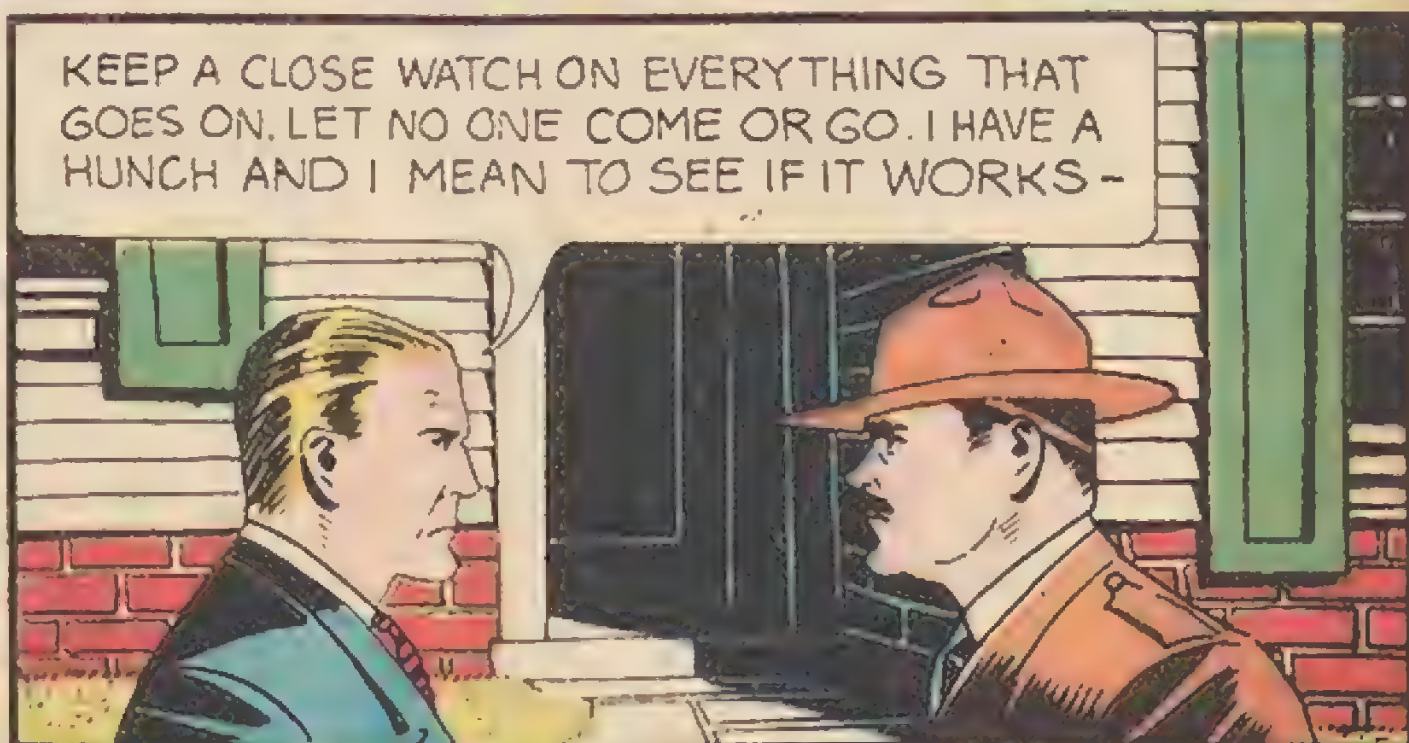
THE MARK OF THE  
KURDISTAN KILLERS!



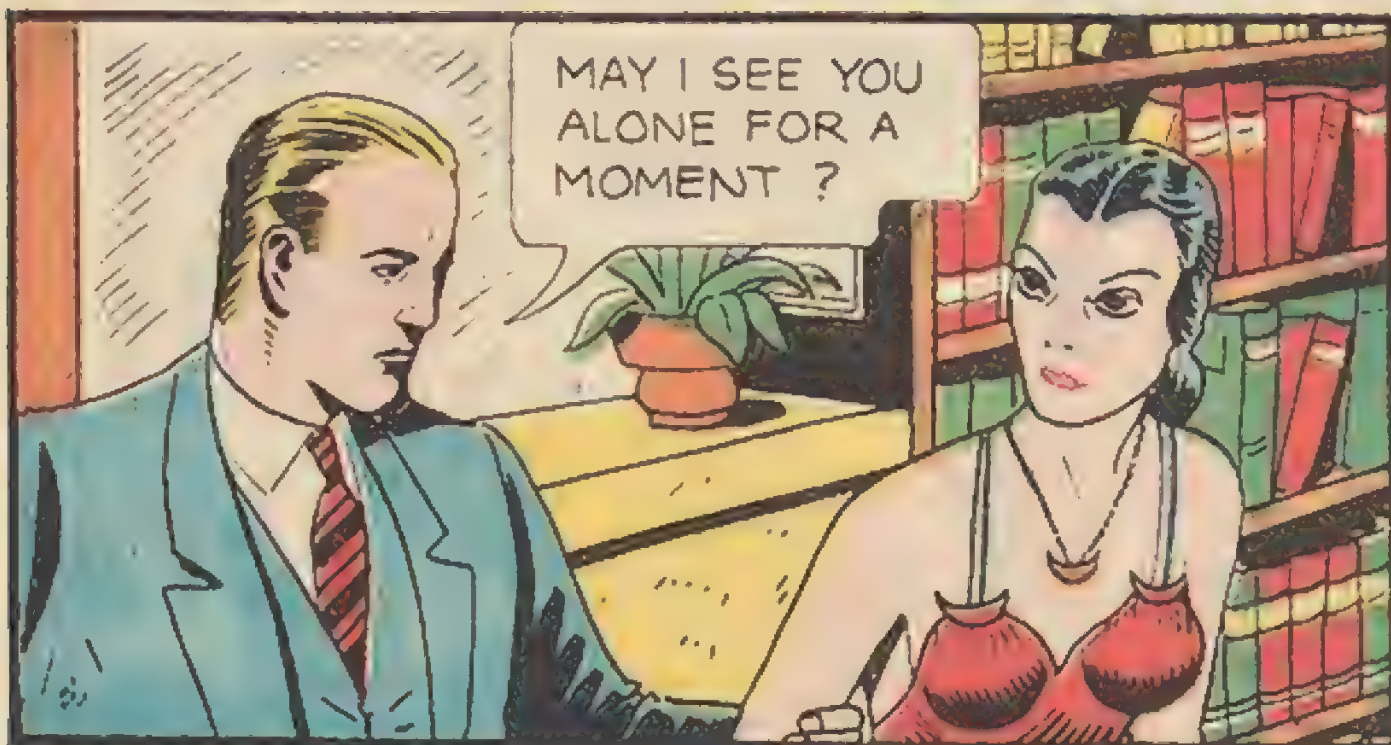
I KILLED TRELAWNEY. I SET THE  
TRAP GUN AND FIRED. BUT I  
WAS MADE TO DO IT BY...



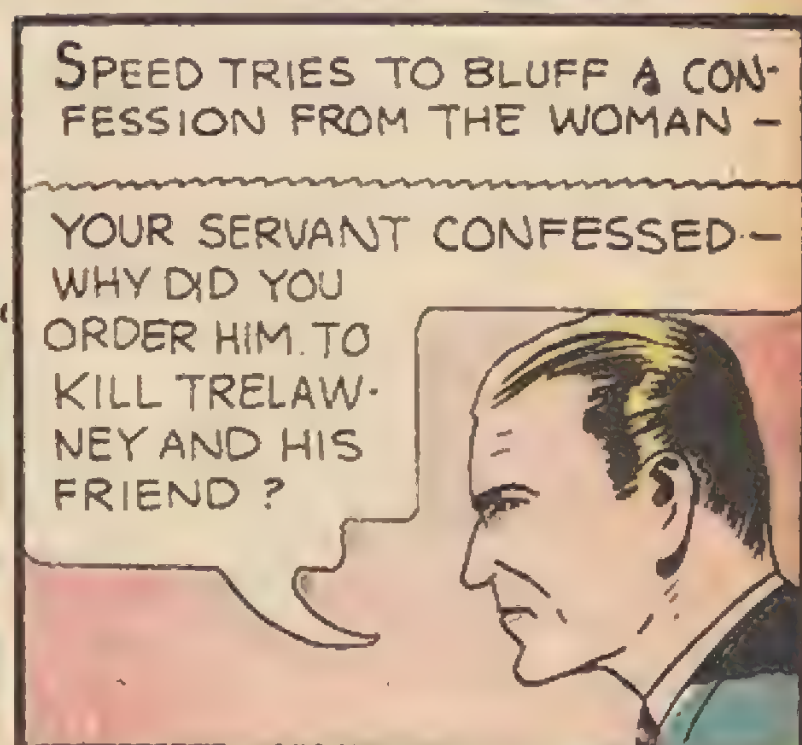
TOUGH LUCK OFFICER, IF HE  
HAD LIVED A MOMENT LONGER  
WE'D HAVE HAD THE NAME OF  
THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS  
DOUBLE MURDER!



KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON EVERYTHING THAT  
GOES ON. LET NO ONE COME OR GO. I HAVE A  
HUNCH AND I MEAN TO SEE IF IT WORKS -



MAY I SEE YOU  
ALONE FOR A  
MOMENT?



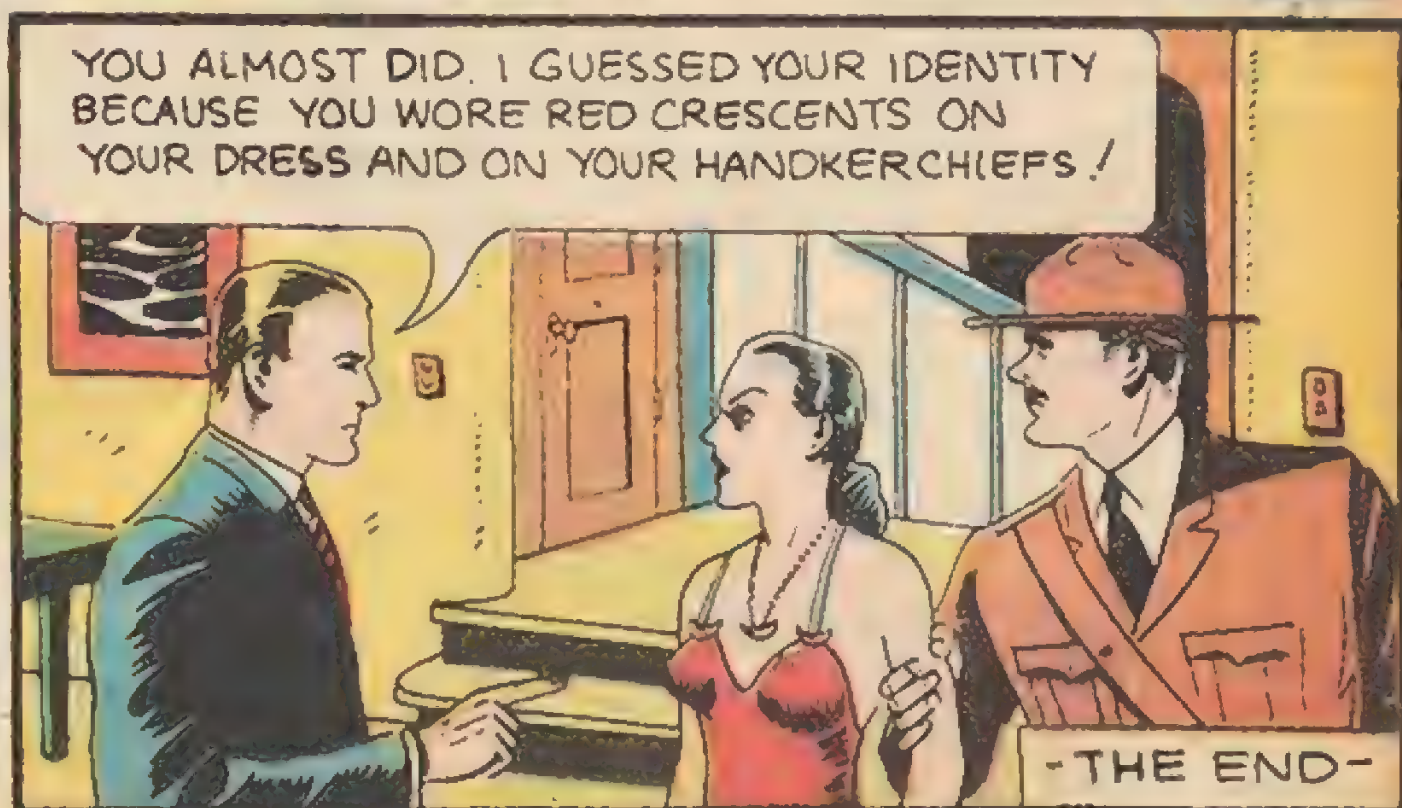
SPEED TRIES TO BLUFF A CON-  
FESSION FROM THE WOMAN -

YOUR SERVANT CONFESSED -  
WHY DID YOU  
ORDER HIM TO  
KILL TRELAW-  
NEY AND HIS  
FRIEND?



AND HIS RUSE SUCCEEDS!

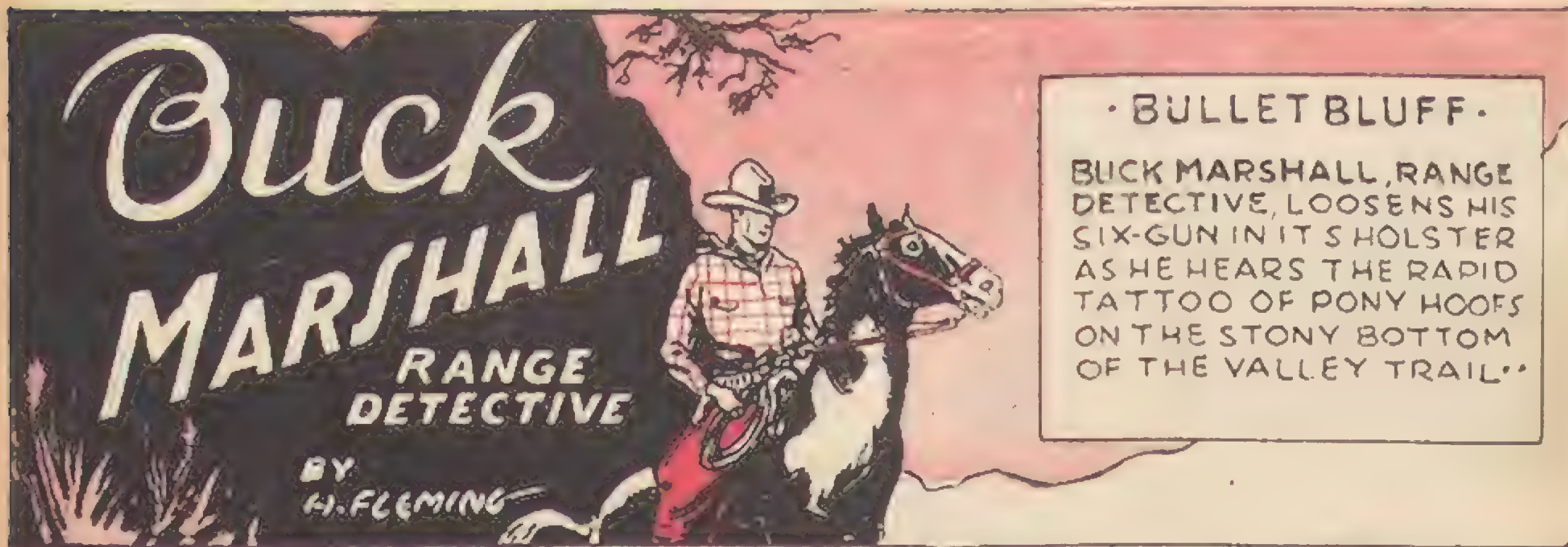
IT IS TRUE. I AM THE VEILED  
PROPHETRESS OF  
THE KILLERS OF  
KURDISTAN. I  
WANTED TO RIVAL  
HASSAN, THE  
FIRST ASSASSIN.  
AND I ALMOST  
SUCCEEDED!



YOU ALMOST DID. I GUESSED YOUR IDENTITY  
BECAUSE YOU WORE RED CRESCENTS ON  
YOUR DRESS AND ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS!

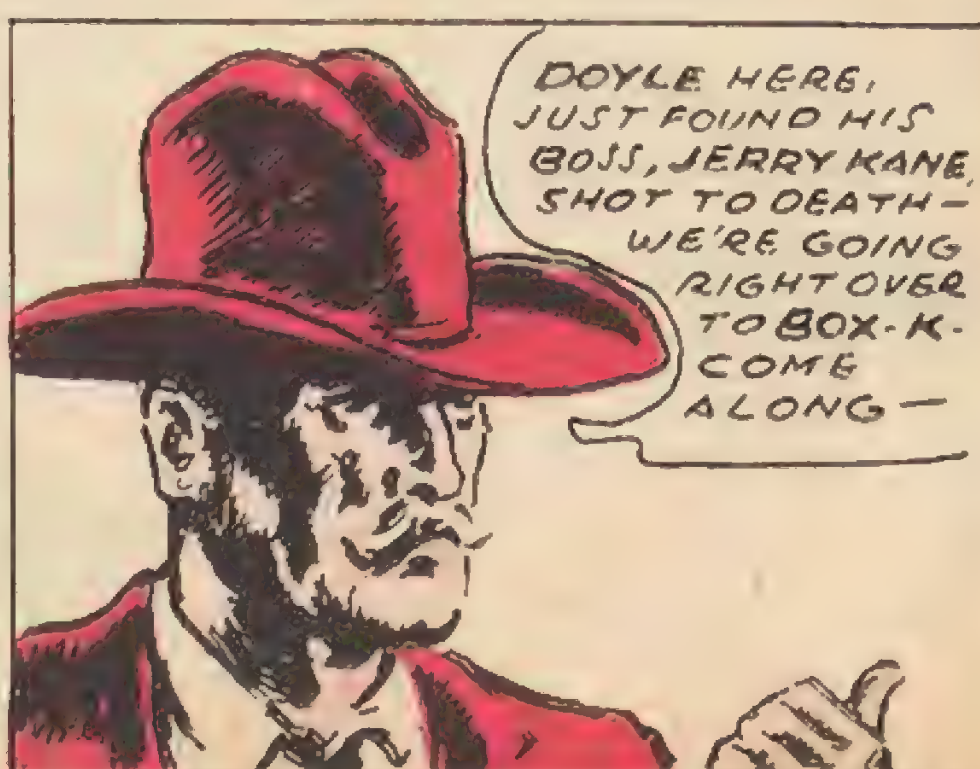
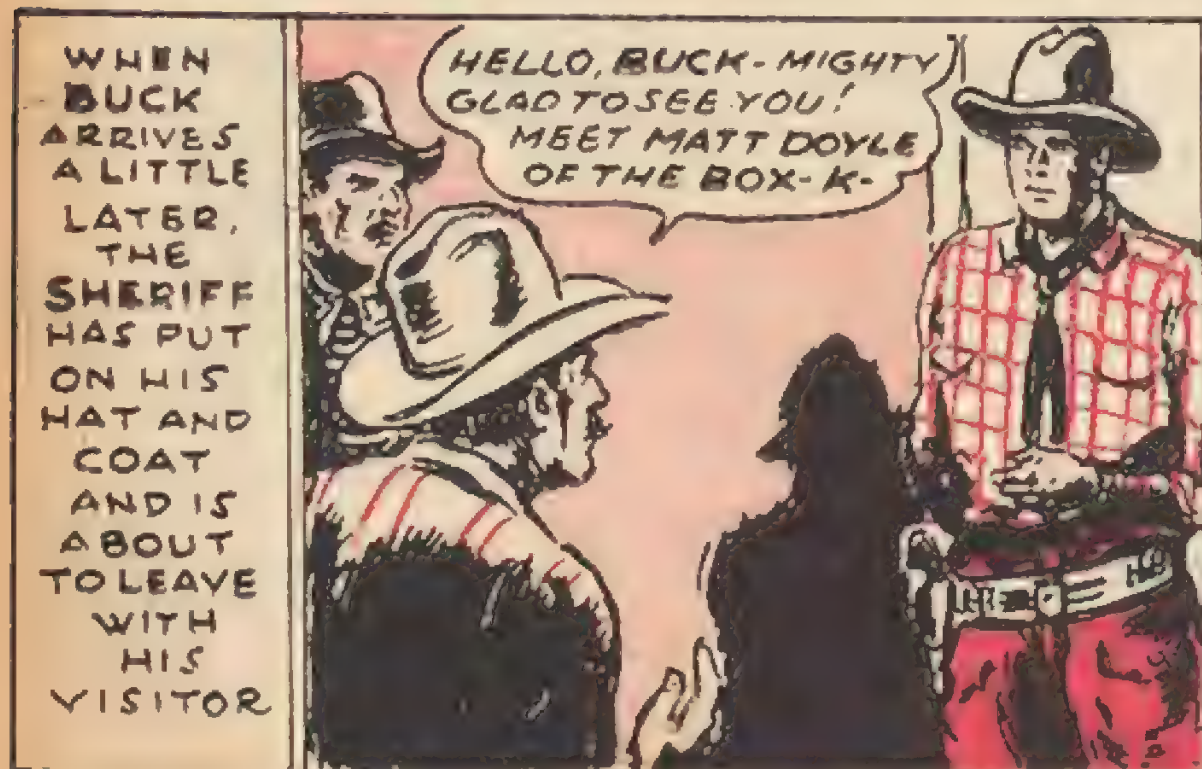
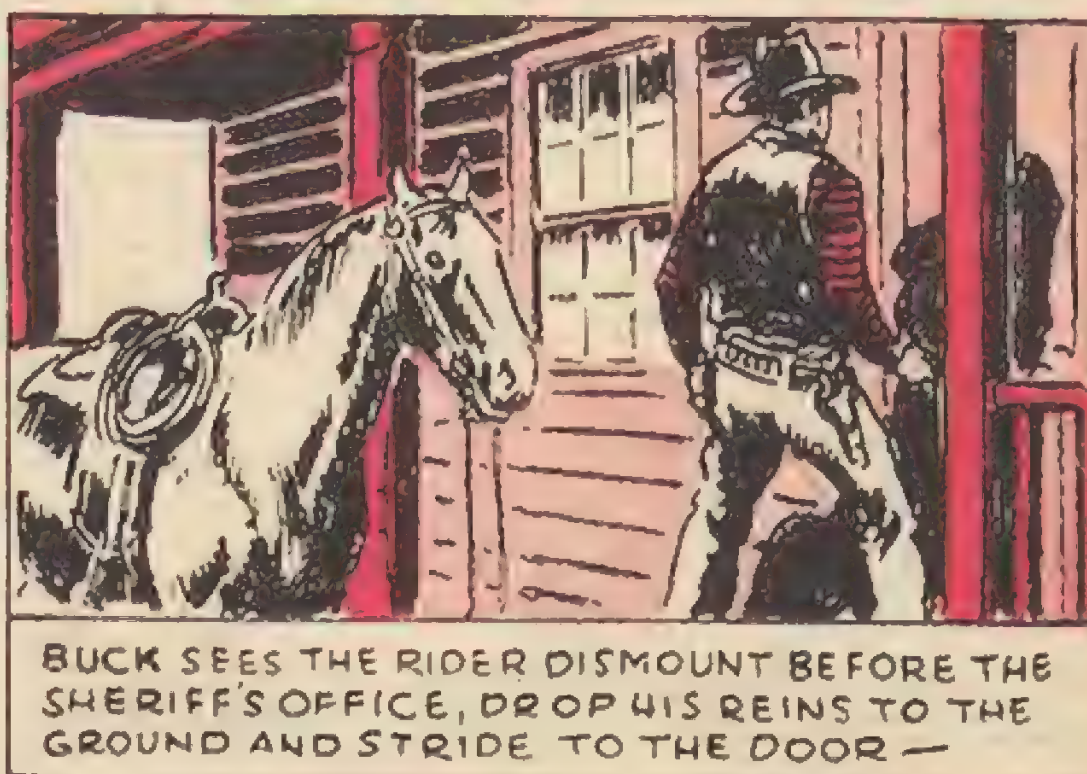
- THE END -



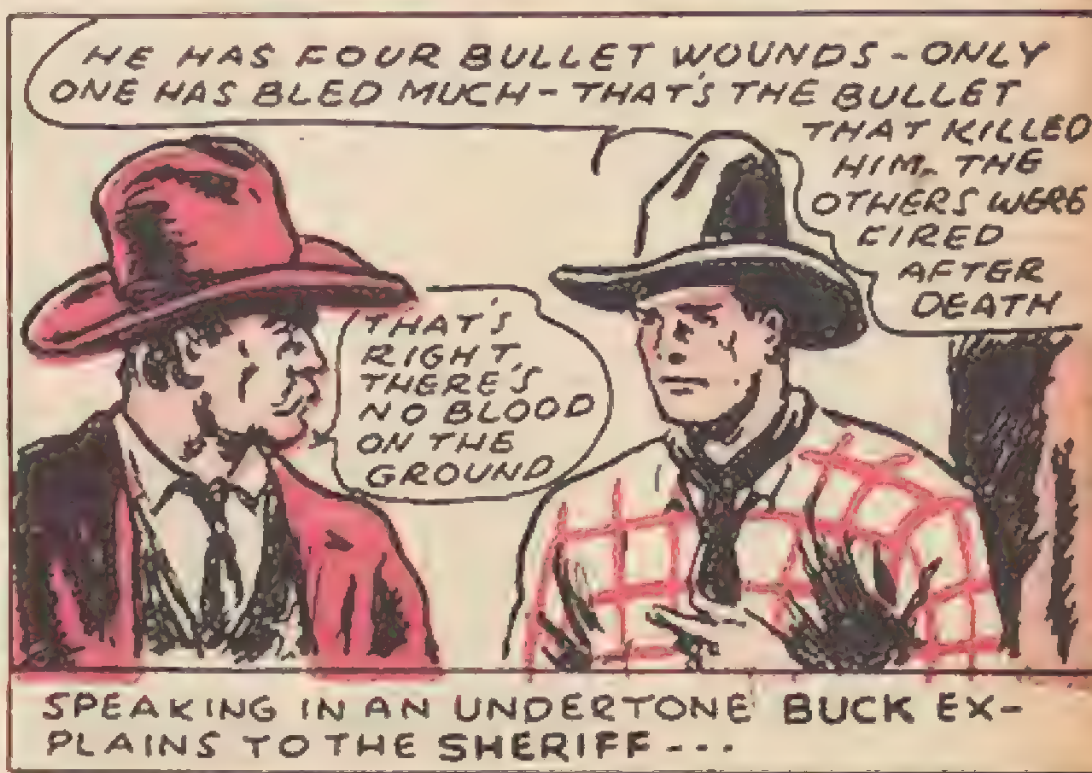
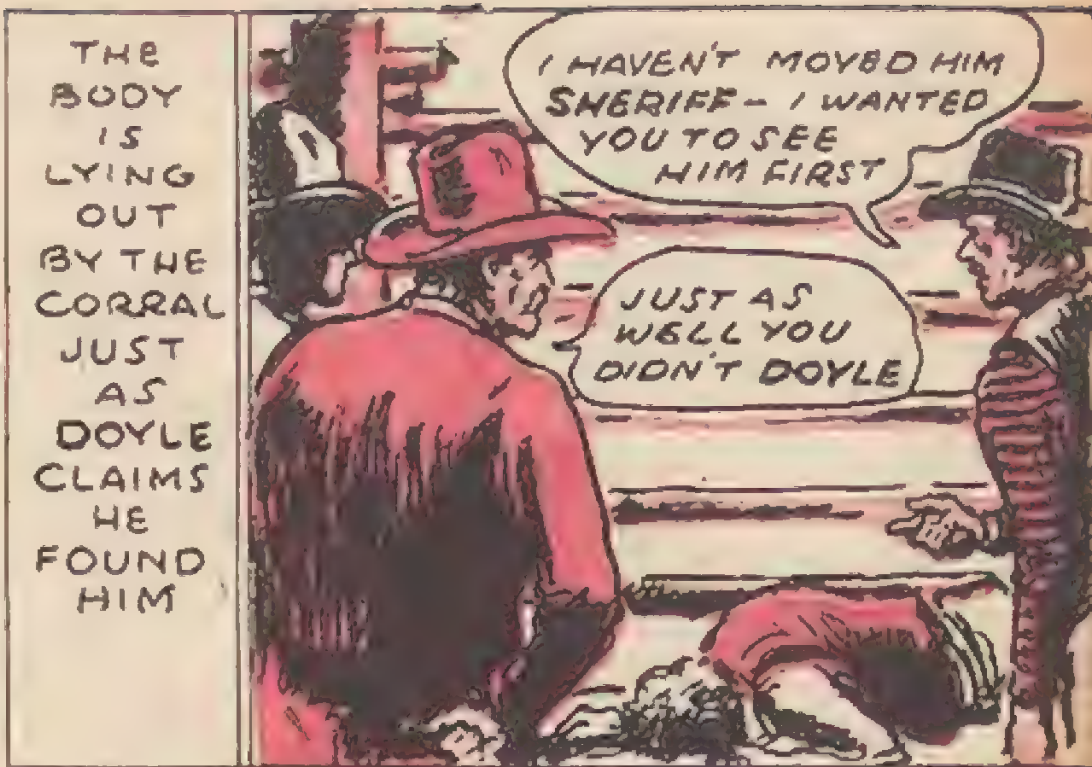


• BULLET BLUFF •

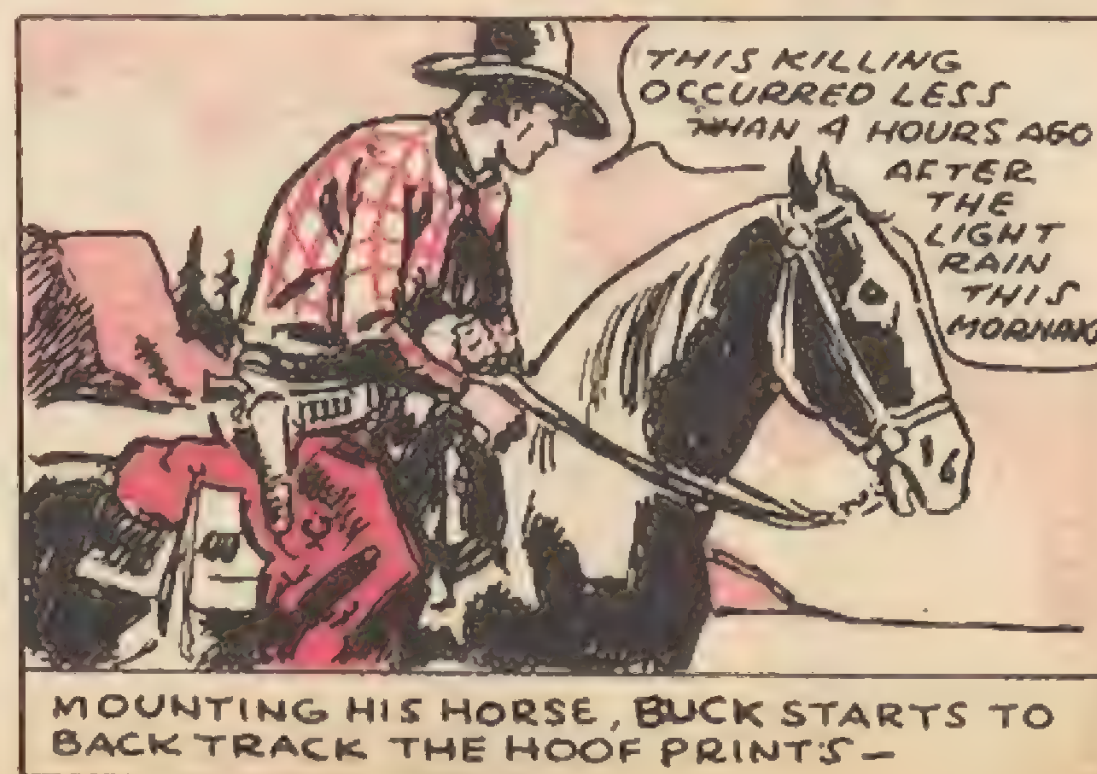
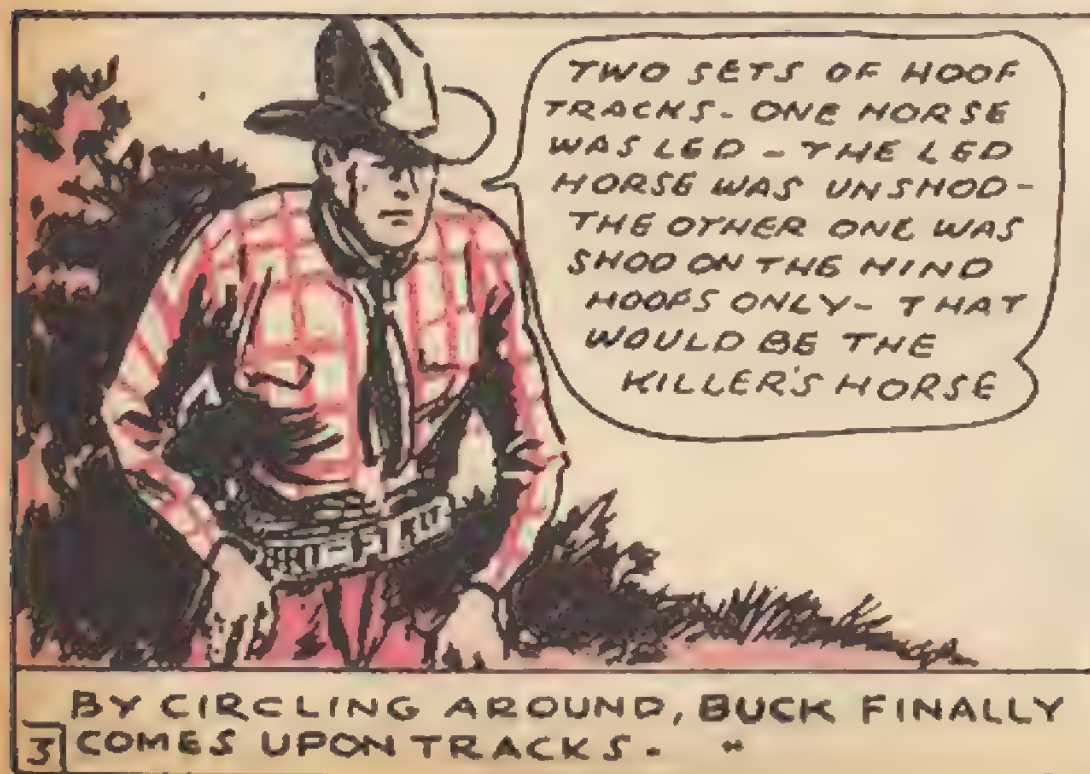
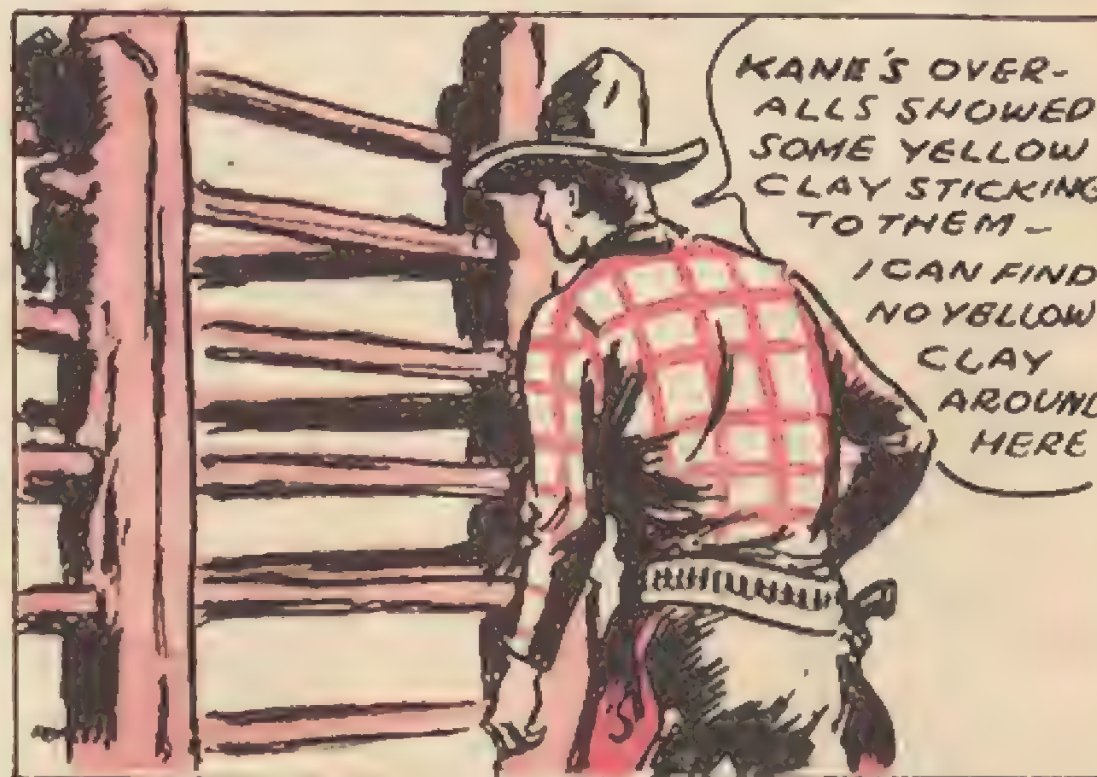
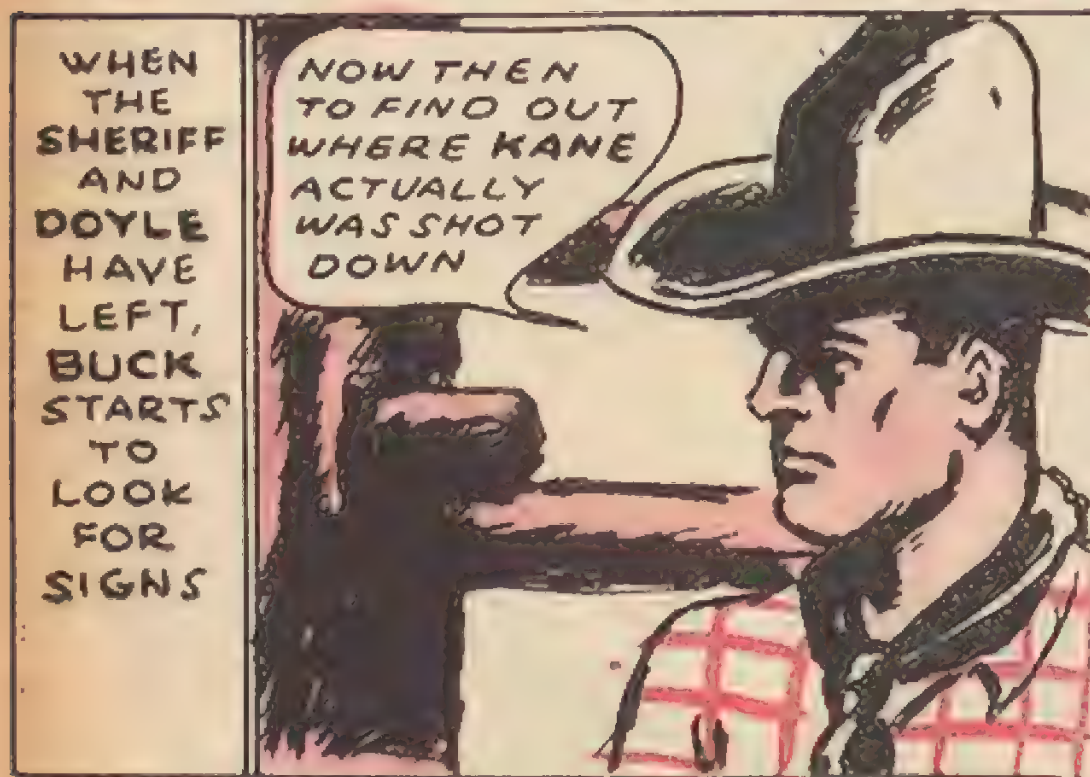
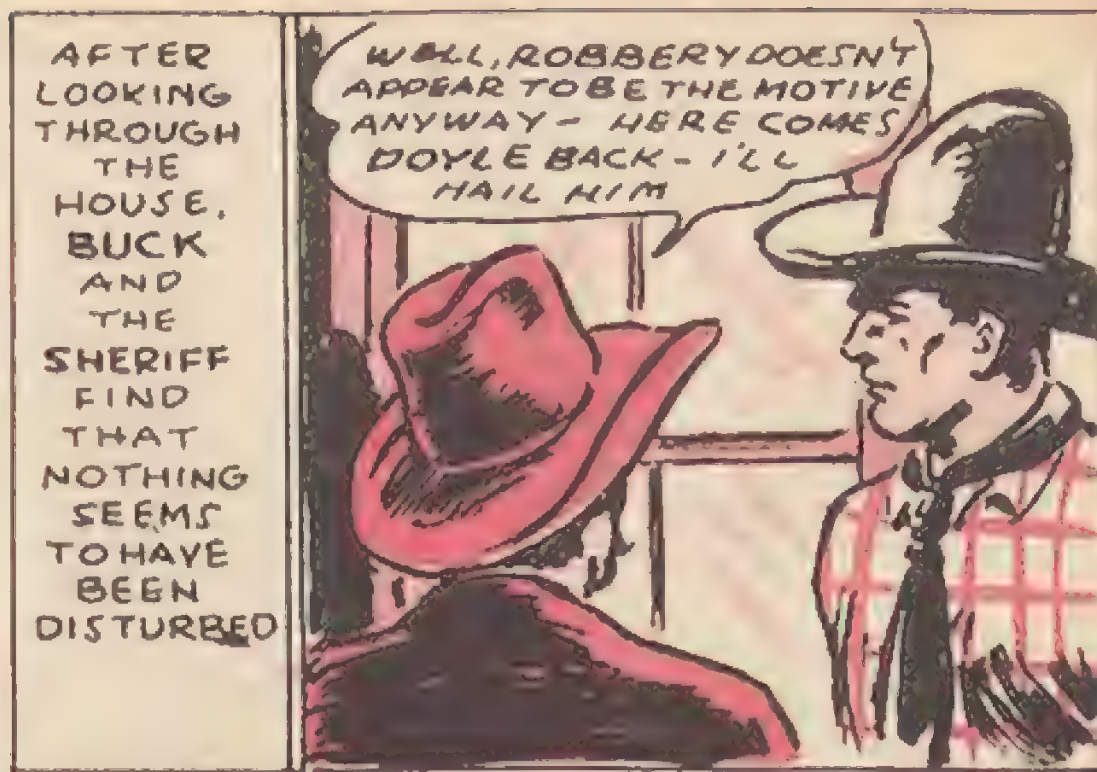
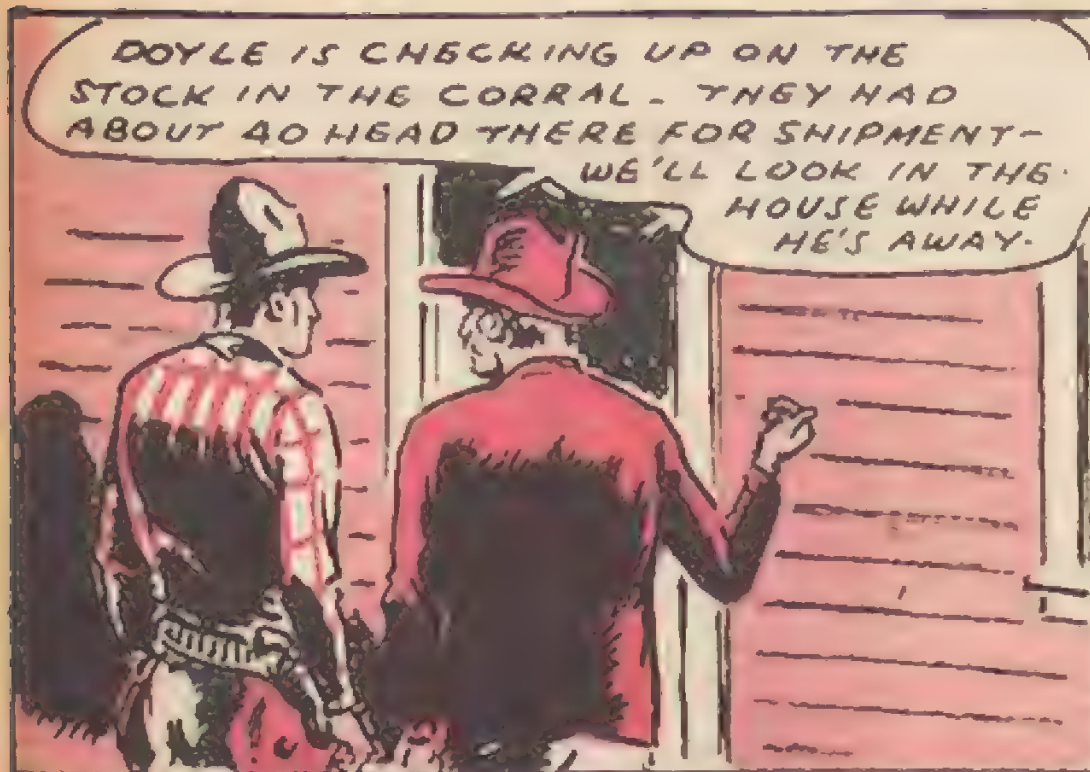
BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, LOOSENS HIS SIX-GUN IN ITS HOLSTER AS HE HEARS THE RAPID TATTOO OF PONY HOOFES ON THE STONY BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY TRAIL.





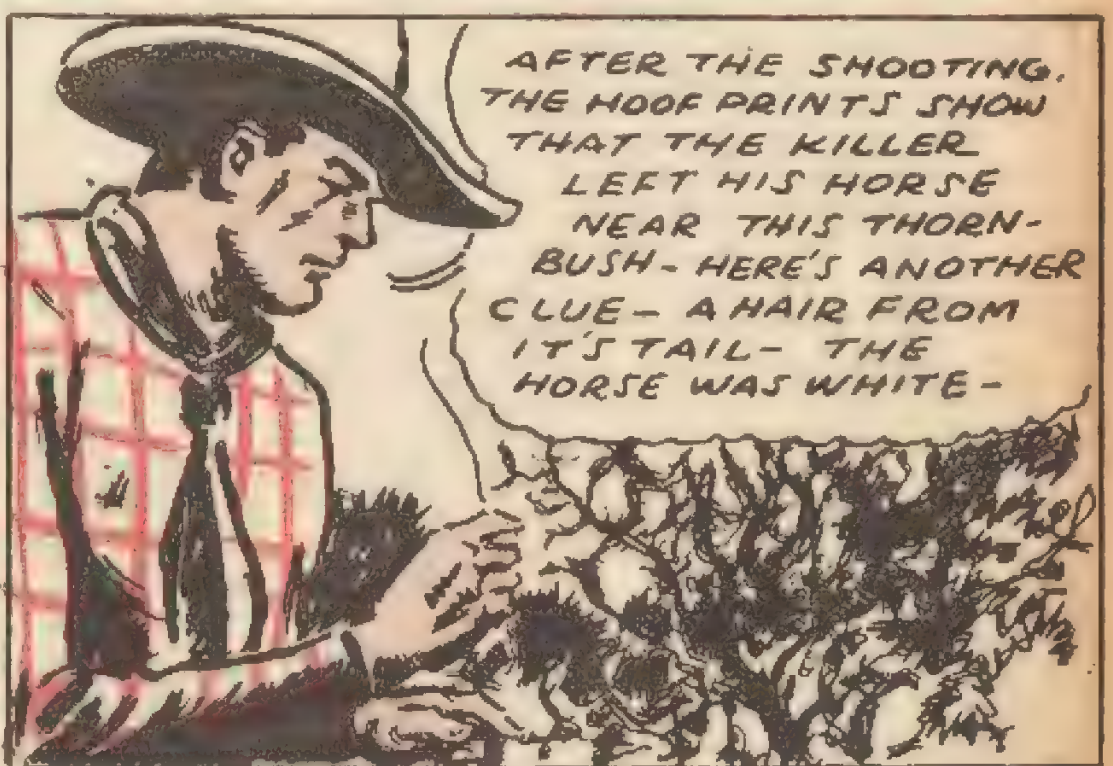
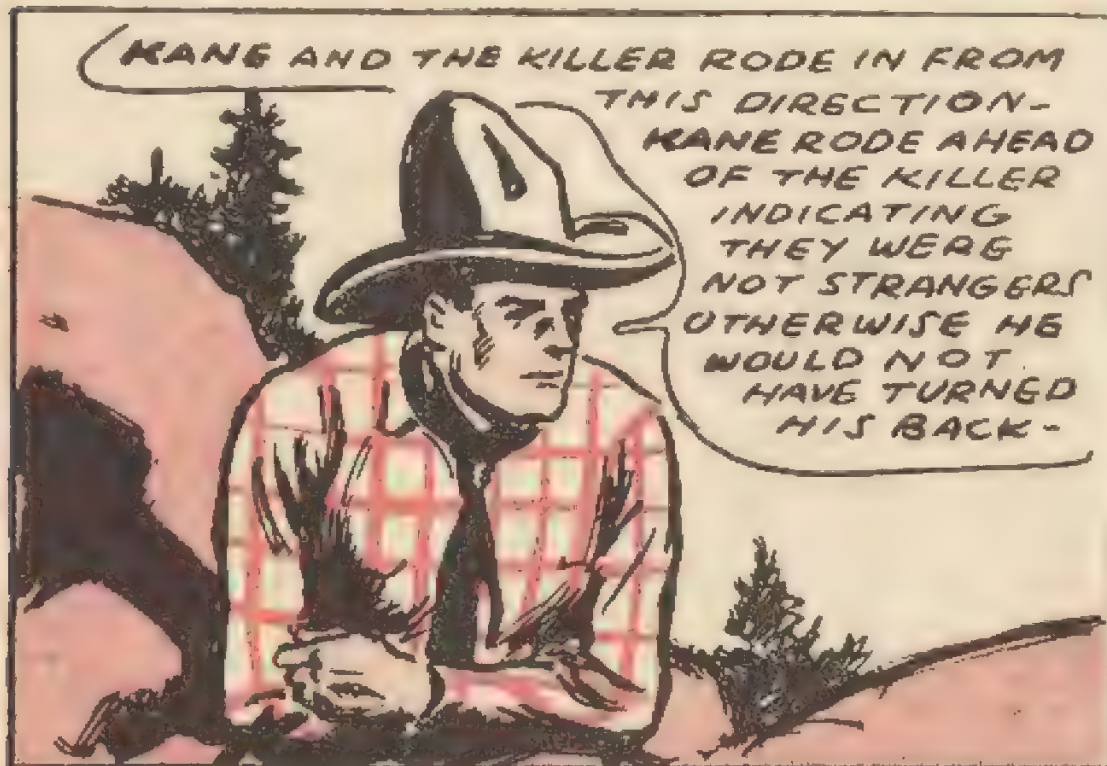
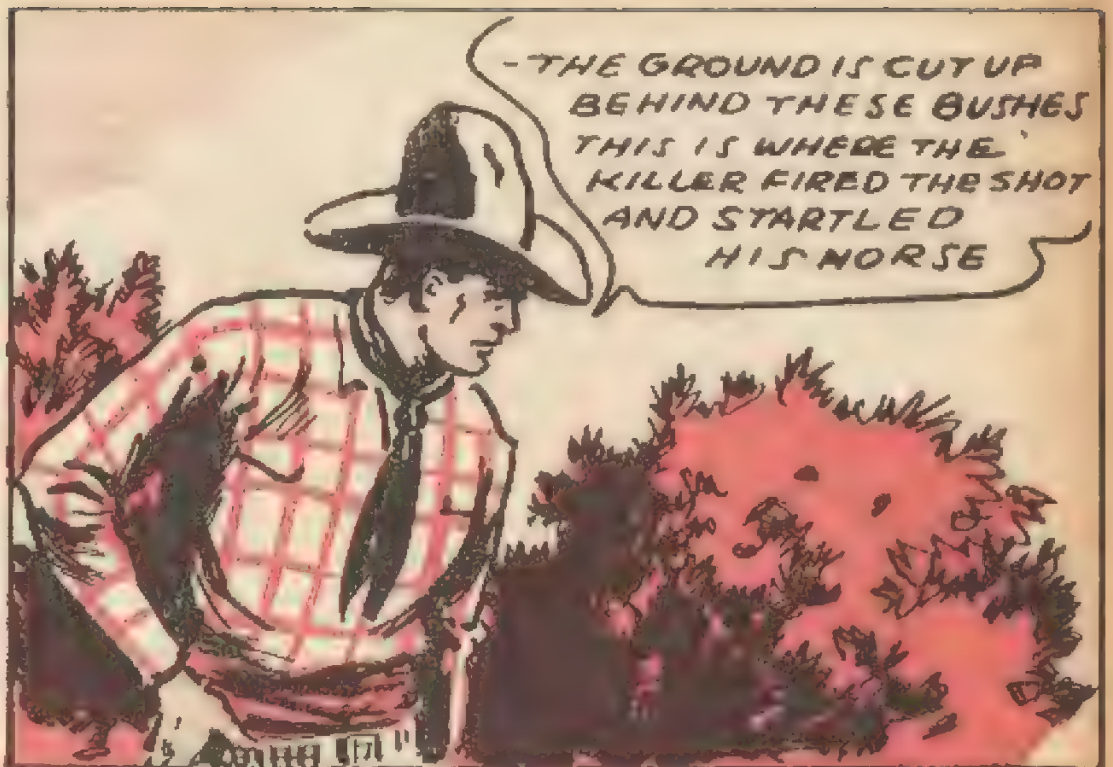




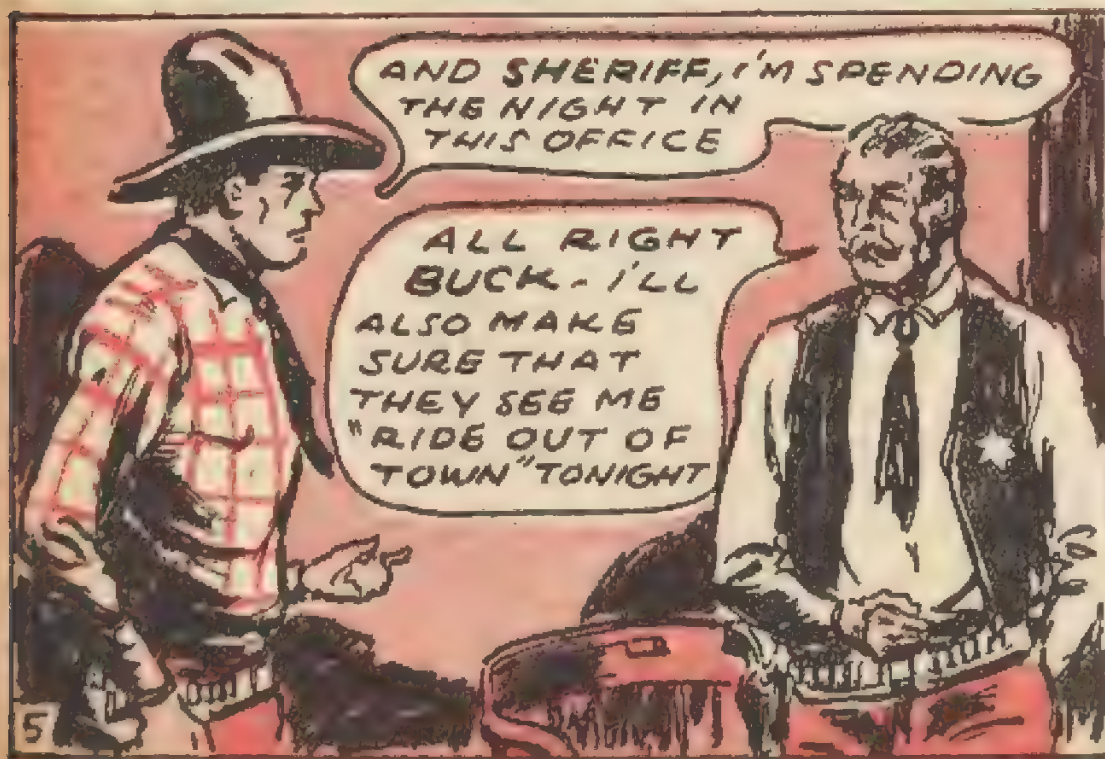
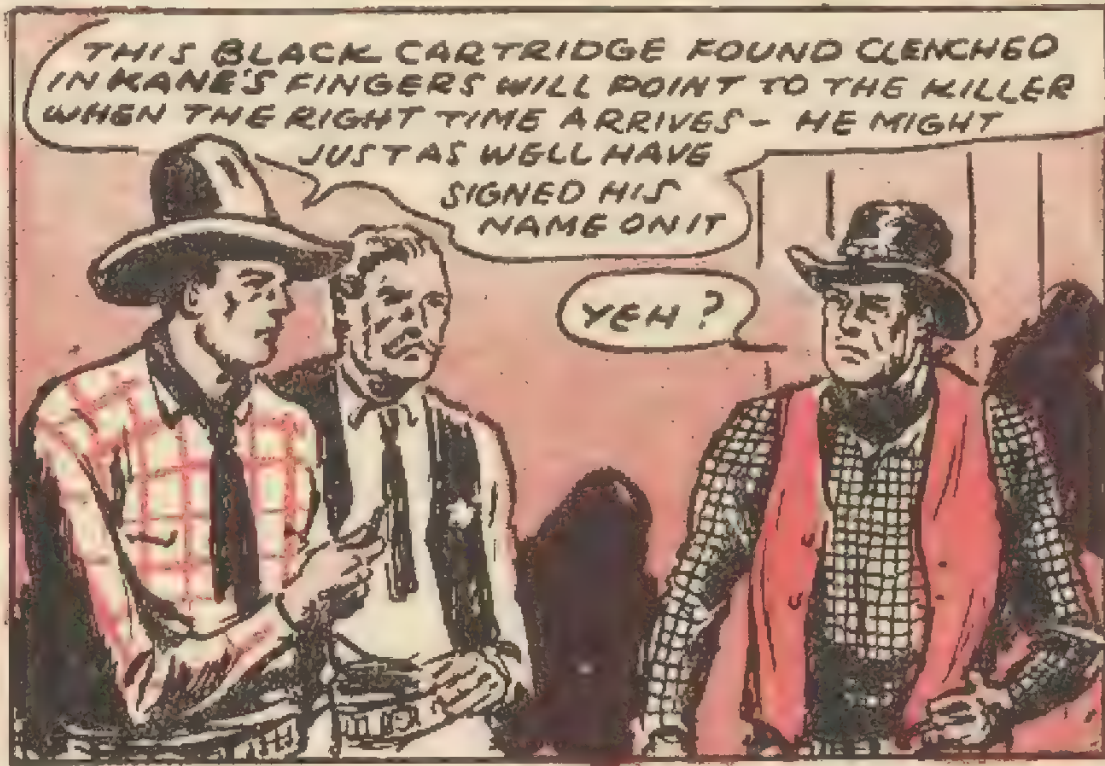
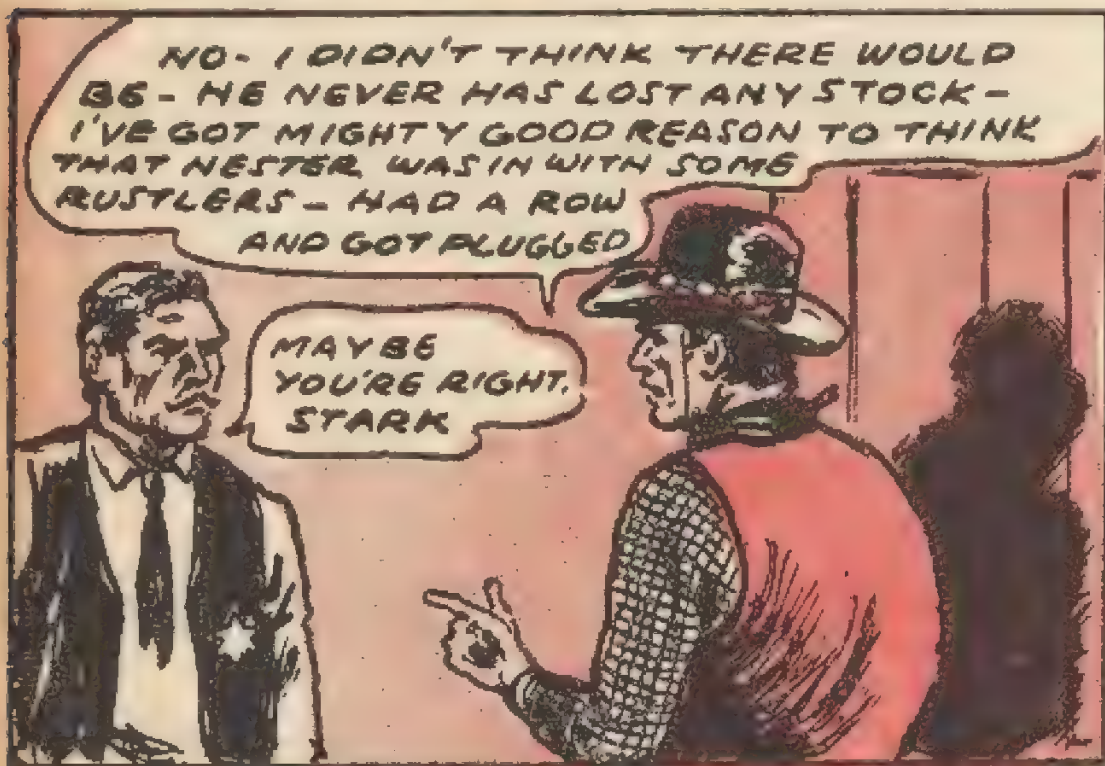
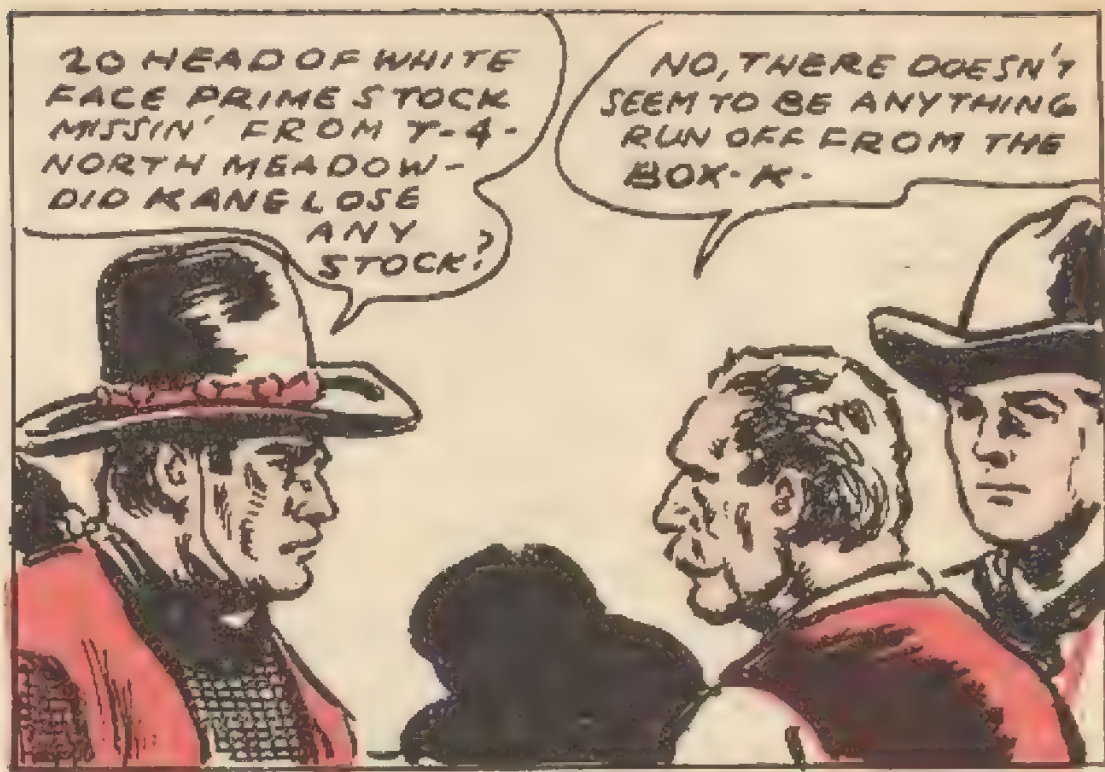




AFTER  
AWHILE,  
THE  
TRAIL  
LEADS  
INTO  
A  
ROCK  
STREWN  
GULCH-  
BUCK  
DISMOUNTS  
AS HE  
COMES TO  
A PATCH  
OF YELLOW  
CLAY









BUCK  
HEARS  
SOME  
ONE  
FORCE  
A  
WINDOW  
THEN,  
PRESENTLY  
A  
FAINT  
RATTLE  
OF  
TOOLS  
NEAR  
THE  
SAFE

AFTER  
THE  
BLACK  
CARTRIDGE



GRAB  
YOUR EARS,  
STARK!



BLAST YER HIDE  
YOU SKULKIN' COYOTE

DROP  
THAT



WITH A SNARL OF RAGE, STARK LEAPS TO  
HIS FEET —

WITH  
THE  
SPEED  
OF A  
BULLET,  
STARK  
SWINGS  
DOWN  
HIS  
HAMMER  
ON  
BUCK'S  
GUN  
BARREL

SMASH



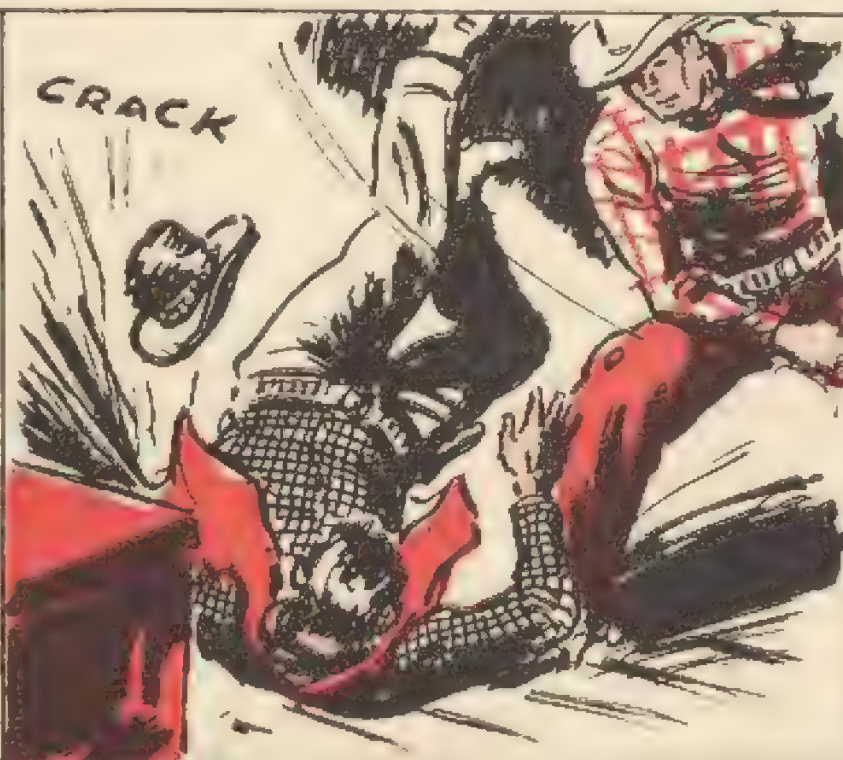
NOW THEN, STARK, I'M  
TURNING YOU OVER TO  
SOME GENTS WHO WILL  
BE MIGHTY GLAD TO  
FIT A NOOSE AROUND  
THE NECK OF THE "TERROR"

NO, NO - DON'T  
DO THAT!  
GIMME A CHANCE!  
I'LL TELL ALL



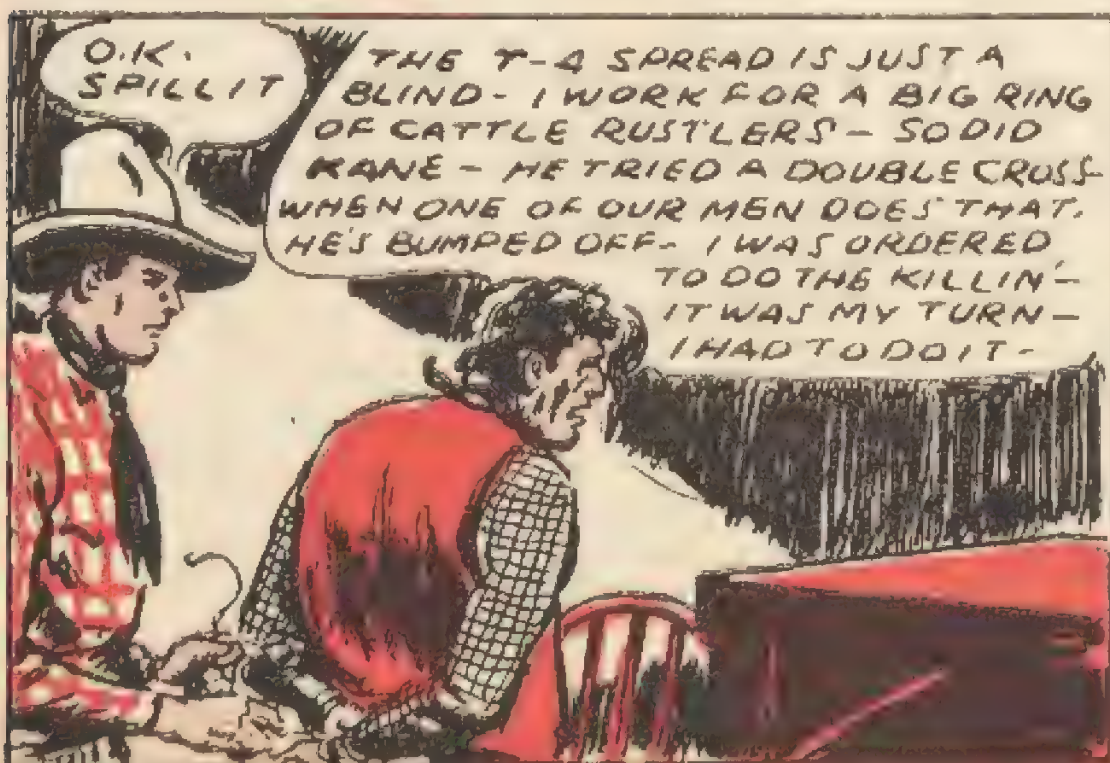
AS  
STARK  
LUNGES  
FORWARD,  
BUCK'S  
FIST  
CRASHES  
AGAINST  
HIS  
CHIN -  
STARK  
FALLS.  
CRACKING  
HIS  
HEAD  
AGAINST  
THE  
SAFE

CRACK



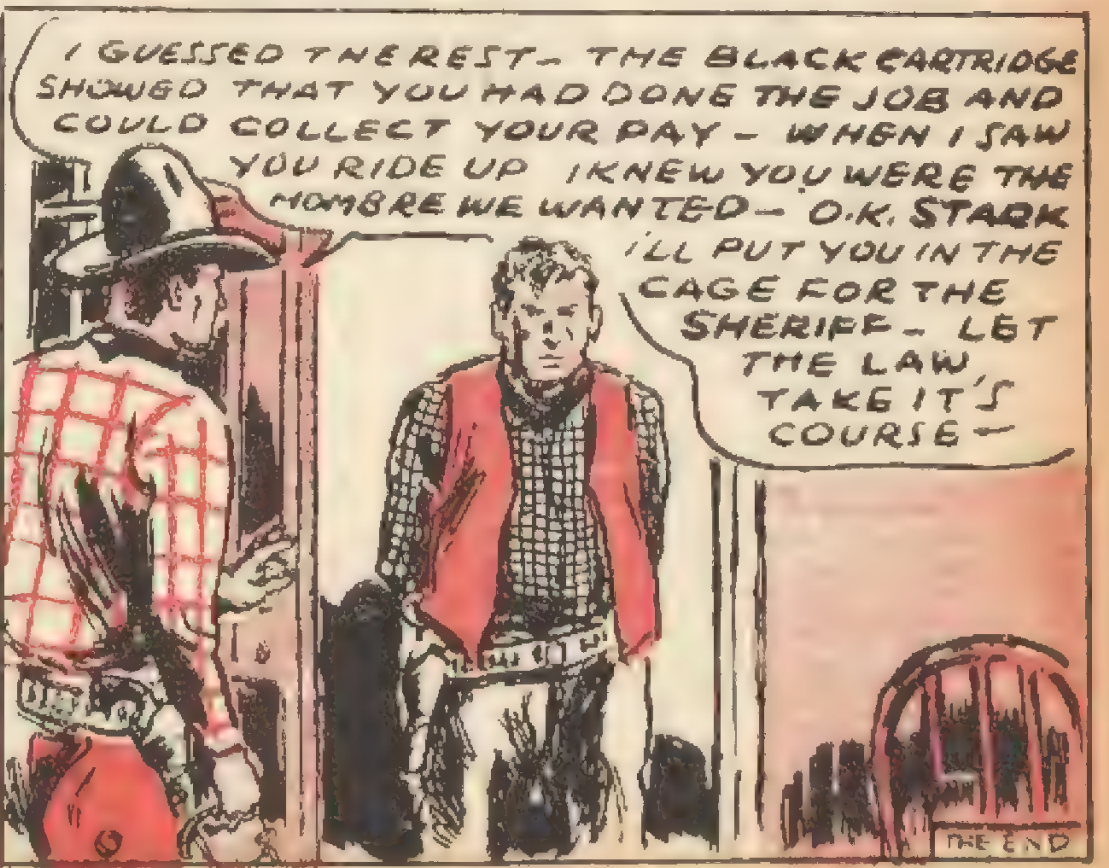
O.K.  
SPILL IT

THE T-4 SPREAD IS JUST A  
BLIND - I WORK FOR A BIG RING  
OF CATTLE RUSTLERS - SODD  
KANE - HE TRIED A DOUBLE CROSS  
WHEN ONE OF OUR MEN DOES THAT,  
HE'S BUMPED OFF - I WAS ORDERED  
TO DO THE KILLIN' - IT WAS MY TURN -  
I HAD TO DO IT -



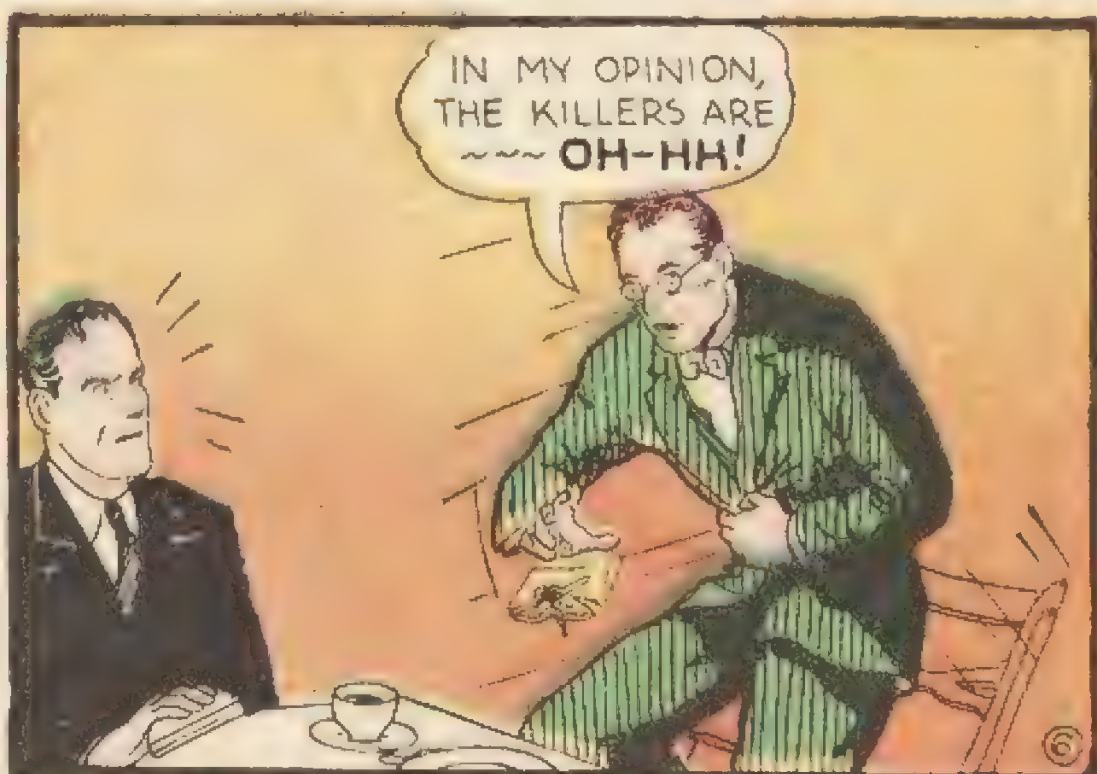
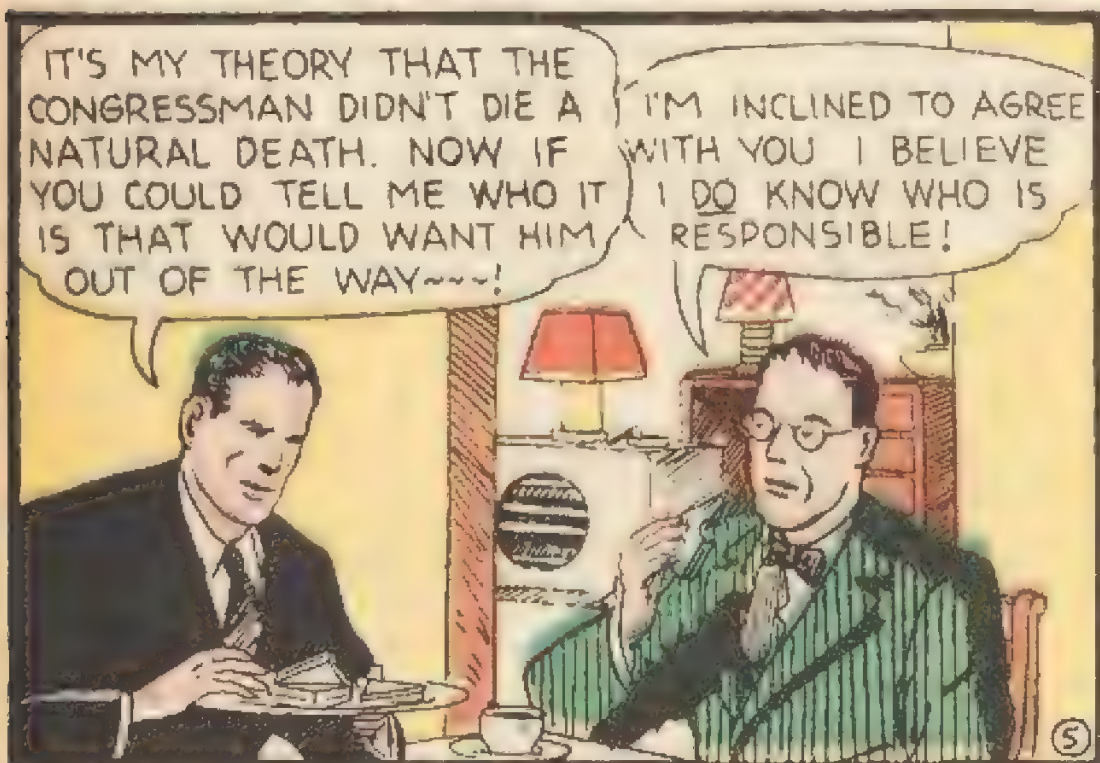
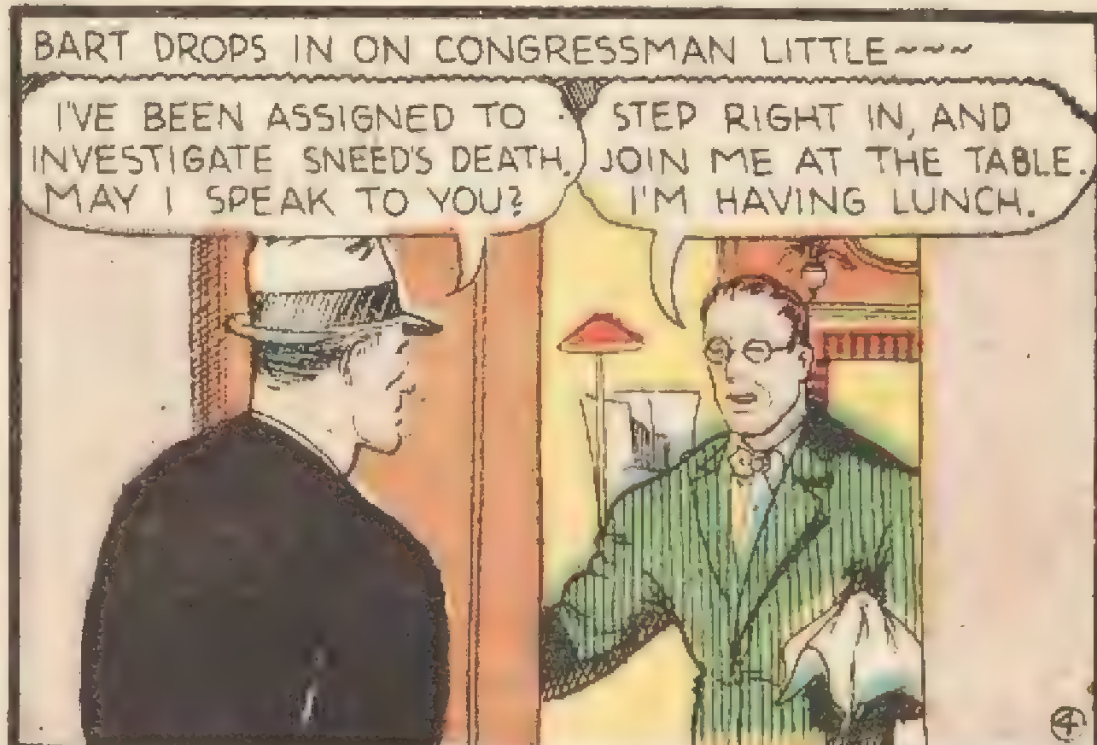
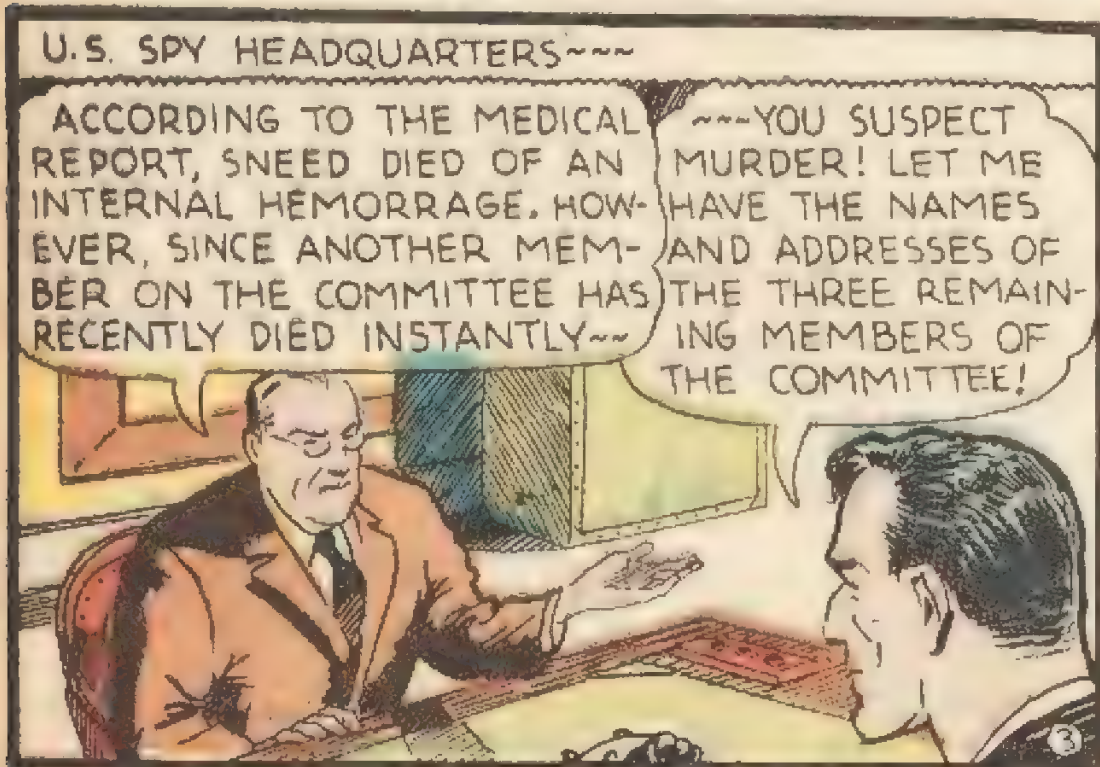
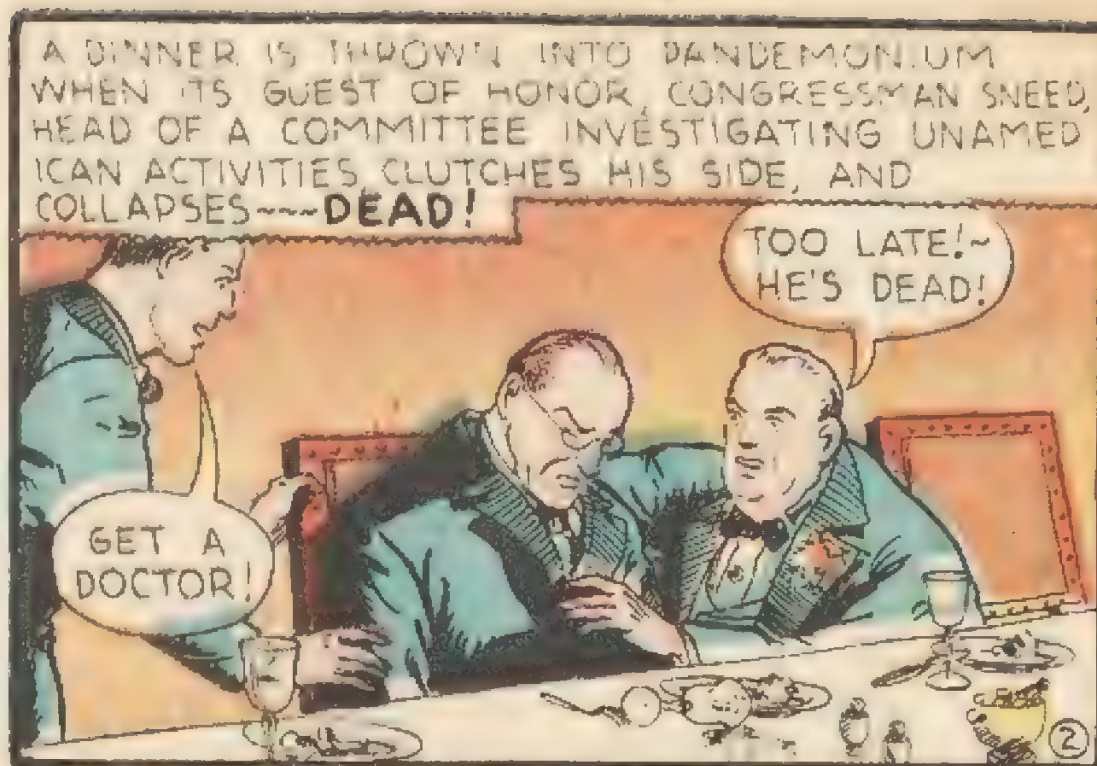
I GUESSED THE REST - THE BLACK CARTRIDGE  
SHOWED THAT YOU HAD DONE THE JOB AND  
COULD COLLECT YOUR PAY - WHEN I SAW  
YOU RIDE UP I KNEW YOU WERE THE  
HOMBRE WE WANTED - O.K. STARK

I'LL PUT YOU IN THE  
CAGE FOR THE  
SHERIFF - LET  
THE LAW  
TAKE ITS  
COURSE -

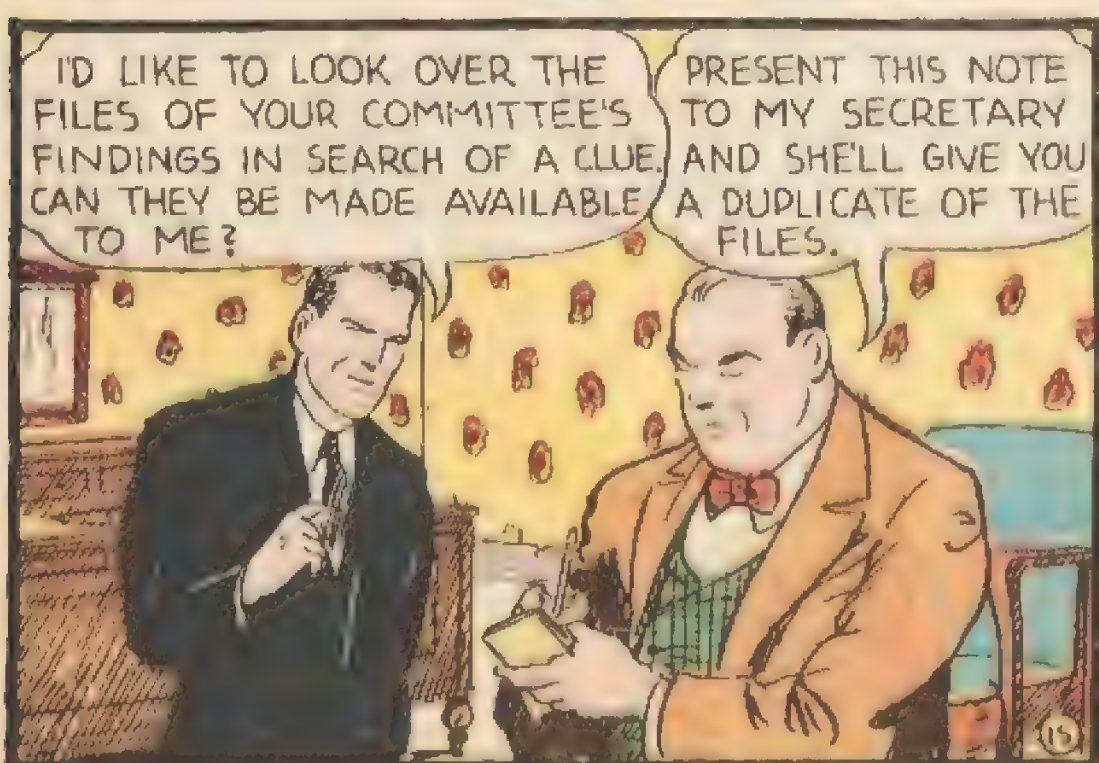
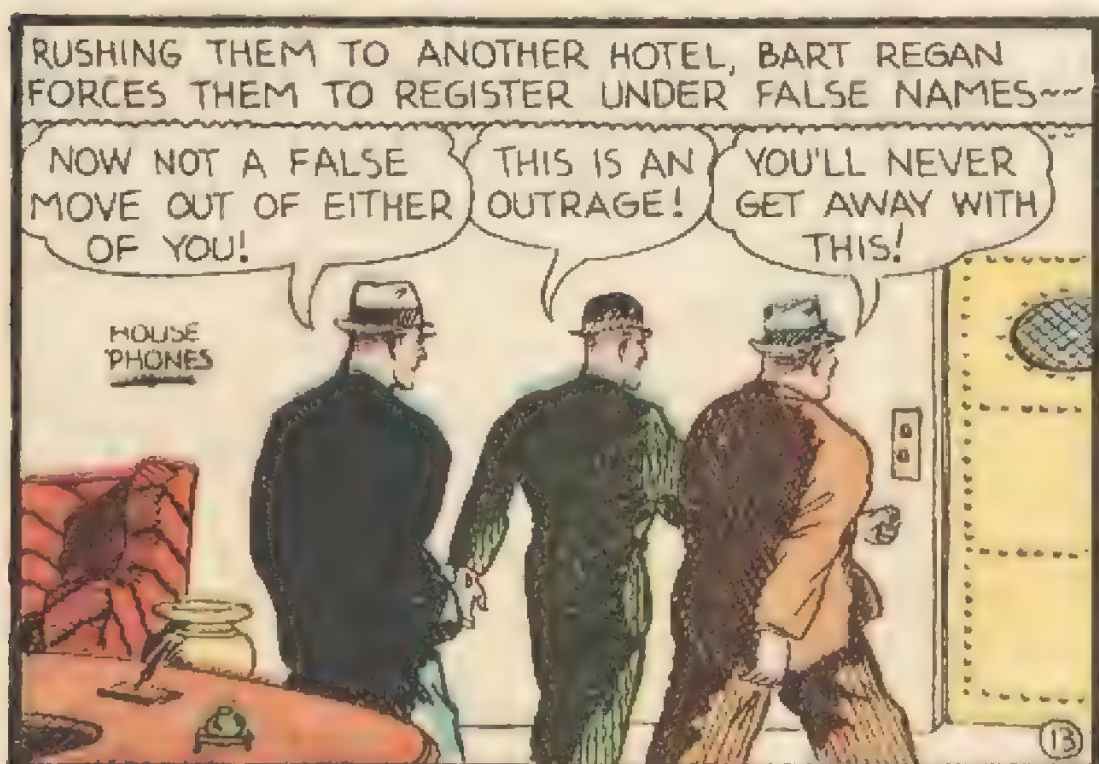
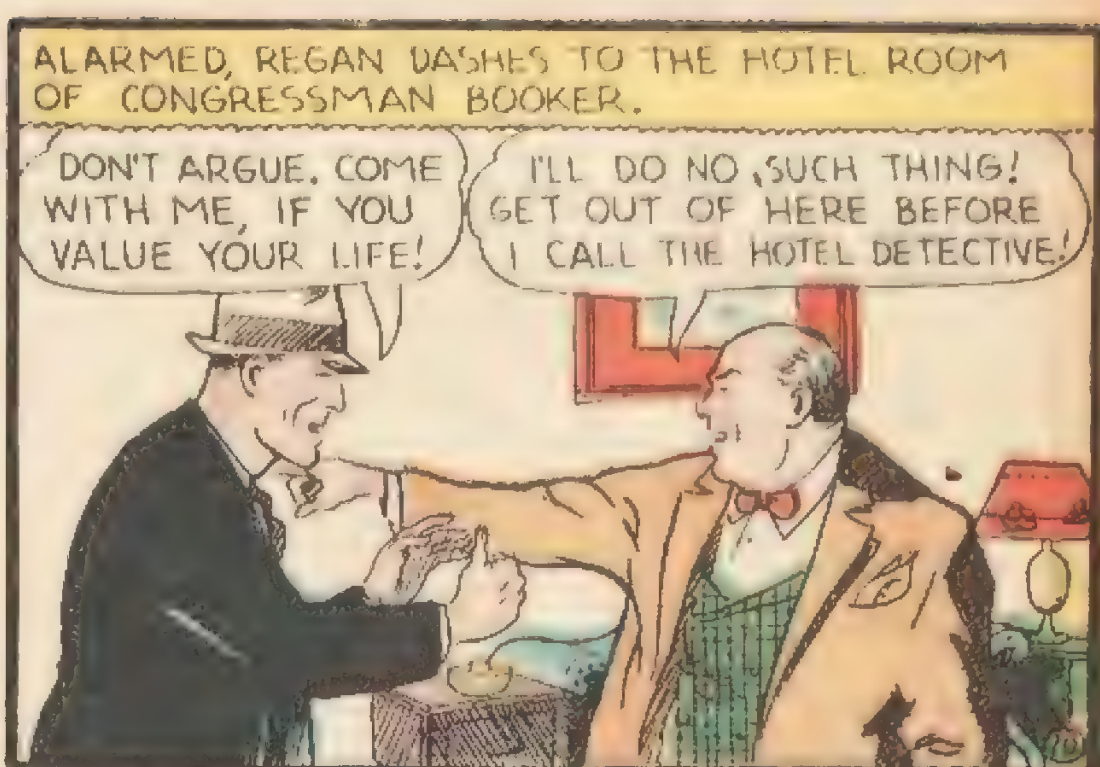
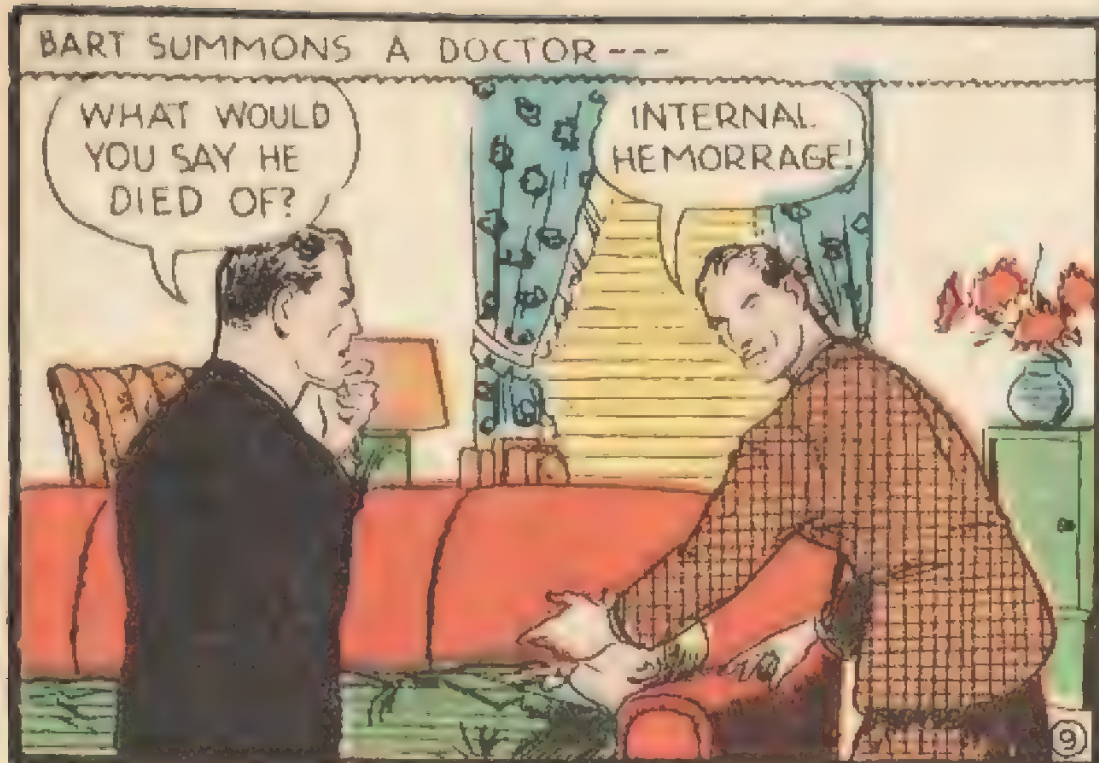


THE END

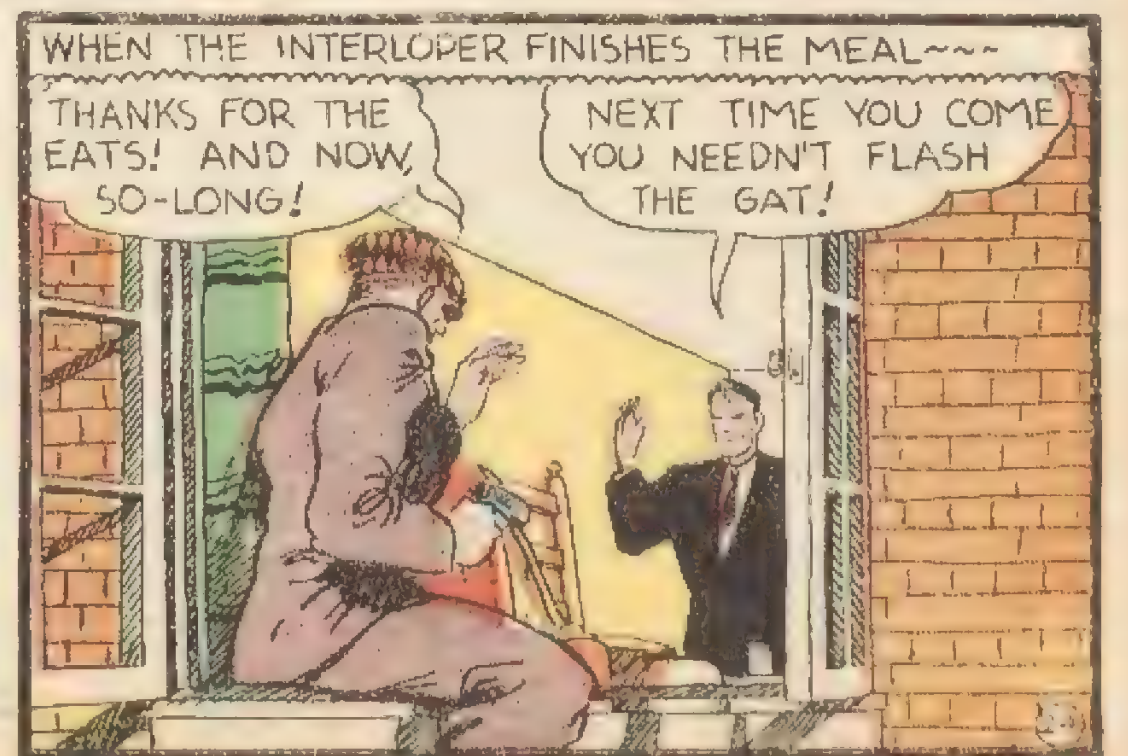
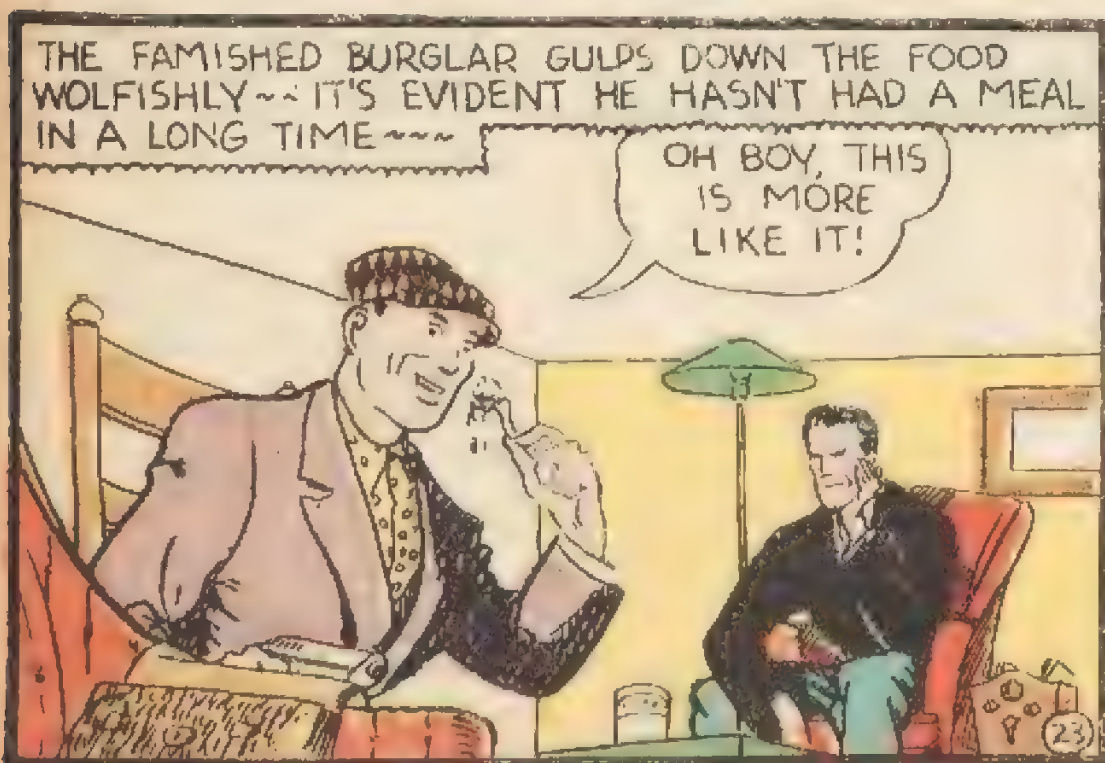
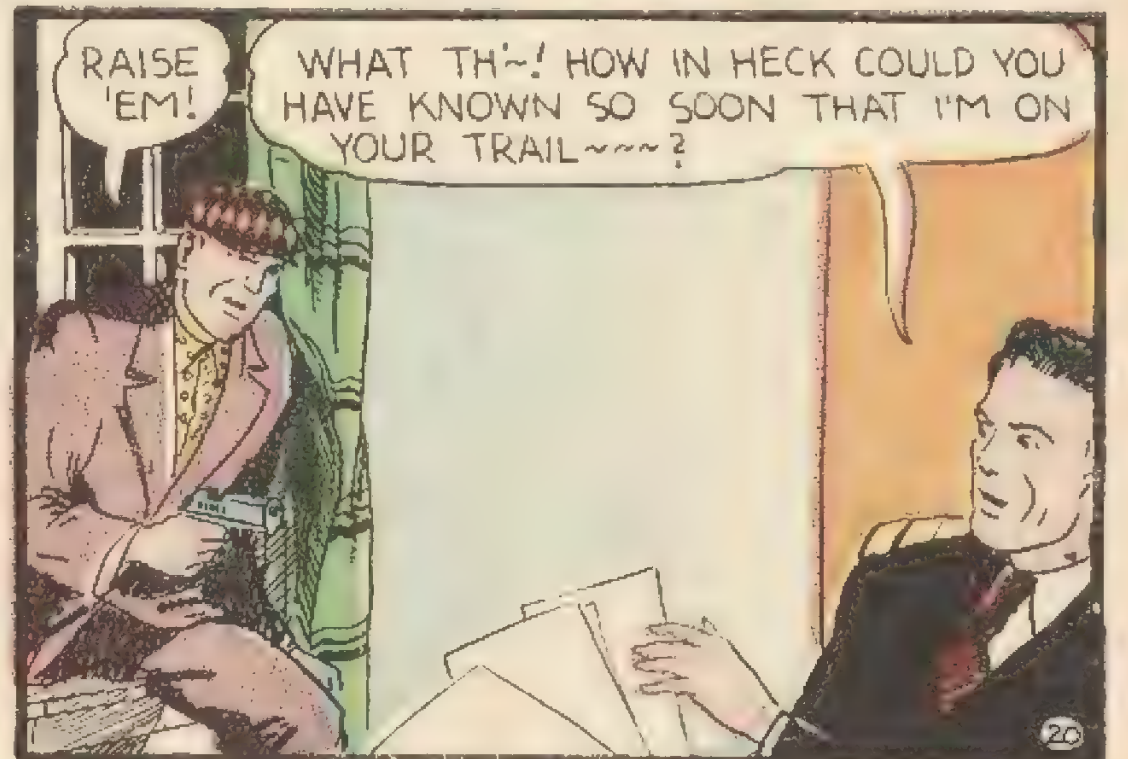
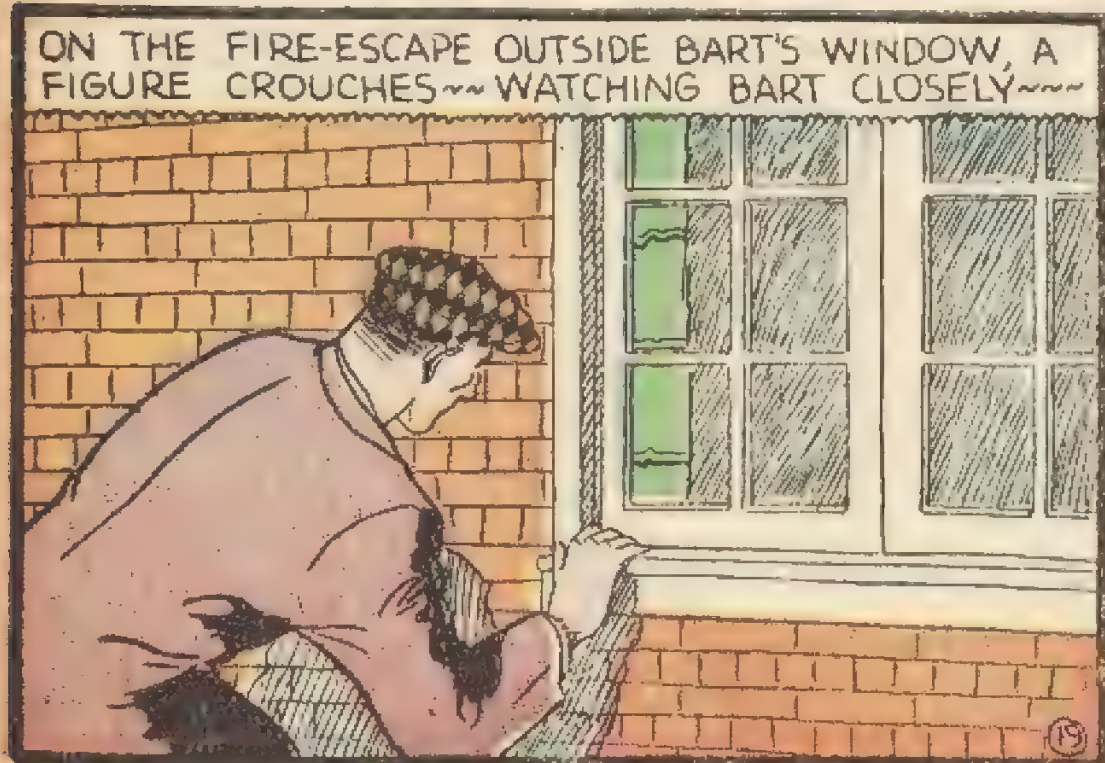




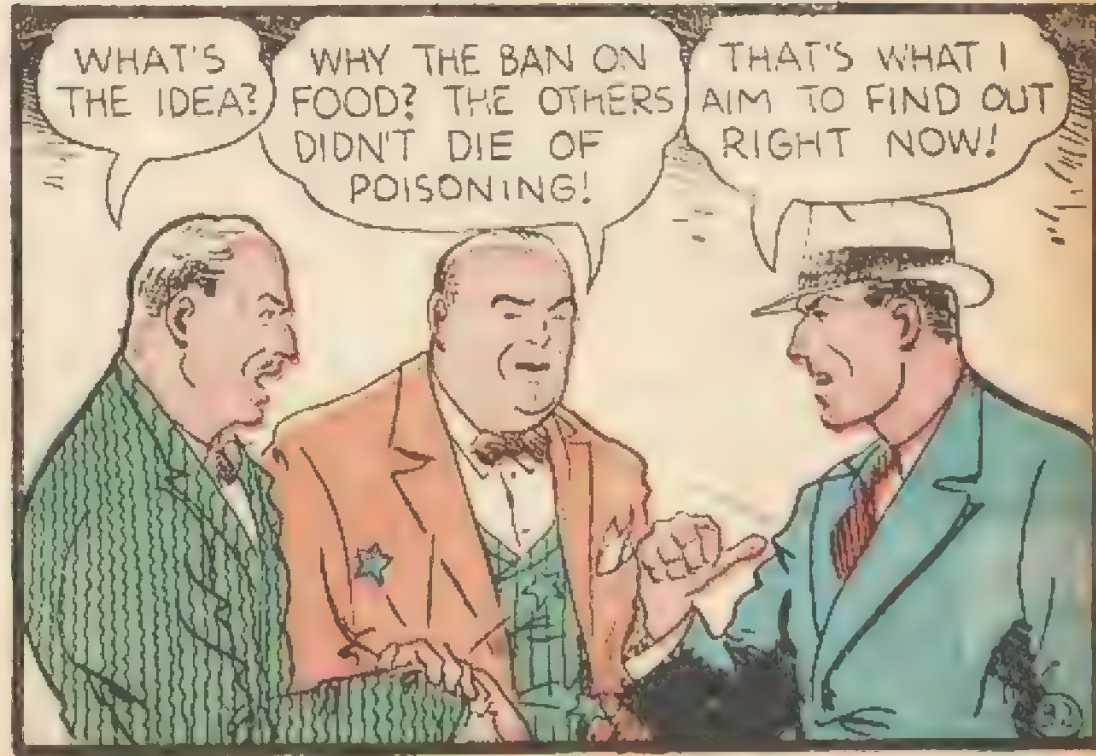
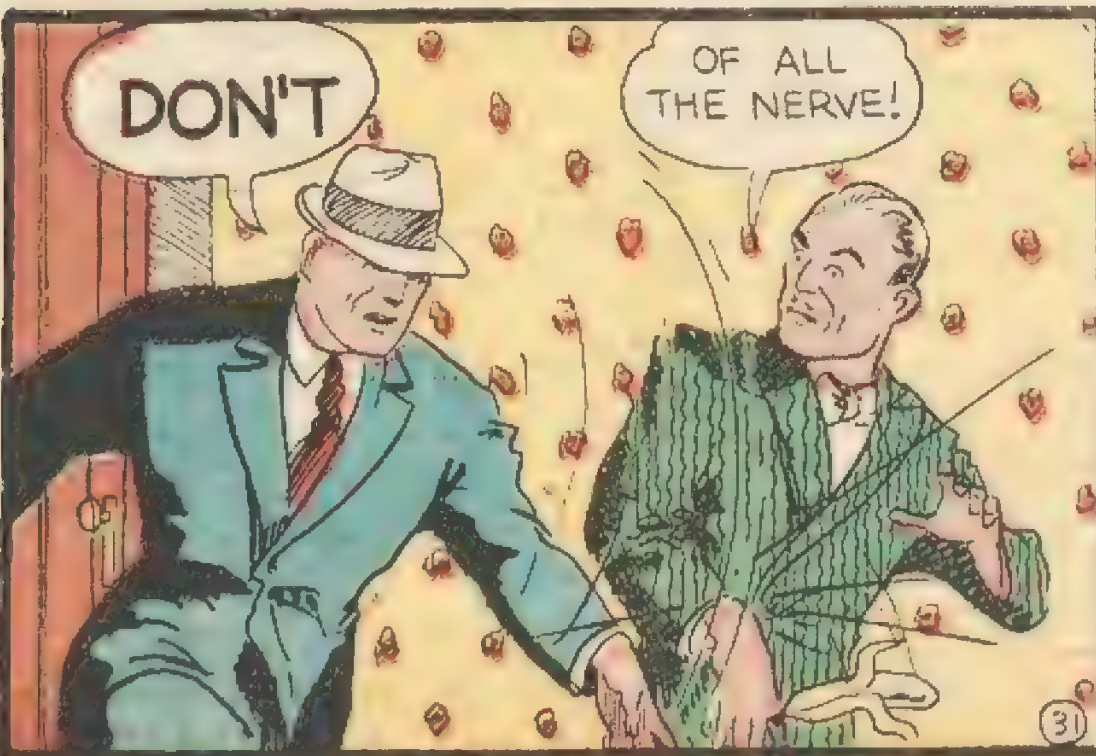
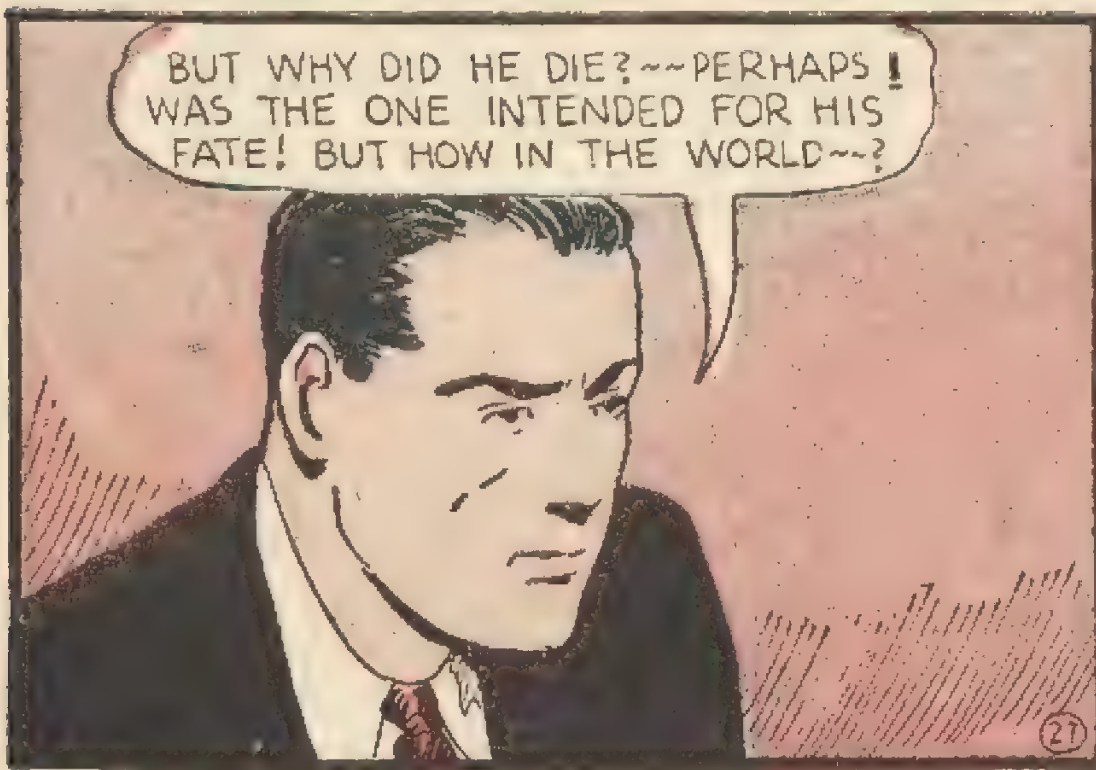
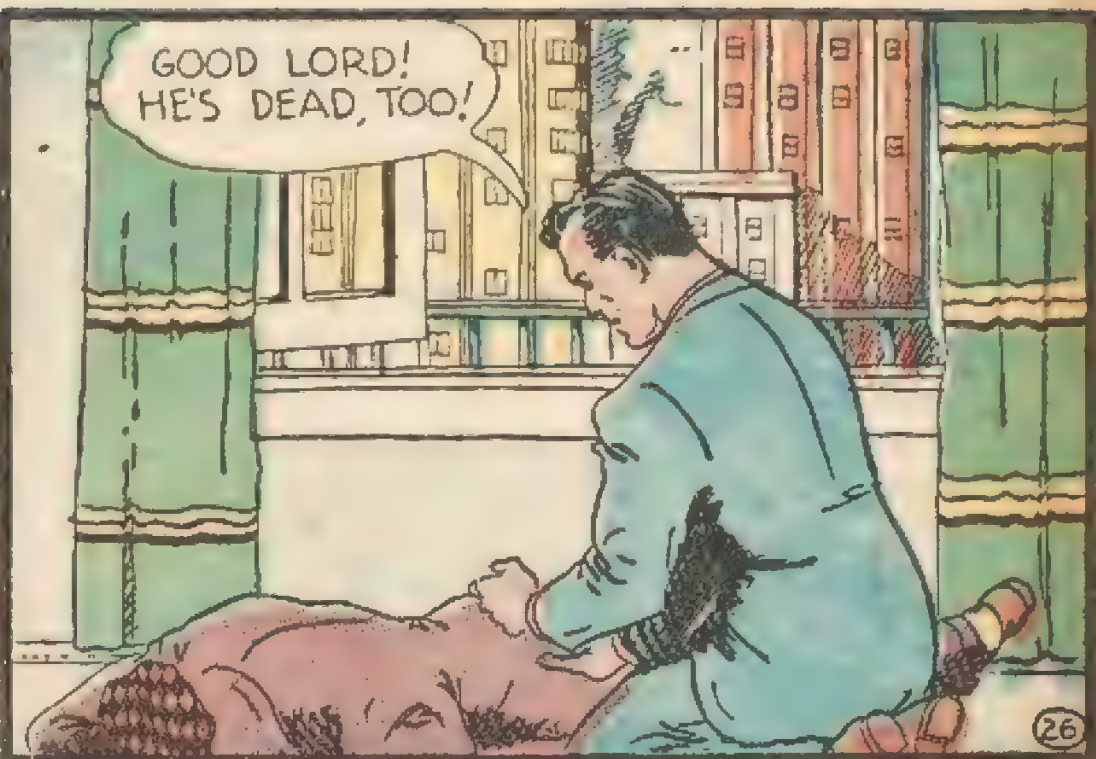




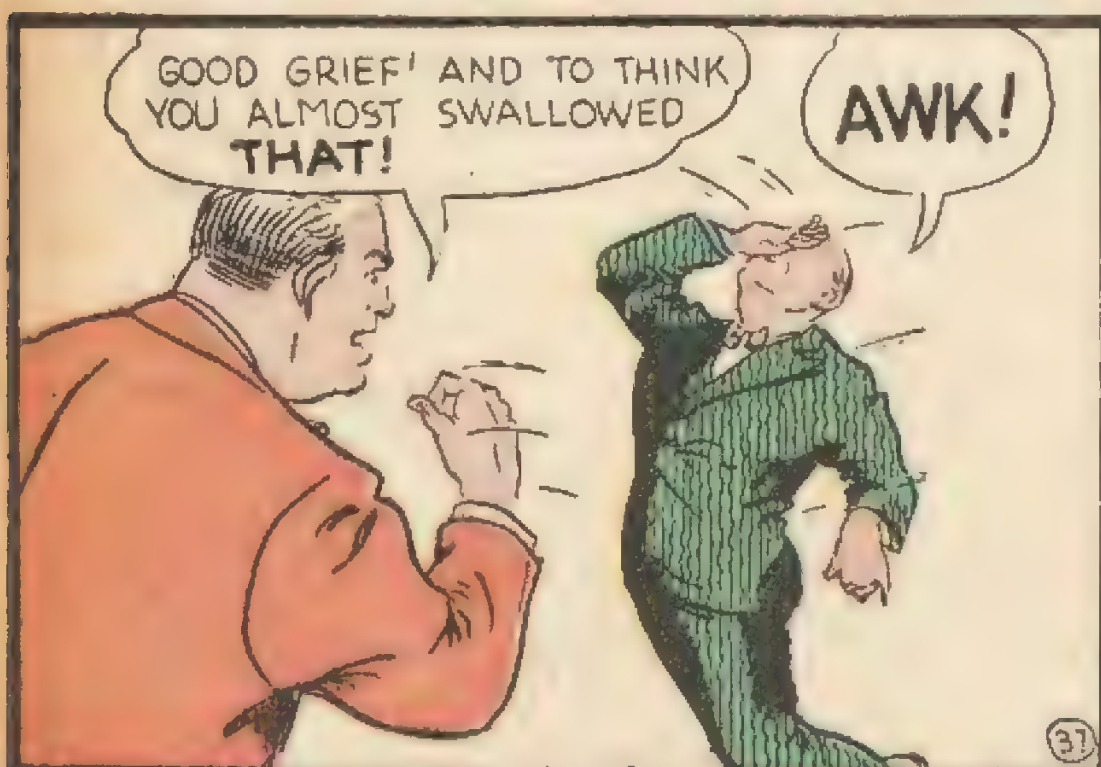
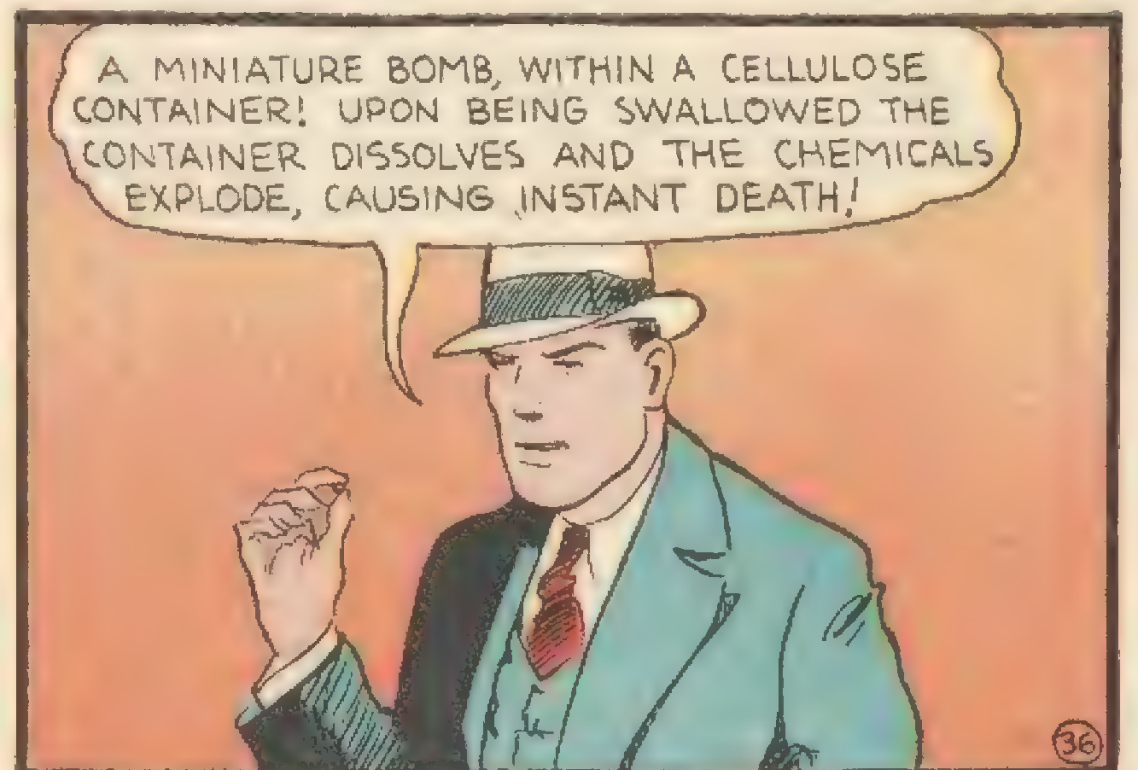
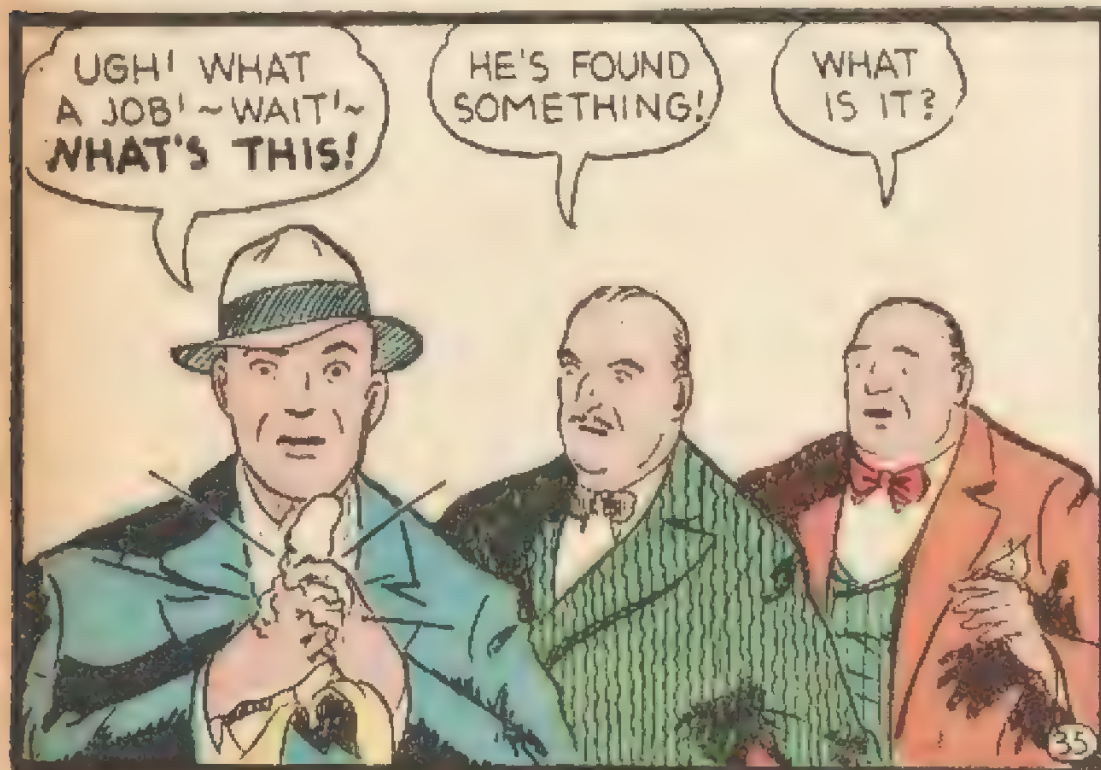




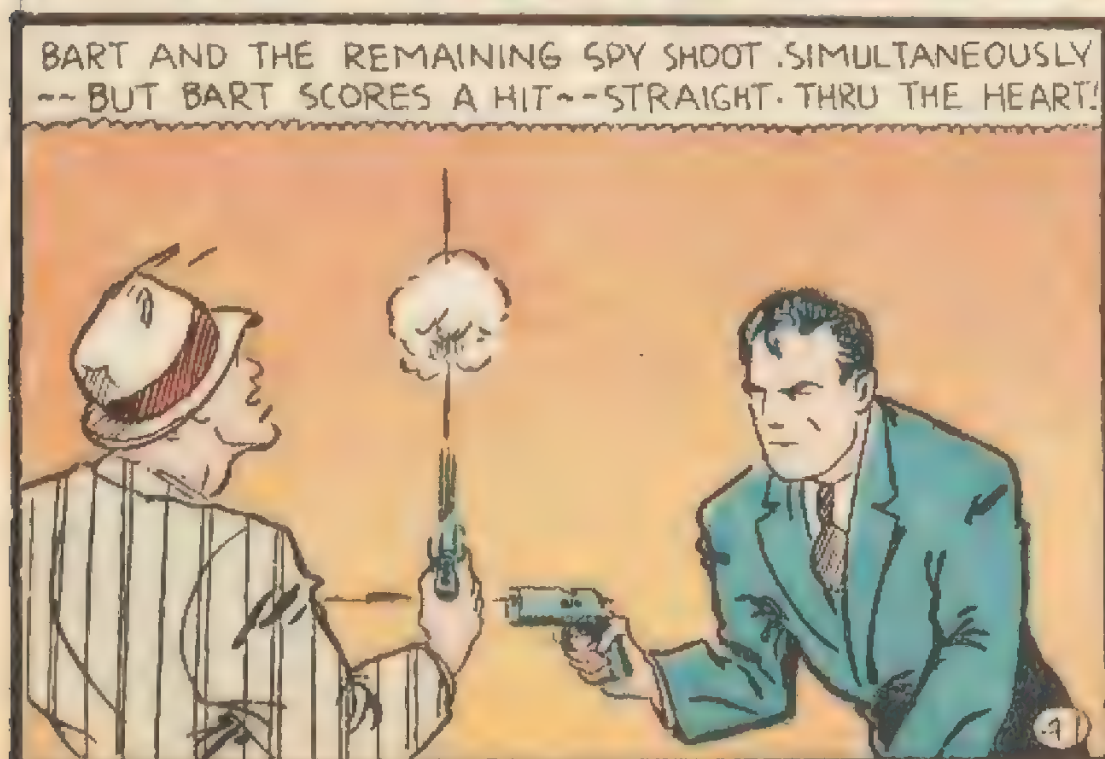
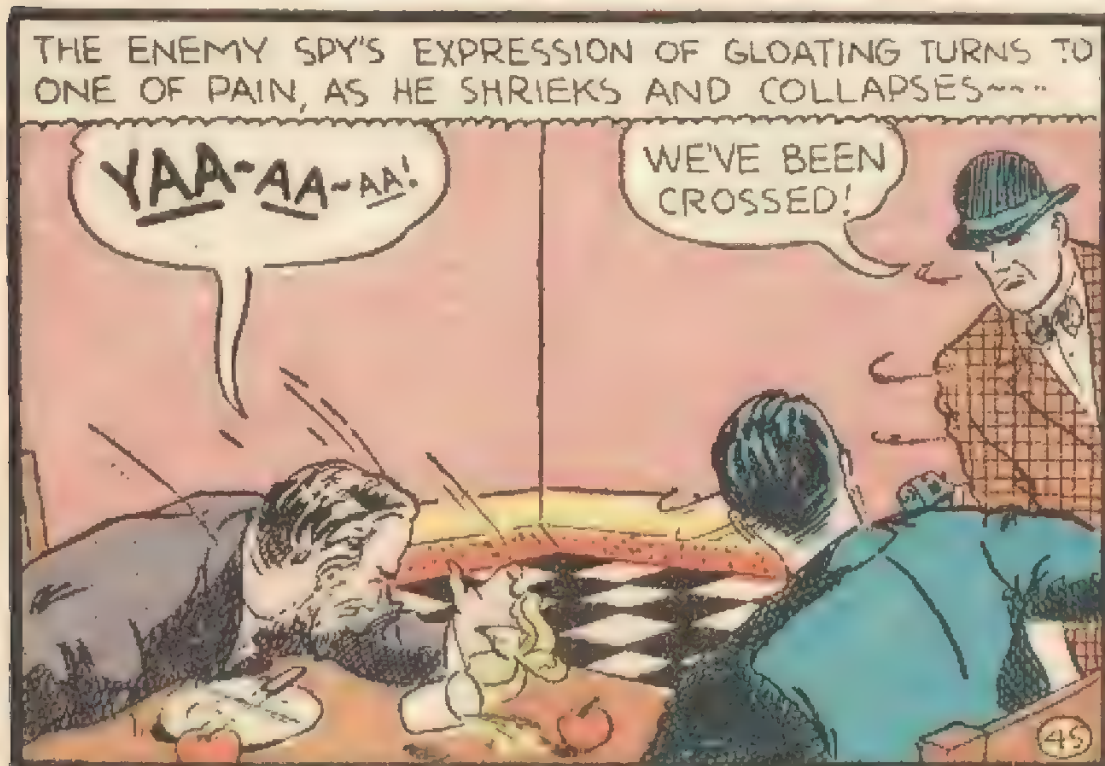
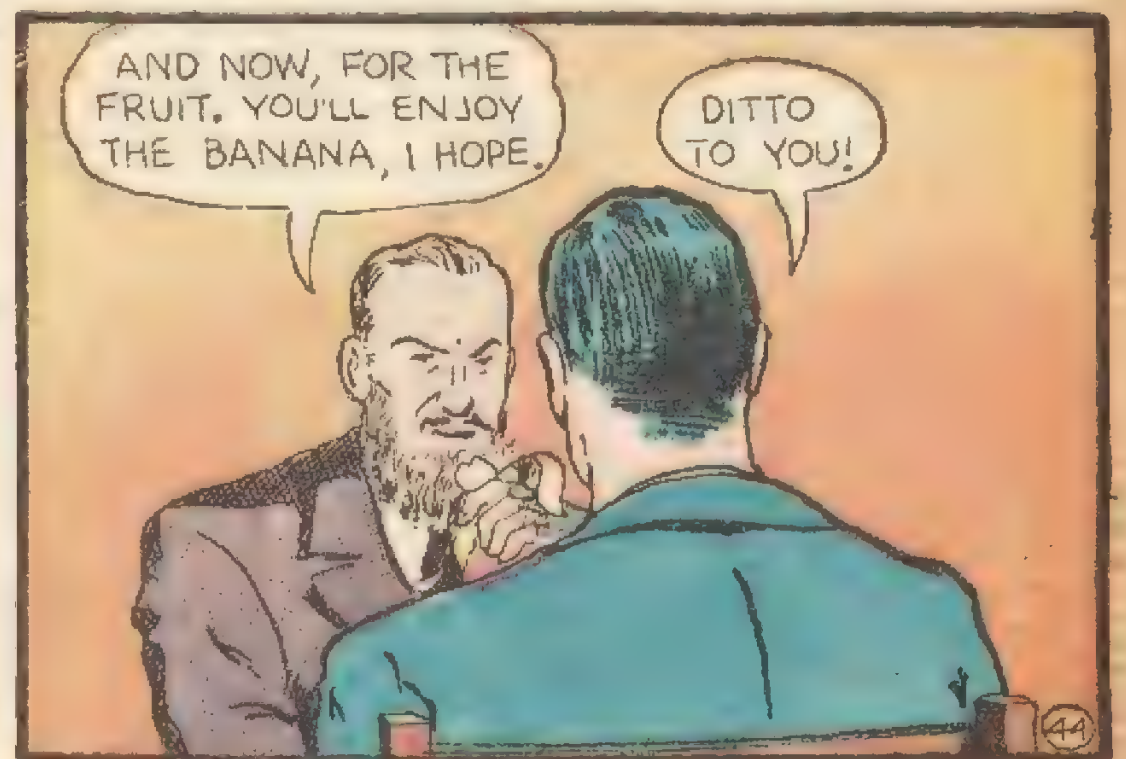
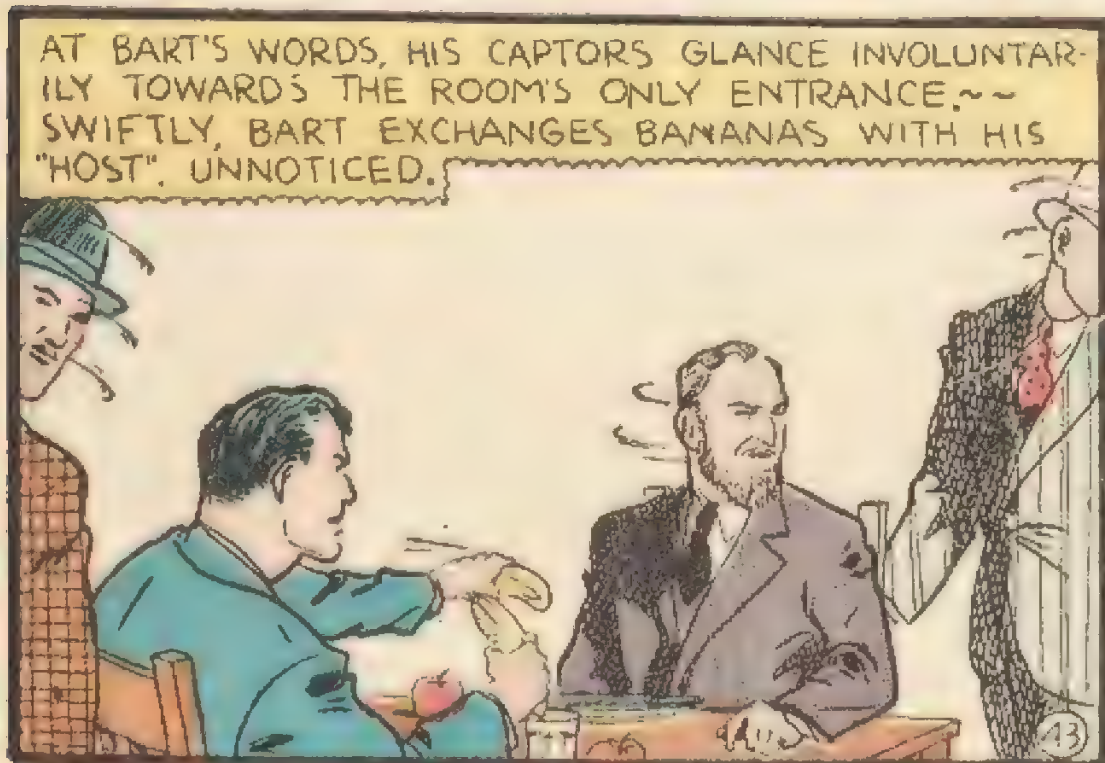
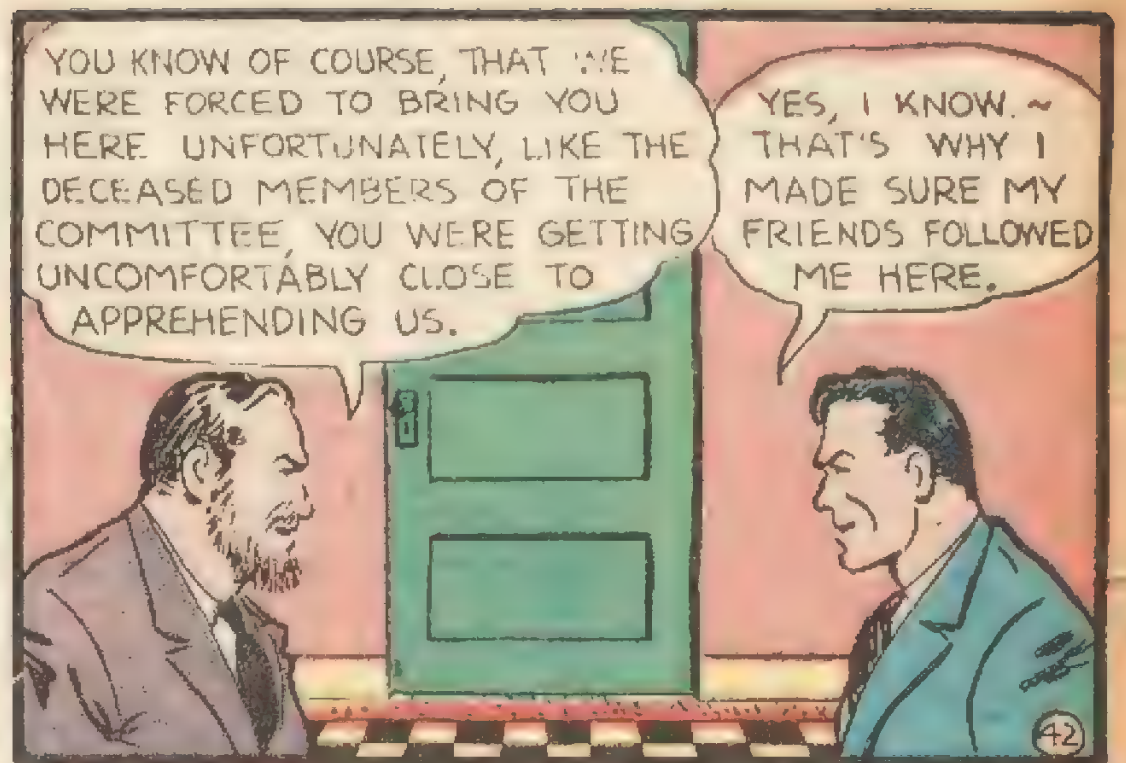
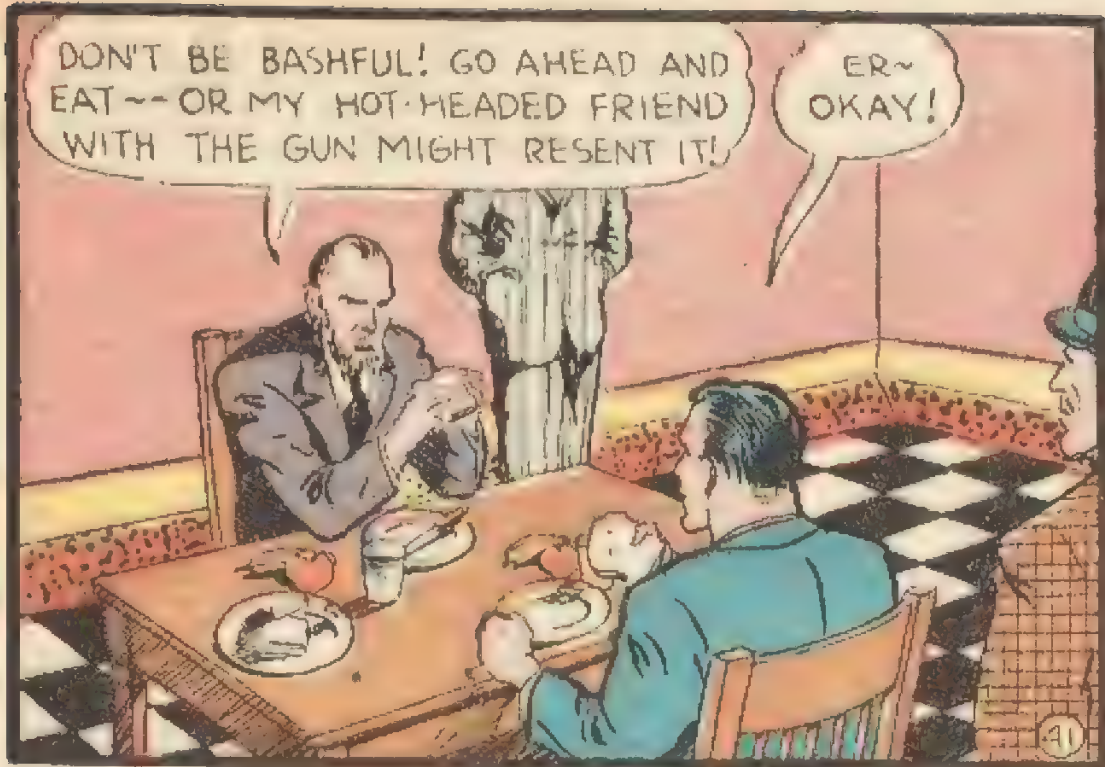














# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES ON THE WORK OF BEFRINDING THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE LEADER.

*Jim Chambers*

MURDER ON THE OCEANIC LINE DOCKS—

TWENTY MINUTES LATER ONE CAR CROWDS ANOTHER INTO AN "EL" POST—

BADLY MUTILATED THE DRIVER IS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL—

OH DOCTOR, LOOK!

THREE MEN DASH IN FROM A PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

O.K. DOC, WE'RE TAKING THAT GUY WITH US!

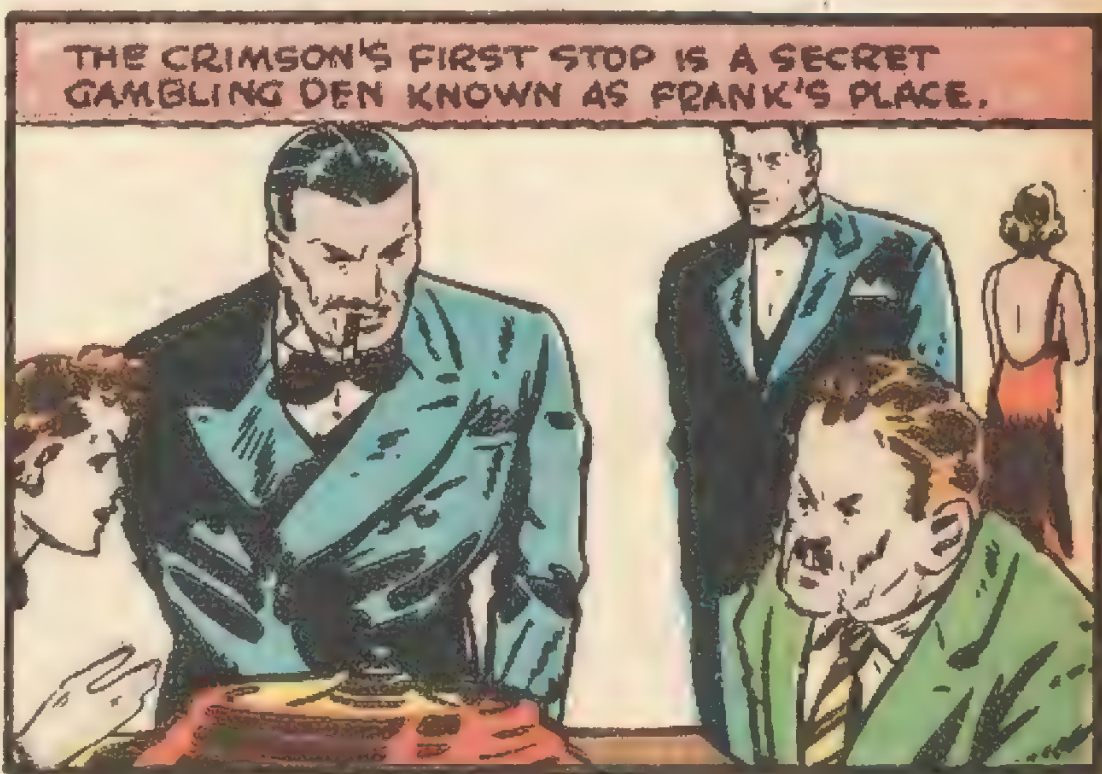
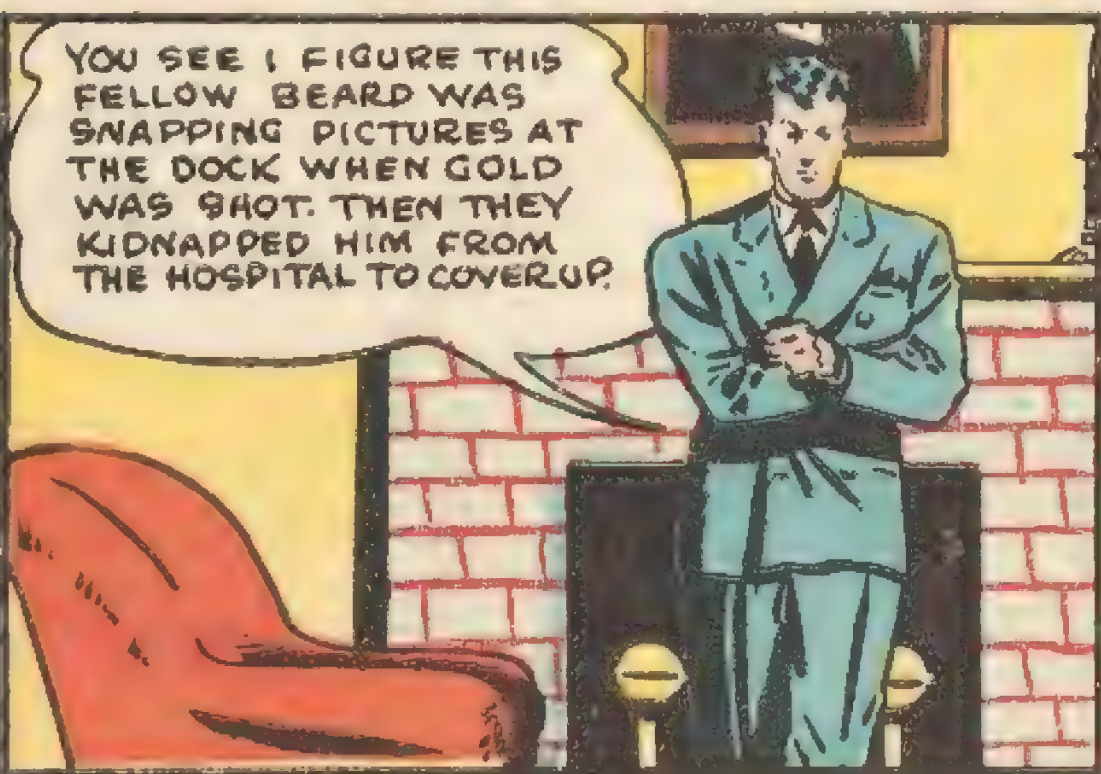
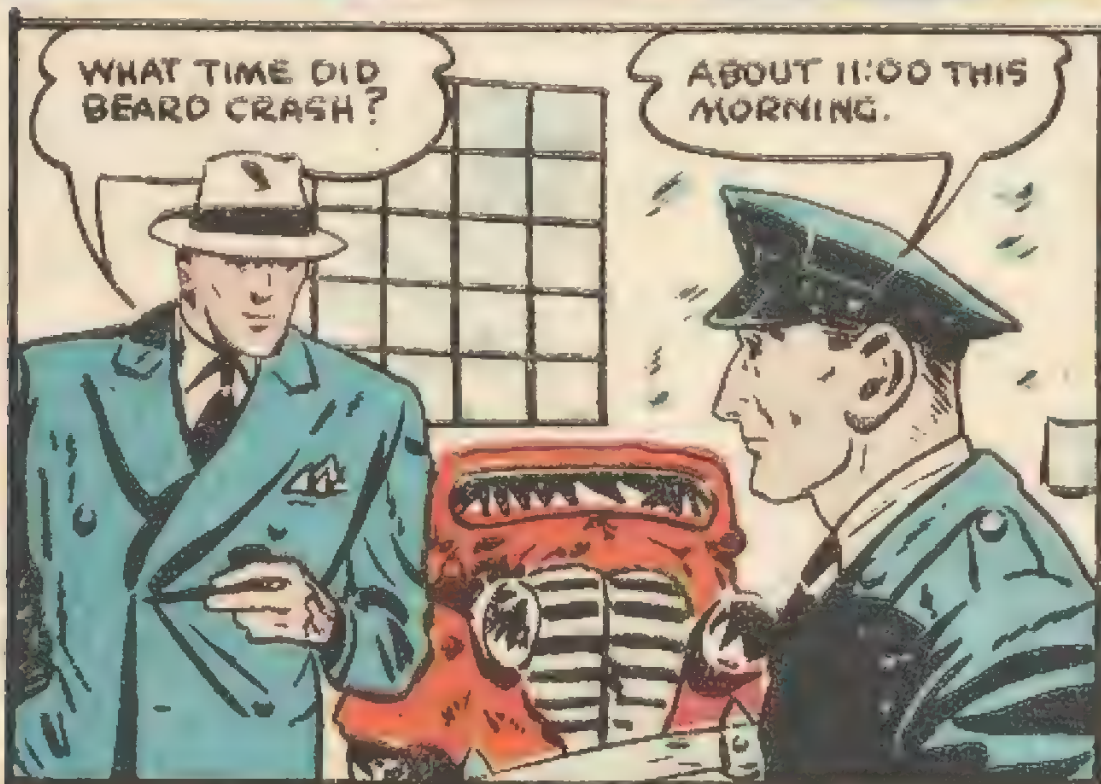
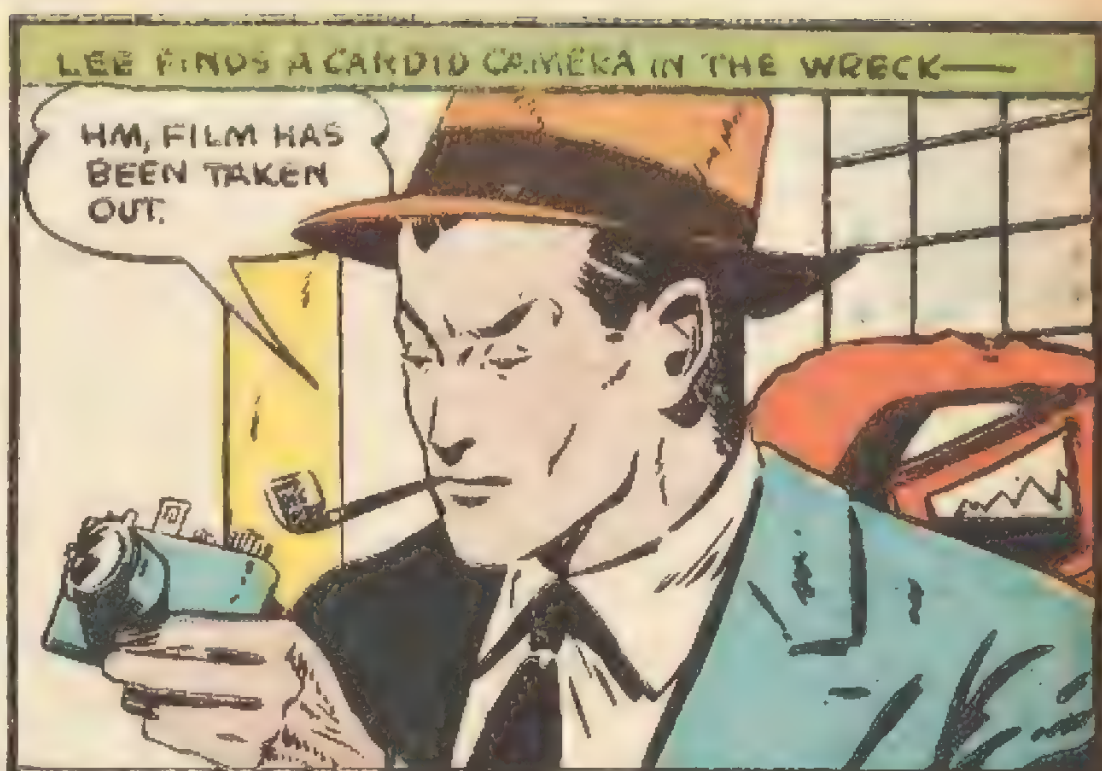
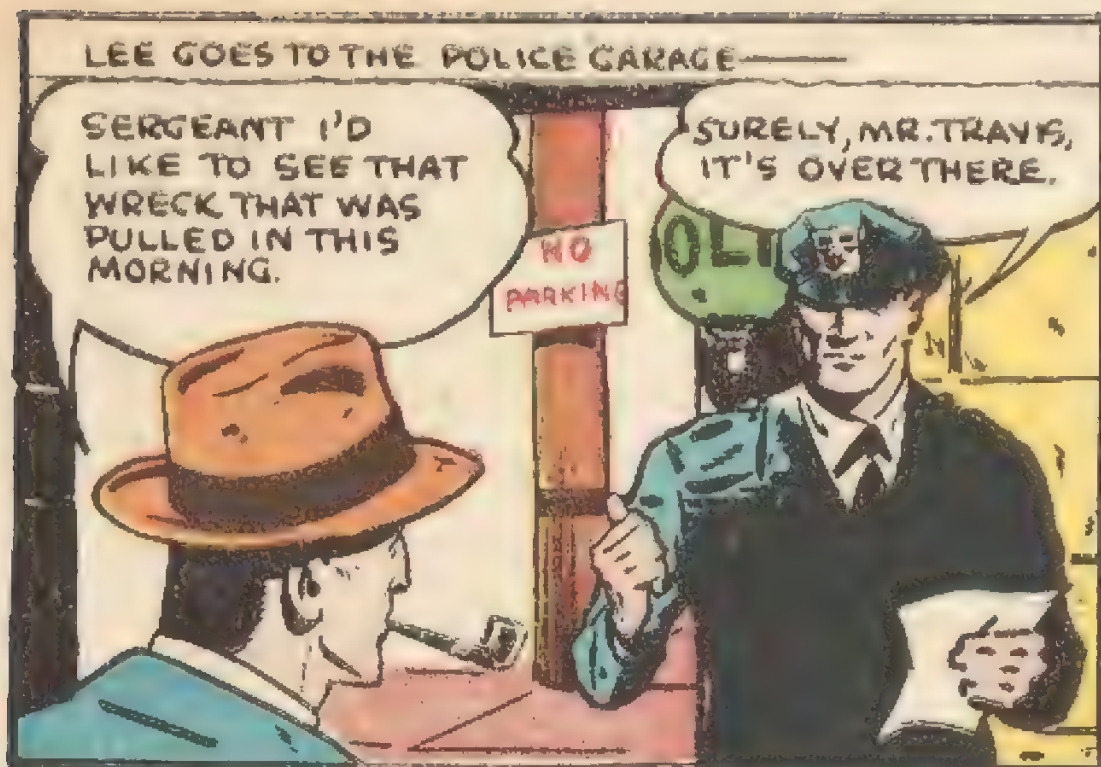
YOU'RE DOING NOTHING OF THE SORT! HE'S IN—

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, DOC.

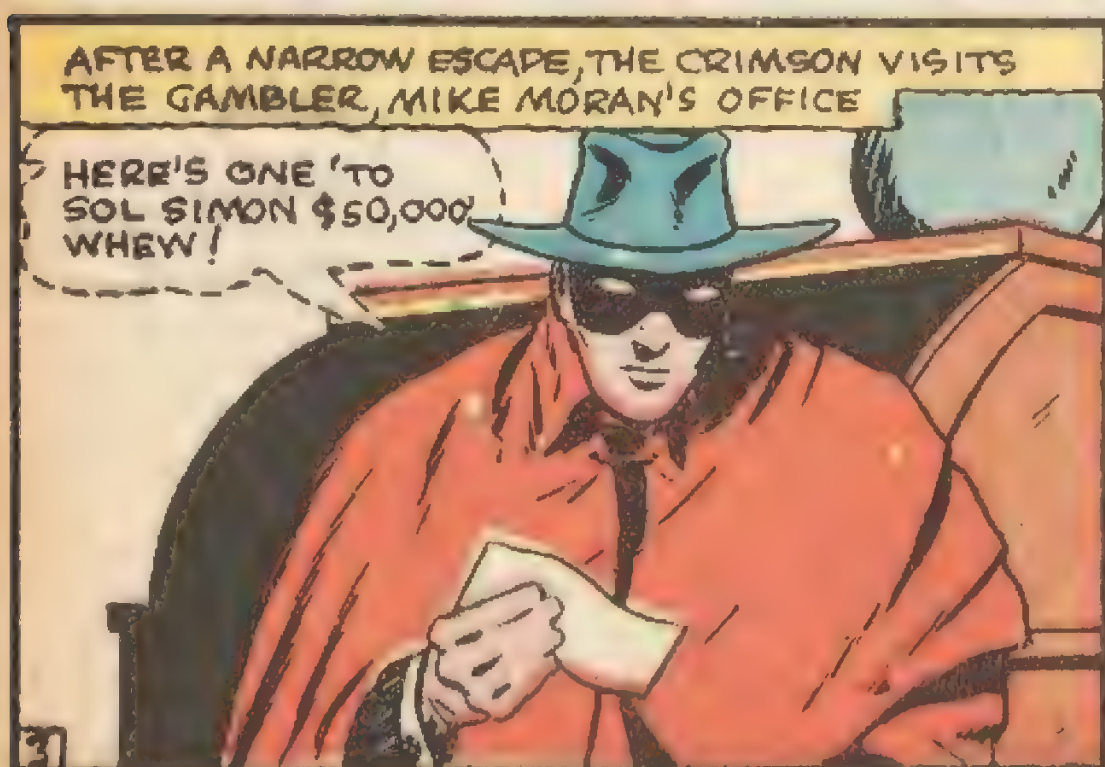
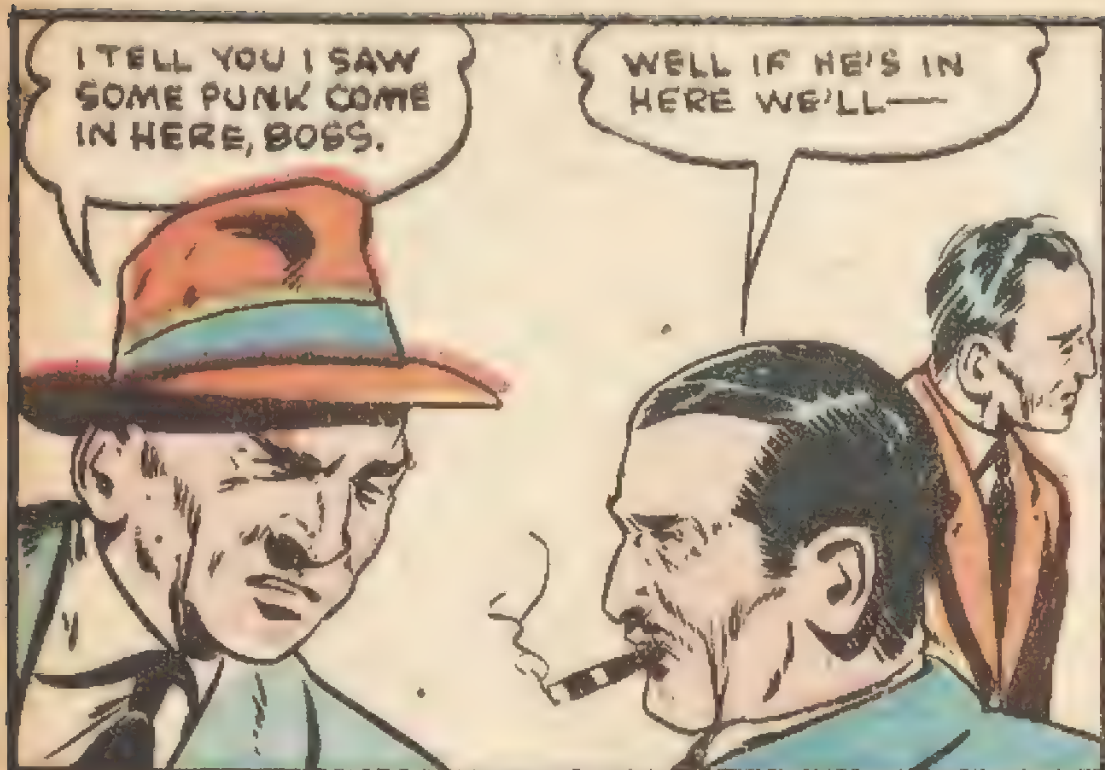
LEE TRAVIS WATCHES THE TELETYPE—

GREAT SCOTT! TWO HEADLINE MURDERS. ABE GOLD, NIGHT CLUB OWNER AND A NURSE IN A HOSPITAL KIDNAPPING!

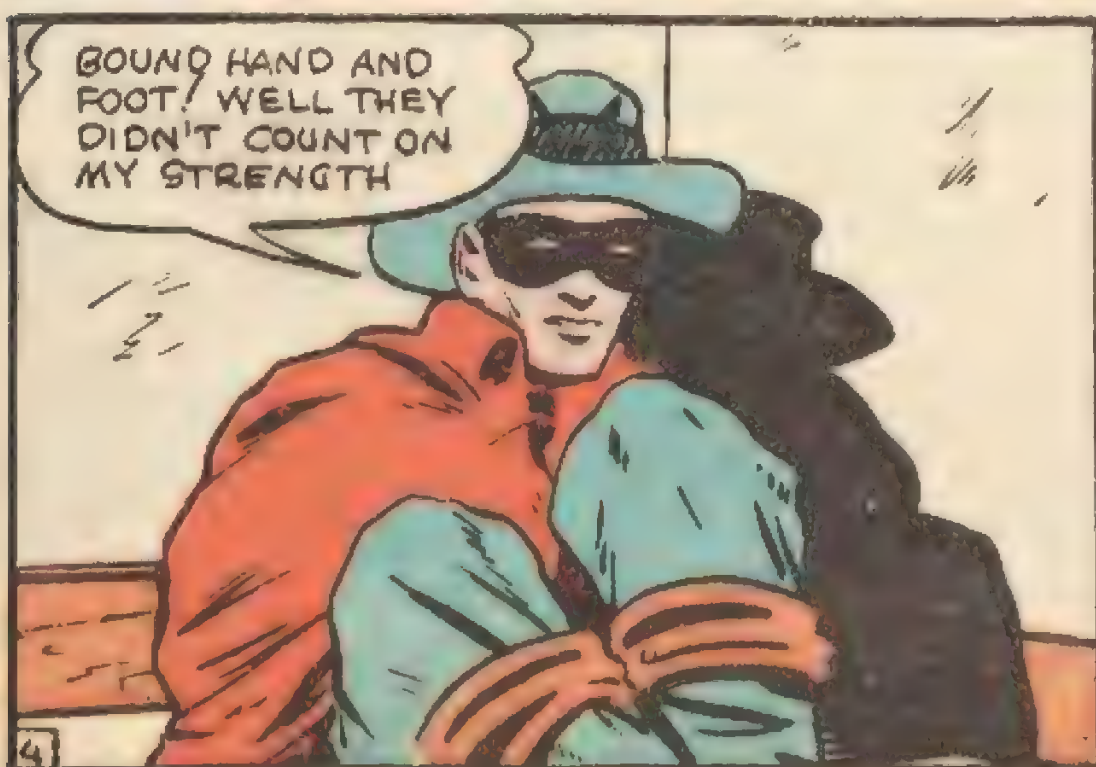
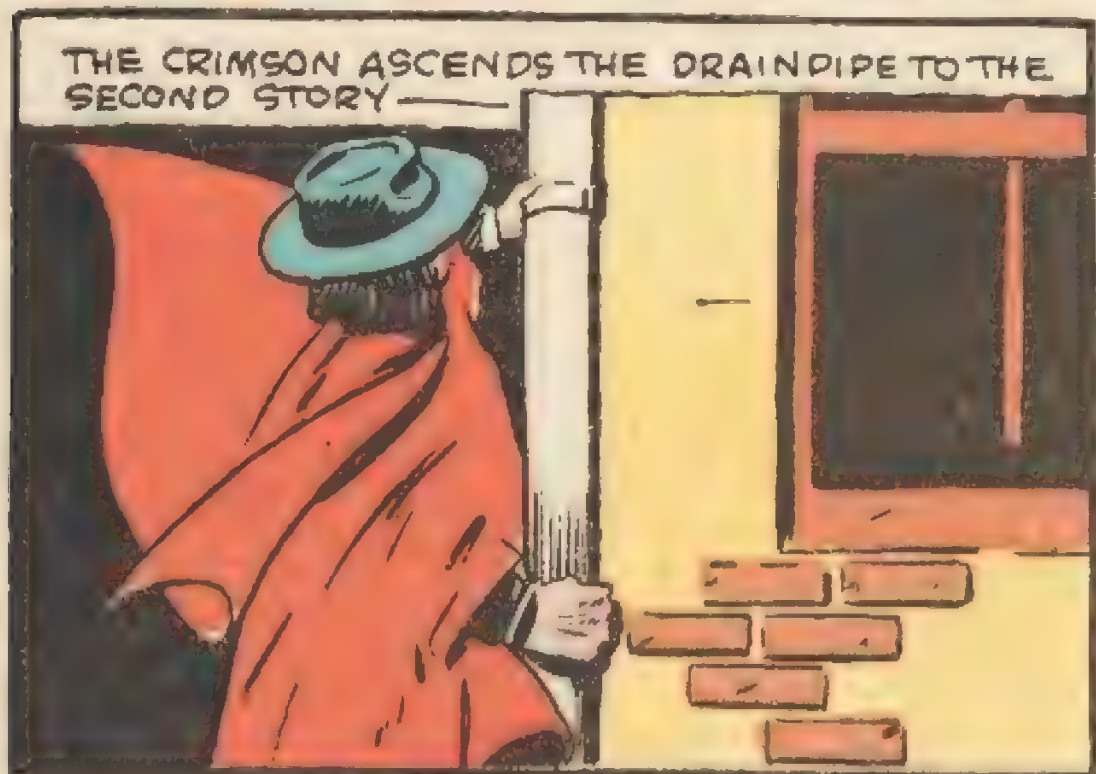
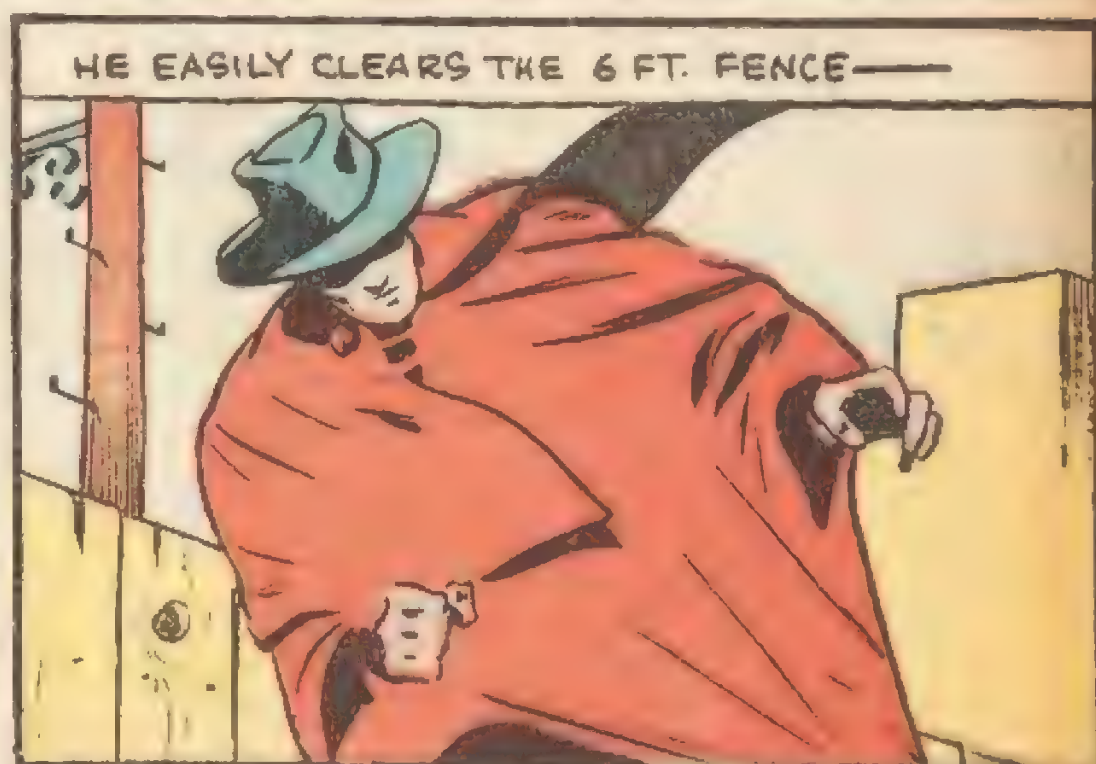
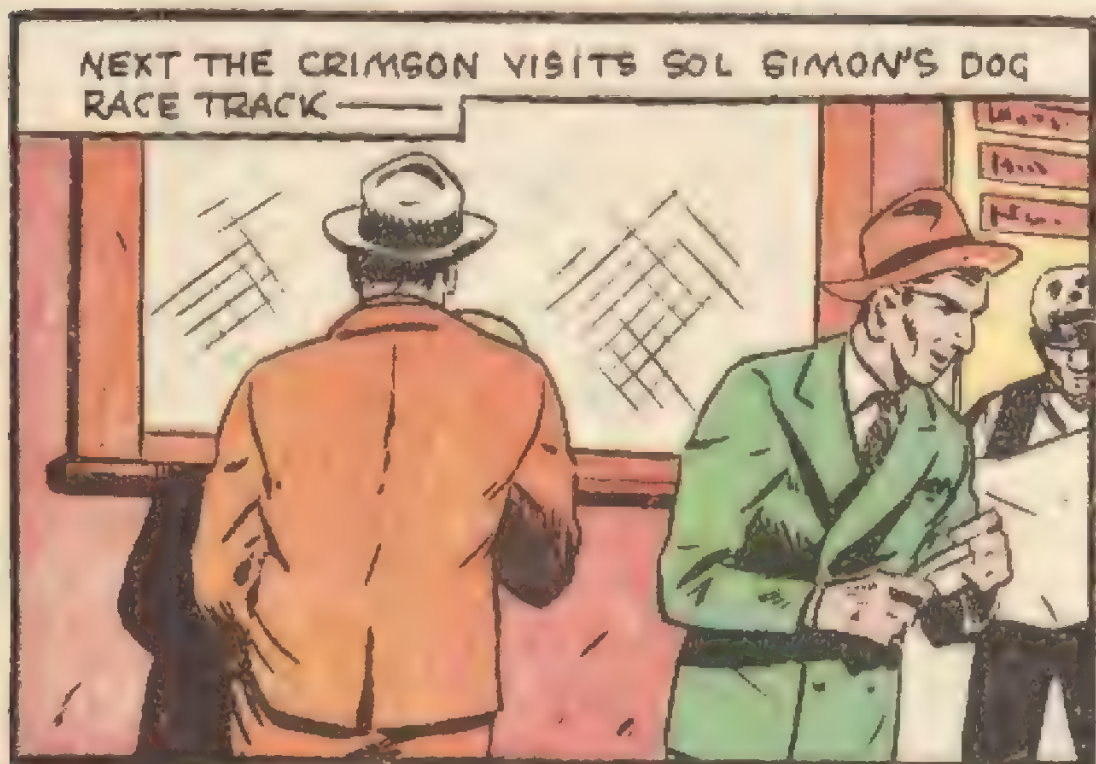
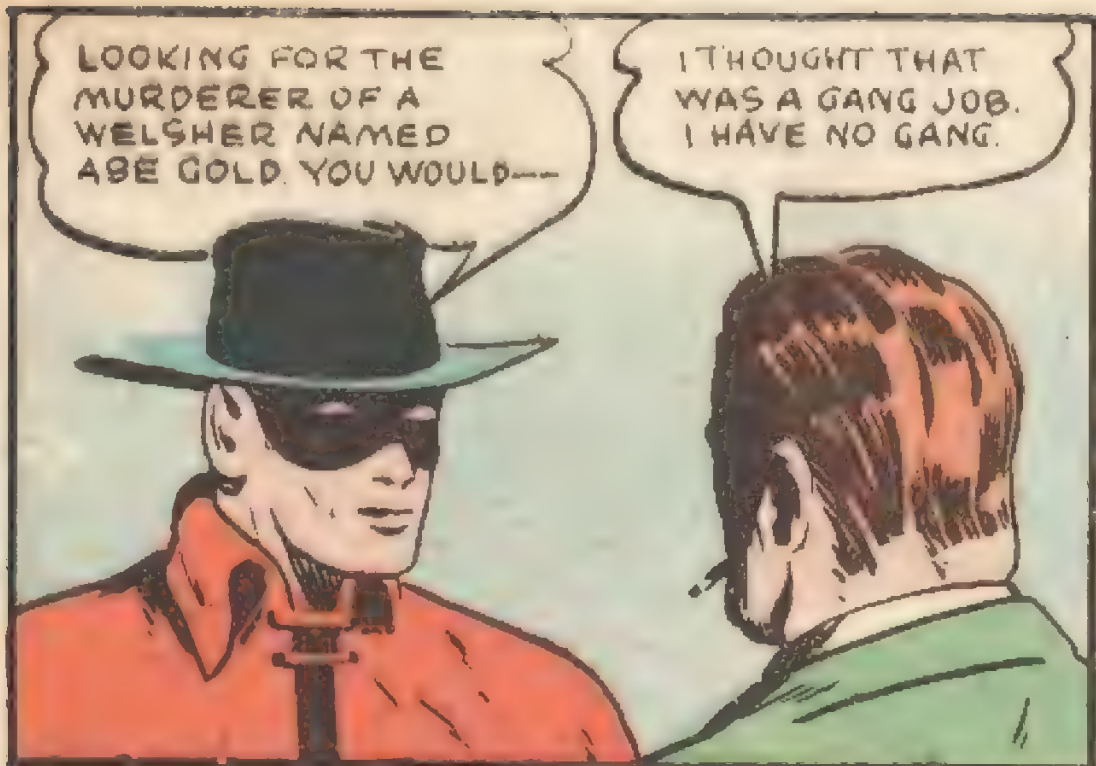




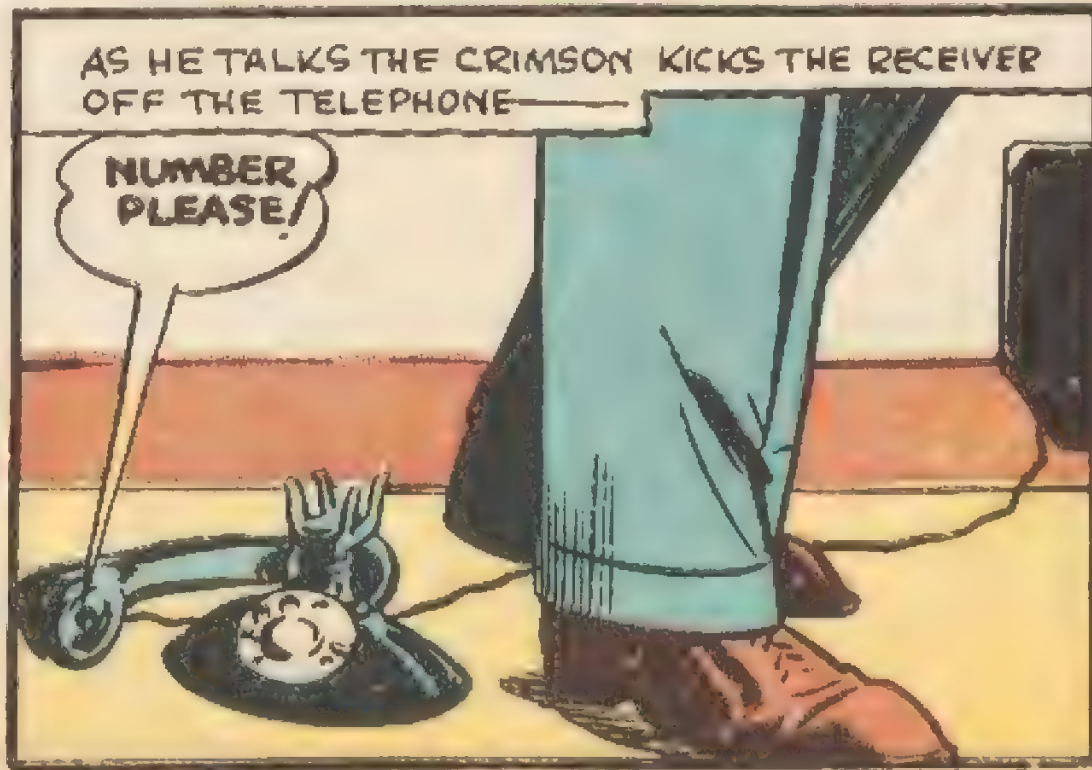
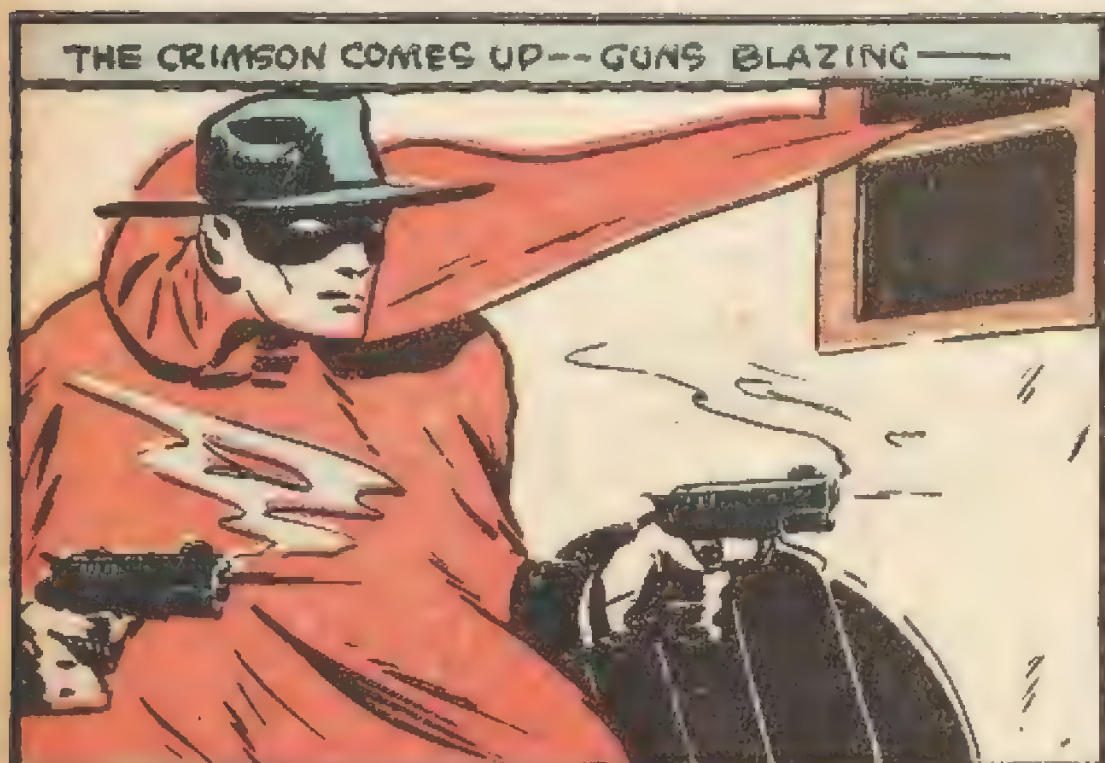




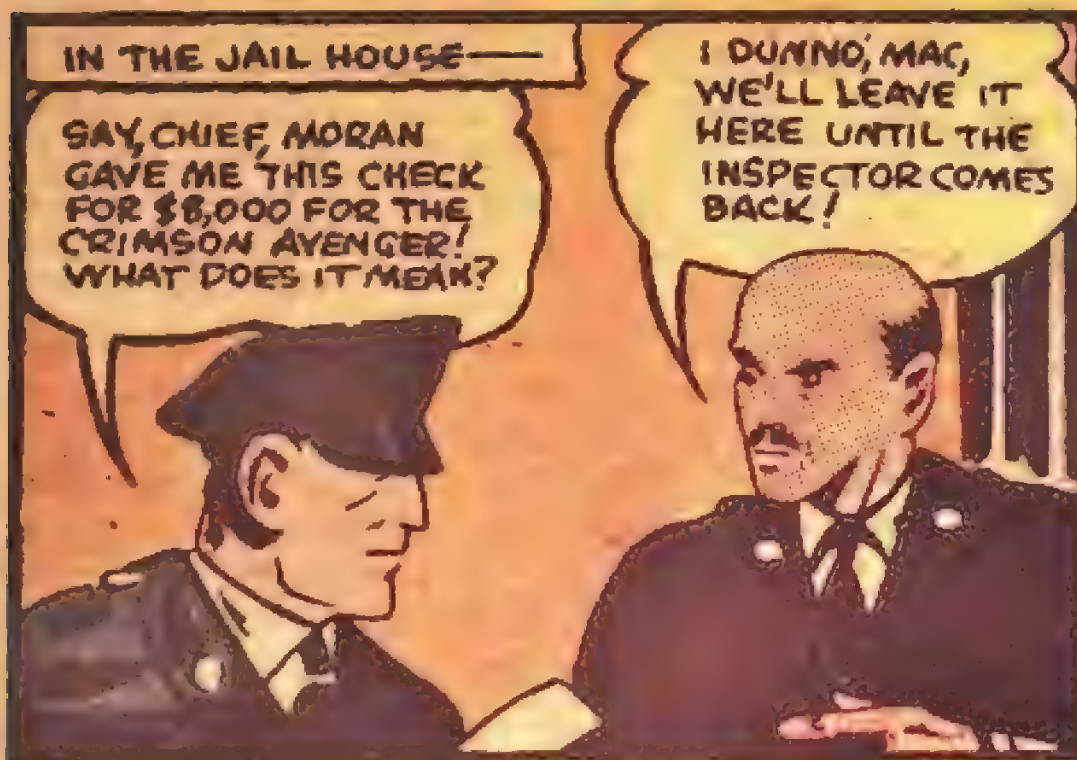
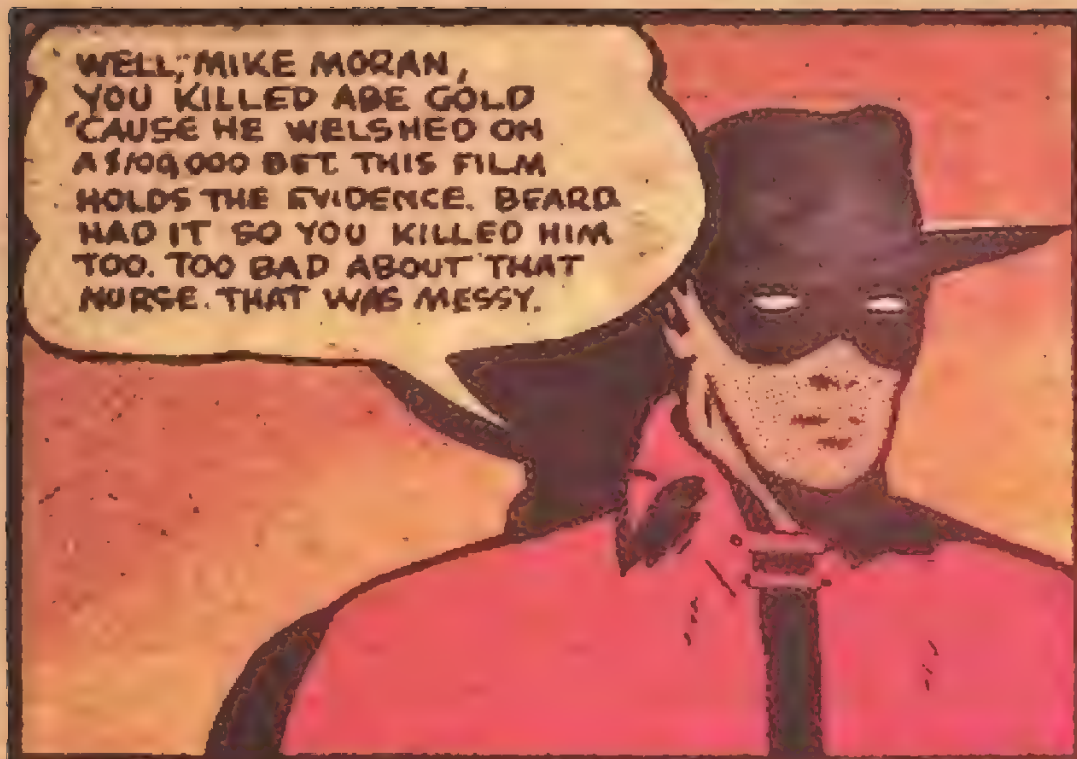








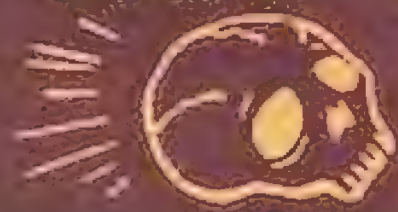






# DEATH ON THE AIRWAVES

By  
Paul Dean



**T**HE large and spacious Studio A, of the Federal Broadcasting System, was filled with an appreciative audience. The orchestra leader raised his baton and the plaintive strains of a Russian love song rose and swelled, filling the studio with unforgettable melody. The microphones, standing before the assembled group of musicians, picked up each delicate tone and transmitted the music to the millions of listeners throughout the nation.

At a gesture from the leader, the melody softened and from the wings of the stage stepped the handsome and romantic tenor, Richard Drew. Thunderous applause greeted him as he walked to the center and stood before one of the "mikes", waiting for his cue to pour his appealing song into the ears of scores of breathless listeners.

The orchestra leader nodded his head and Drew opened his mouth to sing . . . but no sound was heard! For suddenly his face was twisted and contorted by horrible pain. He clutched his throat, the color draining from his face and leaving it a sickly pallor. His knees buckled and he sank to the steps of the platform. A woman in the rear screamed but the orchestra continued to play and sev-

eral attendants rushed from the side and carried the limp form off the stage.

A doctor was hurriedly summoned and after a hasty examination he pronounced Drew to be dead. The news of the tragedy was relayed to the executive offices of the company, and President Benson himself traveled down from his home in Westchester to lend whatever assistance he could.

This was the first of a series of unexplained deaths that occurred the following month at the Federal Broadcasting Company's Studios. Miss Elaine Rutland, the operatic soprano, collapsed before the microphone and died before medical aid could be obtained. Eddie Dorson, the famed comic character, died in the same manner a few days later.

President Benson could stand it no longer and finally solicited assistance from the police. Captain Richard Byrne, of the Detective Squad, arrived at the office of the radio mogul and was immediately shown into Benson's private room.

"These deaths have been happening too often, much too often to be natural!" Benson complained, his face haggard and lined with worry. "And if they persist, the company faces ruin! Both the stars and the advertisers will refuse to have anything to do with an organization that seems to be functioning under the very wings of Death!"

Byrne lit a cigarette. "You think these people were murdered?"

"I certainly do, Captain!" the president cried. "Still, in every case the doctors claimed that the unfortunate victims had died natural deaths. The whole business is horrible!"

"Have there been any indications or have you received any

notes that might point towards foul play?" the detective inquired.

"One of my reasons for calling you down here, Captain, was to show you the note that arrived in this morning's mail!" Benson opened his desk drawer and took out a plain white envelope.

Byrne fingered the envelope for a moment and then extracted a sheet of brown paper, evidently torn from a larger sheet of wrapping paper. Unevenly printed on the paper in red crayon was this message:

*You refused me my one chance and opportunity and for this you shall feel the bitter sting of my revenge. Unseen and unknown, Death shall stalk your radio studios!*

The detective handed the unsigned note back to Benson. "Of course, this may be one of those so-called 'crank' notes; but there again, it may be quite real!"

The radio executive mopped his moist brow. "Is there anything you can suggest?"

"Perhaps if I were to be employed here in the studio for a week or so I may be fortunate enough to uncover some clue that will put us on the right track," said Byrne. "Could you arrange that, Mr. Benson?"

"I'd be only too glad to," replied the distressed president.



BE AN EXPERT  
MARKSMAN!

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USE BULLS EYE copper coated steel shells for accurate shooting. Bulls Eye is the only shot DAISY APPROVED! Dimes only 5c.

225 Shells 5c

DAISY MFG. CO., 1001 Union St. Plymouth Mich.



As an employee of the broadcasting company, Detective Byrne could come and go throughout the various offices and studios without attracting attention. And he made use of this privilege to the utmost. He first studied and memorized the layout of every floor of the radio organization and then turned his keen powers of observation on the many workers of the company.

One evening, three days later, as he walked along a corridor to take the elevator down to the main floor, he saw the furtive figure of a man slip into the darkened and empty Studio A. Byrne followed quietly and in the gloomy interior of the large studio, watched the unknown person hurry across the floor to the control room, a small glass-enclosed section where the technicians controlled the volume of sound and the other operations of a broadcast. The man remained in the small room for several minutes, then reappeared and hurried through the doorway into the corridor.

Byrne immediately entered the control room and made a thorough investigation. Beneath one of the large tables back near the wall, he came across something that caused him to whistle with surprise.

"So this is how our murderous friend has been doing the job!" he exclaimed to himself. He took off his coat and for the next hour was busily engaged at a task that would, he hoped, reveal the identity of the person who had been causing the mysterious deaths of the radio performers.



The following evening final and meticulous preparations were being made for the popular General Brands broadcast to be heard at 8 o'clock. The large Studio A was filled to capacity and the musicians sounded their instruments, waiting for the cue to start the show.

President Benson and Detective Byrne sat off to one side near the control room. The detective puffed on a cigarette and spoke to the radio executive. "If I'm not mistaken, the murderer will show his hand during this broadcast!"

"I trust you're right!" groaned Benson.

The hand on the wall clock pointed to the hour of eight. A signal was flashed, the lights dimmed and the orchestra burst into the opening song of the broadcast. Without interruption, the show progressed until the moment came for Brian DiAngelo, the guest star, to deliver his song.

He approached the microphone and prepared to sing. Suddenly, from the microphone itself, a cloud of blue smoke poured and enveloped Di Angelo. The singer staggered back, surprised and momentarily blinded.

Byrne leaped from his chair and rushed into the control room. He jabbed his automatic into the back of the man at the control board. "Get up just as you are," he ordered. "One false move and you'll have the pleasant sensation of a bullet drilling through your murderous spine!"

After a slight pause, the program continued and Byrne and the man, followed by President Benson and several officials made their way into a side room. "Here, gentlemen, is the murderer!" said Byrne.

"But how did he commit the murders?" asked Benson. "And why?"

"His reason for these wholesale killings was obviously revenge, possibly at one time he failed to pass an audition as a singer or an entertainer," replied the detective. "But his method was most ingenious!"



Byrne lit a cigarette and continued. "Our friend here installed a thin rubber tubing from his control room through the wire leading to the microphone, up through the metal stand to the headpiece of the microphone. Then when the proper time arrived, he pressed a tiny plunger that forced a spray of deadly poison (that was invisible and practically without odor) through the tubing and into the face of the artist standing before the microphone. The result, as you know, was instantaneous death. I discovered this deadly contraption last night and I substituted a harmless chemical that produced a cloud of smoke in place of the death-dealing poison!"

THE END

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# BRUCE Nelson.

by Tom Hickey.

BOY! NEW ORLEANS AT MARDI GRAS TIME. THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE.

MY OLD FRIEND ED LANE IS A DETECTIVE DOWN HERE. I THINK I'LL LOOK HIM UP.



ONE HOUR LATER IN ED LANE'S APARTMENT

BRUCE OLD MAN, YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME ON A CASE THAT'S A WOW!

NO WOW'S FOR ME THANKS ED. I CAME HERE TO SEE THE MARDI GRAS.



LISTEN! A WOMAN WAS MURDERED DOWN IN THE FRENCH QUARTER AND UNDER VERY PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES. COME ON! I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.



THIS WOMAN'S NAME WAS LILI GRAUET. SHE WAS A MYSTERIOUS PERSON AND HAS LONG BEEN ON OUR LIST OF SUSPICIOUS AND DOUBTFUL PEOPLE. SINISTER RUMORS CONCERNING HER HAD REACHED US AND BEEN SIFTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT GLEANING ENOUGH TO WARRANT AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY.



BEYOND THE FACT THAT SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL AND WEALTHY FOREIGNER, AND DESPITE HER FRENCH NAME, FIERY SOUTHERN BLOOD WAS IN HER VEINS, WE HAD LEARNED NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE OF THE FRENCH QUARTER CONSIDERED HER A WITCH.



THEY FINALLY CAME TO LILI GRAUET'S PLACE. A SQUAT STRUCTURE WITH AN OUTFLUNG WING FACING THE STREET.



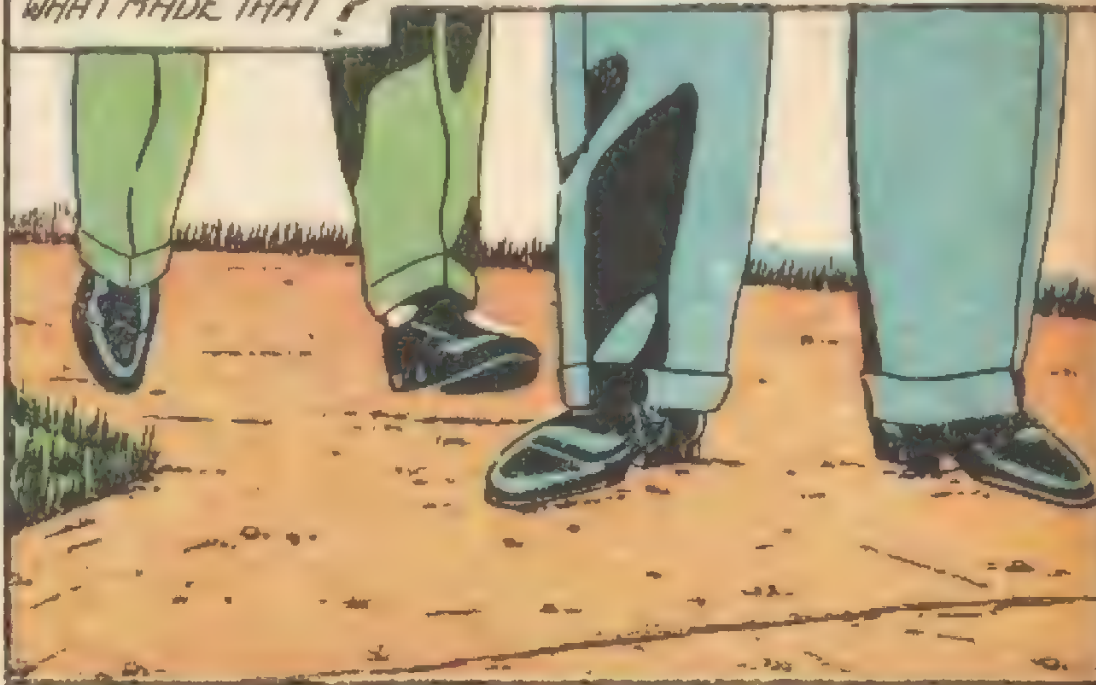
IT LOOKS AS IF SHE HAD THAT BUILT SO NO ONE COULD SPY ON HER. LET'S LOOK AROUND BACK.



HERE'S A GATE, AND IT'S UNLATCHED TOO. COME ON!



LOOK AT THIS TRAIL IN THE PATH HERE ED. I WONDER WHAT MADE THAT?



PERHAPS A SNAKE MADE IT SLIDING THROUGH THE SAND. LOOK! I WONDER WHAT THESE MATCHES ARE DOING THERE ON THE STEPS?



TWO CHARGED MATCHES TIED WITH SCARLET THREAD TO FORM A CROSS. HMM!

WAIT! DON'T TOUCH IT! CROSSED MATCHES ARE A VODOO SYMBOL. LITERALLY THEY MEAN 'KEEP AWAY-DEATH IS HERE!'



VOODOO — HERE IN NEW ORLEANS? YOU'RE DREAMING! WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE THIS ONE GOT TO DO WITH MAGIC?



YOU SAY SHE WAS A MYSTERIOUS FOREIGNER. FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE MAY HAVE BELONGED TO THE CREOLE COLONY AT BATON ROUGE.



YOU MAY BE RIGHT. LET'S GO IN.

THEY ENTERED A DARK HALL. THERE WAS A CURIOUS MUSKY SMELL AND THE AIR SEEMED WARM AND STICKY.



THEY ENTERED THE ROOM OF THE CRIME AND THERE A SHOCKING SIGHT WAS REVEALED TO THEIR GAZE.

GOOD NIGHT LANE! WH— WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER?

WHY—I—I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!





SPRAWLED ON A BED, HER LEGS DRAWN UP AS THOUGH CONTORTED WITH AN AGONIZING CRAMP, WAS THE MYSTERY WOMAN.



THE WOMAN'S BATH, A DIMLY-LIT ROOM, STATED FIXEDLY AT A HORRIBLE WOODEN EFFIGY ON A BLACK MARBLE ALTAR ON EACH SIDE OF WHICH WERE SYMBOLIC SNAKE PAINTINGS.



ED WE'VE SOMETHING TO CONTEND WITH HERE I'VE NEVER FACED BEFORE 'BLACK MAGIC'. THAT EFFIGY THERE, THE BAT WITH ITS CLAWS STUCK IN THE SNAKE SKIN TURBAN, THE BLOOD RED CROSS ON THE BROW, THE STILETTO PROTRUDING FROM THE THROAT, THOSE SNAKE PAINTINGS. THEY ALL REPRESENT SOMETHING. THEY'RE SYMBOLS OF BLACK MAGIC!

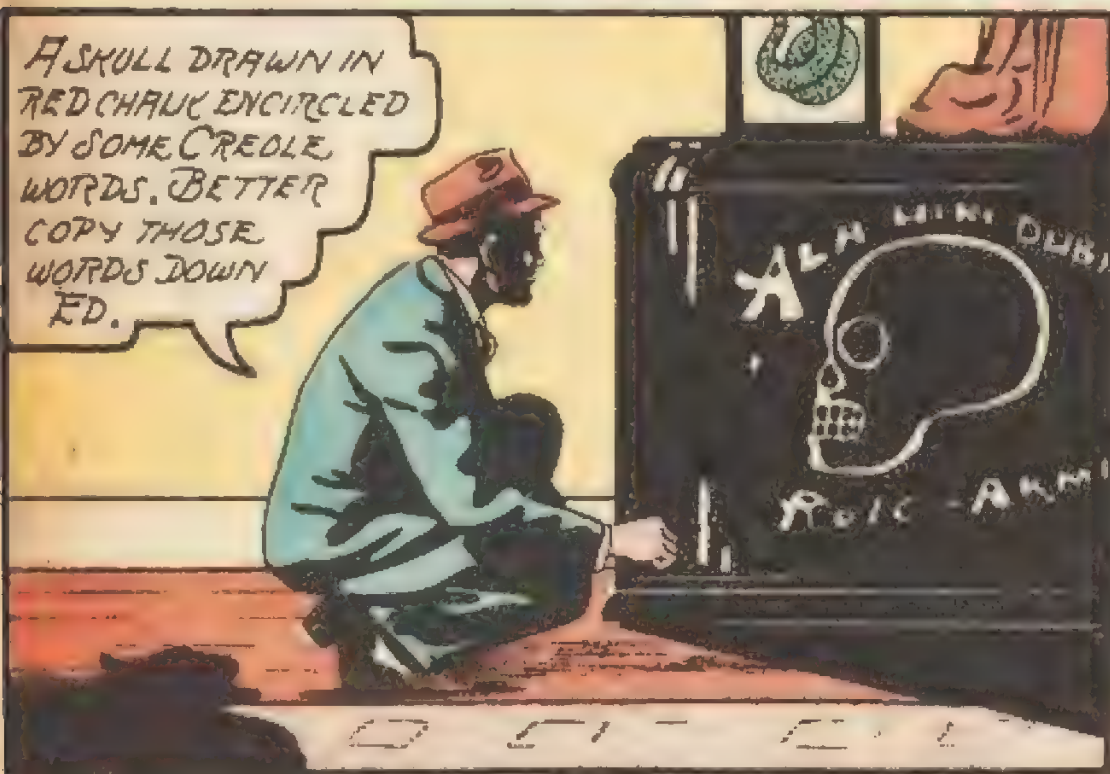


YA KNOW BRUCE, I THINK THIS WOMAN DIED OF SHEER FRIGHT. I KNOW THE SET UP IS ENOUGH TO SCARE ME TO DEATH.

HARDLY ED. TAKE A LOOK HERE ON THE LOWER PART OF THIS BLACK MARBLE ALTAR.



A SKULL DRAWN IN RED CHALK ENCIRCLED BY SOME CREOLE WORDS. BETTER COPY THOSE WORDS DOWN ED.

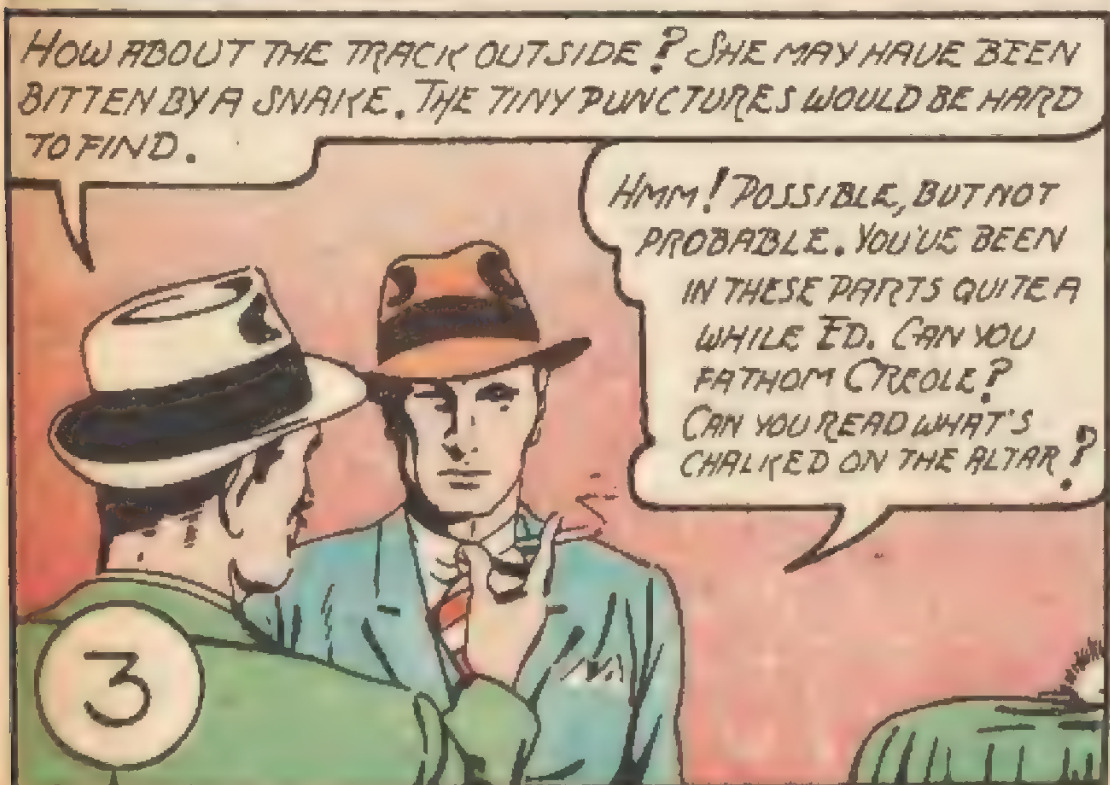


NELSON BENT AND SNIFFED THE DEAD WOMAN'S LIPS.

THERE'S NO ODOR OF POISON. WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE KILLED HER? I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF VIOLENCE.



HOW ABOUT THE TRACK OUTSIDE? SHE MAY HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY A SNAKE. THE TINY PUNCTURES WOULD BE HARD TO FIND.



HMM! POSSIBLE, BUT NOT PROBABLE. YOU'VE BEEN IN THESE PARTS QUITE A WHILE ED. CAN YOU FATHOM CREOLE? CAN YOU READ WHAT'S CHALKED ON THE ALTAR?

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED THOSE WORDS MEAN 'DIE - MAN WHOM I HATE - FOR ONLY THUS CAN DAMBALLA'S CURSE BE RECALLED' - THIS WOMAN WAS PRACTISING BLACK MAGIC. SHE WAS WILLING SOMEONE TO DIE!





BUT IF SHE WAS DOING THE DEWITCHING, WHY IS SHE DEAD?



THERE'S A SUPERSTITION THAT SOMETIMES THE EVIL INVOKED WILL RECOIL AND KILL THE MAGIC-MAKER. A SORT OF POETIC JUSTICE. I SEE NO TILLETTO IN HER THROAT THOUGH.



HOW LANE OLD MAN, TALK SENSE!



SENSE! WELL TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE PLACE REEKS OF BLACK HATES AND BLACKER SUPERSTITION. WHAT WENT ON HERE? WHO WAS THIS MAN SHE WAS 'WILLING' TO DIE? LOOK - CAN YOU DOUBT THAT INSANE HATE IS THE MOTIVE HERE?

LANE NODDED TOWARDS AN UNFRAMED PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN ON THE WALL. IT HAD BEEN SLASHED AND PUNCTURED AND A DAGGER THRUST THROUGH THE CANVAS IN THE VICINITY OF THE HEART.



HMM! - WHOEVER DID THIS MUST HAVE BEEN OFF THEIR NUT.

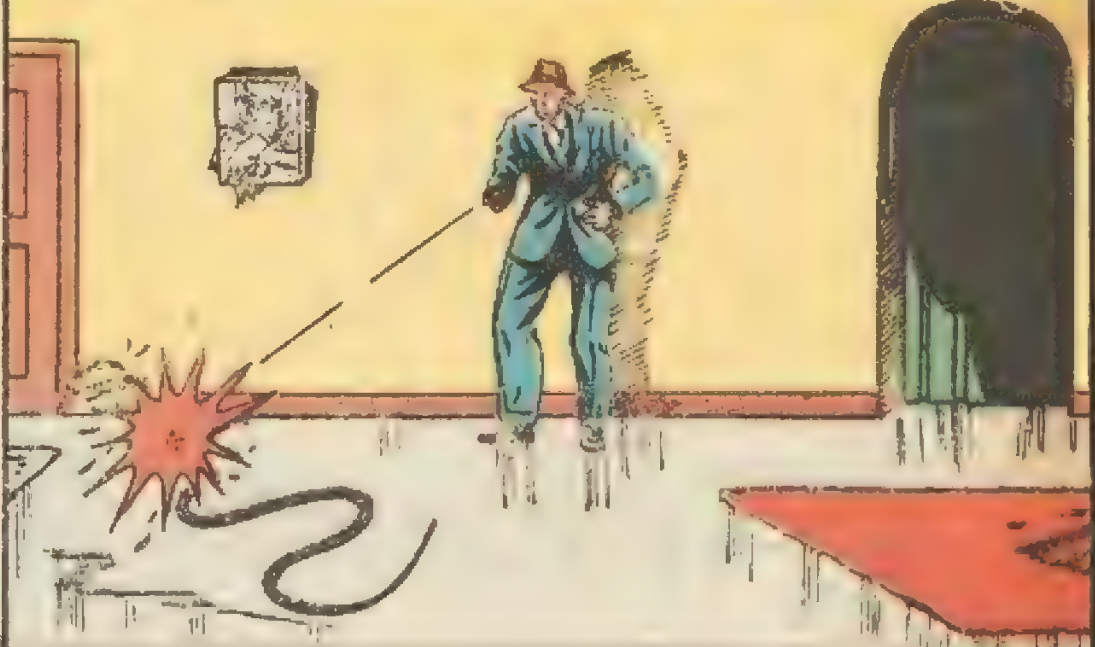
I SUPPOSE HE WAS THE ONE SHE WAS 'WILLING' TO DIE. NO DOUBT HE CAUGHT HER AT HER MUMMERY - KILLED HER IN SOME WAY - AND NOT CONTENT WITH THAT - DROVE THE DAGGER INTO HER PICTURE. BUT HOW DID HE KILL HER?



ED! LOOK OUT! A SNAKE!



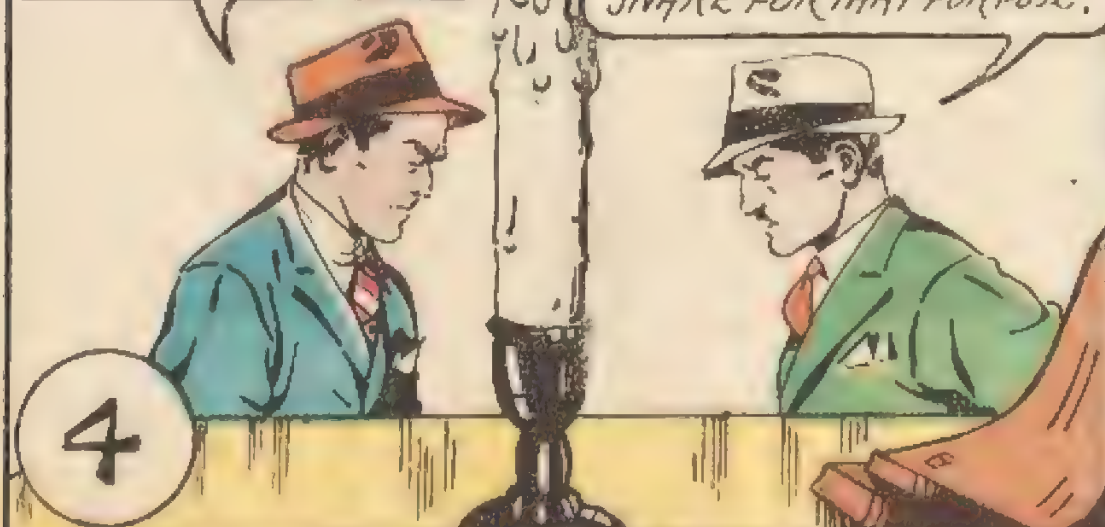
NELSON JUMPED TO ONE SIDE, DREW HIS GUN AND BLEW THE SNAKE'S HEAD OFF AS IT SLITHERED ACROSS THE FLOOR.



NELSON PICKED UP THE HEAD AND EXAMINED IT.

WE HAD NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. THIS SNAKE HAS NO POISON FANGS.

SHE WAS NO DOUBT USING IT TO CAST A SPELL. THESE WITCHES GENERALLY USE A SNAKE FOR THAT PURPOSE.



LOOK HERE BRUCE. HERE'S A HEAP OF CLOTHES THAT'S BEEN DRAGGED OUT OF HER WARDROBE AND STREWN ABOUT AND THERE'S HER HAT AND GLOVES TOO - JUST FLUNG ACROSS THE ROOM AS IF SHE CAME HOME IN A BLIND RAGE, AND IN A MAD RUSH TO START HER DEWITCHING.





AND LOOK HERE IN THIS CLOSET. A MAN'S EVENING CLOTHES, ALSO A FEW LOUNGE SUITS, SHOES, LINEN, ECT. ALL COMPLETE.



AND - HEY! - A WIG AND BEARD - VERY CLEVERLY MADE TO GRIP WITH ALMOST INVISIBLE SUCTION CUPS.



SO THE 'MAN SHE HATED' - WHO IS PROBABLY THE MURDERER - KEPT A CHANGE OF CLOTHES HERE? BESIDES WHICH, HE CAME AND WENT DISGUISED.



AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WENT WITHOUT HIS DISGUISE THIS TIME, WHICH MIGHT BE CAUSED BY A PANIC FLIGHT. I'VE A NOTION THERE'S AN IMPORTANT CLUE HERE IF WE COULD SEE IT.



JUST WHY DID HE LEAVE HIS BEARD AND WIG BEHIND? THE HOUSEKEEPER MUST KNOW HIM FOR HE WAS EVIDENTLY AN INTIMATE. YOU HAVEN'T QUESTIONED HER YET. HAVE YOU?



NO, NOT YET. THE SIGHT OF ALL THIS SENT HER INTO HYSTERICIS, AND SHE HASN'T RECOVERED.



WAIT A SECOND ED. I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING I HADN'T BEFORE. DO YOU NOTICE A FAINT ODOR IN THE AIR? IT SEEMS STRONGER ON THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM.

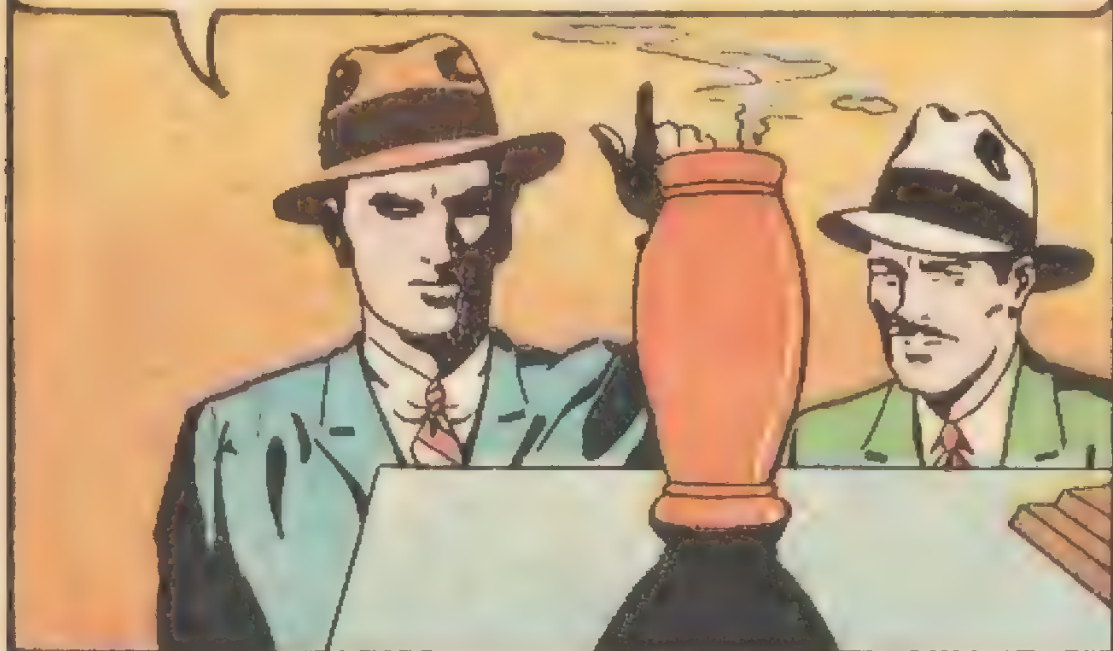


'SNIFF - SNIFF' - IT'S OVER HERE. IT'S COMING FROM THIS COPPER URN. I'VE GOT IT ED! IT'S **DEVIL SMOKE!**





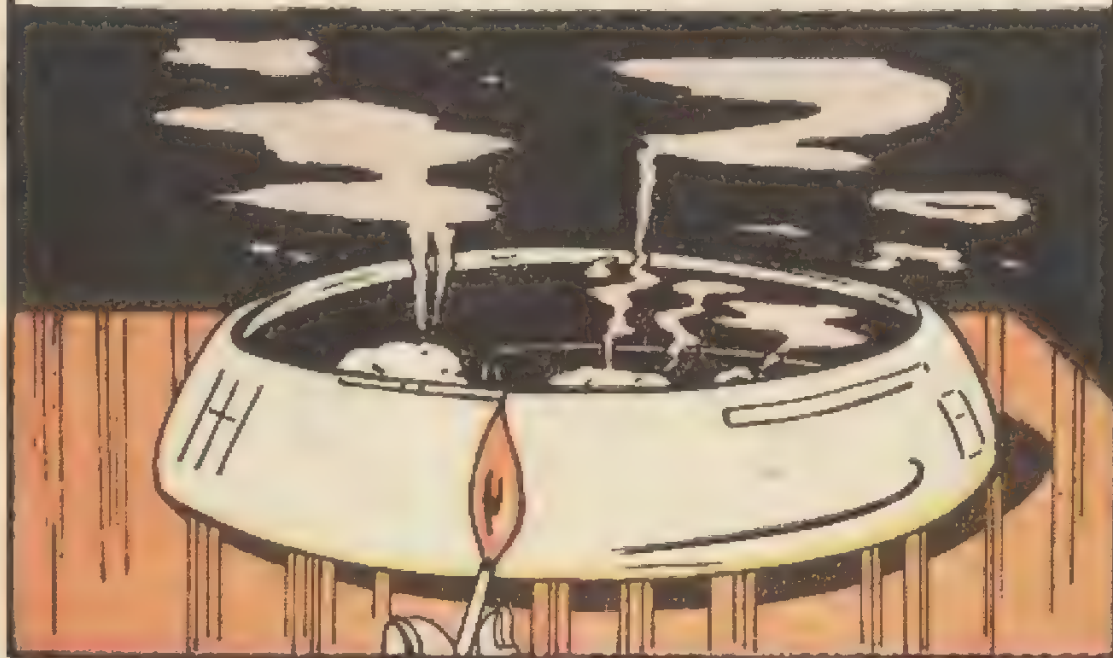
WHEN I WAS IN AFRICA I CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT. IT'S THE STUFF AFRICAN JORCERERS USE FOR TRIAL BY ORDEAL.



NELSON LEFT THE ROOM FOR A MINUTE. LANE LOOKED THOUGHTFULLY AT THE COPPER VASE.



HE PICKED OUT THE GUMMY LUMPS, PUT THEM IN AN ASH TRAY AND SET A MATCH TO THEM.



IMMEDIATELY A SPIRAL OF OILY GREEN VAPOR ROSE. LANE WATCHED INTERESTEDLY. THE NEXT THING HE KNEW HE WAS COUGHING AND THE ROOM WAS REELING. HE CLUTCHED AT THE TABLE AS HIS KNEES BEGAN TO SAG.



STUMBLING, HALF FALLING, HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO GET TO THE WINDOW.

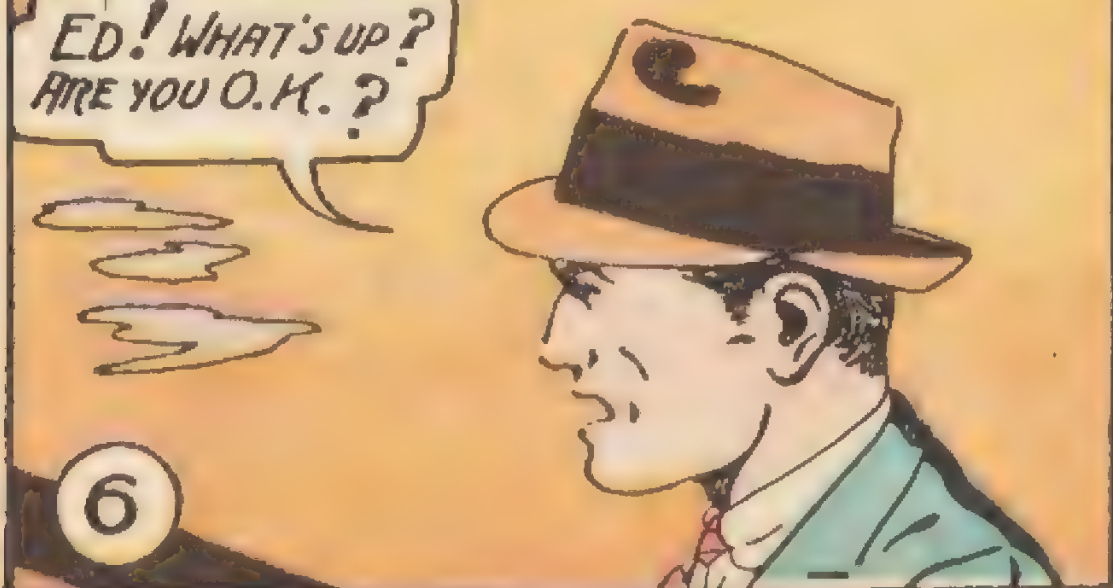


BUT THE POWERFUL FUMES WERE TOO INTENSE. HE PITCHED FORWARD ON HIS FACE AND LAY STILL.



NELSON WAS ALMOST AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS WHEN HE NOTICED THE LIGHT GREEN VAPOR COMING FROM THE ROOM AND SMELLED THE POWERFUL FUMES.

ED! WHAT'S UP?  
ARE YOU O.K.?



IN TWO QUICK BOUNDS HE REACHED THE DOORWAY. HE STAGGERED BACK CHOKING.



539 CONTINUED. 5.



# The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

By  
SAX ROHMER



"You would be a dead man now if it were not for your friend in China," Smith told Mr. Eltham earnestly. "China today is not the China of '98. It is a huge secret machine, ruled by THE SEVEN. You must not return to China!"

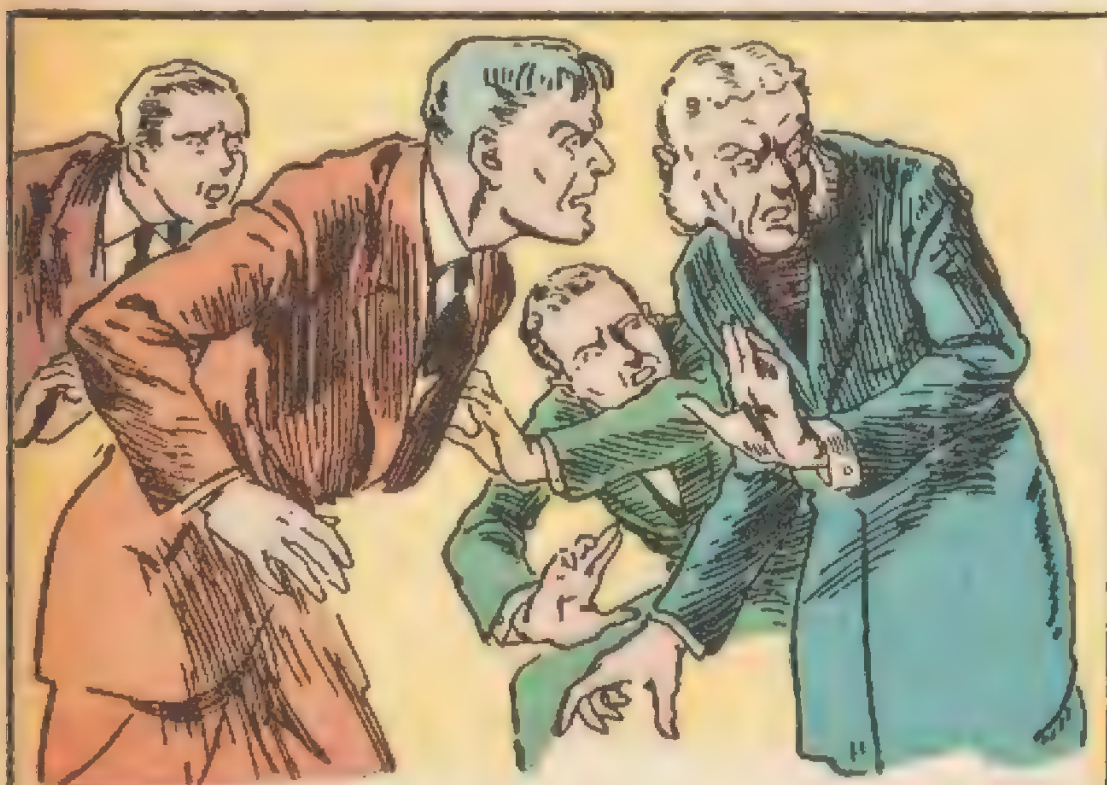


"No, sir," replied the clergyman, in his voice a strange mixture of deep spiritual reverence and intense resolution, "I am called to Nan Yang!"

Here was the Fighting Missionary, "Parson Dan" showing through the surface of the Rev. J. D. Eltham.



"Nan Yang is a barrel of gunpowder. You would be the lighted match," Smith stated. "I insist that you abandon your visit to the interior of China. The Yellow Peril today is a real and terrible threat. The peace of the world is at stake. . . ."



"I will reconsider my decision," Mr. Eltham said. The storm had blown over. Yet the very atmosphere of Redmoat seemed impregnated with Eastern devilry . . . And then, through the silence, cut a throbbing scream, the scream of a woman in agonized fear!



At the woman's scream—and Mr. Eltham's cry, "It's Greba!"—Nayland Smith, Mr. Eltham, Denby and I all dashed pell-mell from the library and into the drawing room whence came the startling call . . .



Miss Eltham lay at full length by the French windows, which were closed and bolted.

"Get my bag," I called to Smith.

"Oh, what has happened to her, Dr. Petrie?" cried the girl's frantic father.



"She has only fainted," I replied, as I bent over Miss Eltham. "She will soon be all right."

The girl sighed shudderingly, and opened her eyes, and I helped her to stand. Suddenly, with a look of terror, she grasped my arm. . . .

"At the window!" she choked. "They looked up at me from the steps to the lawn. Two green eyes!"



I found Greba Eltham fully recovered when she summoned me to her room a few minutes later.

"We are anxious to know more about what alarmed you, Miss Eltham," I told her.

"I was standing at the drawing-room window looking out onto the lawn when I saw those two green eyes, Dr. Petrie!" she murmured. "They shone like the eyes of a cat."

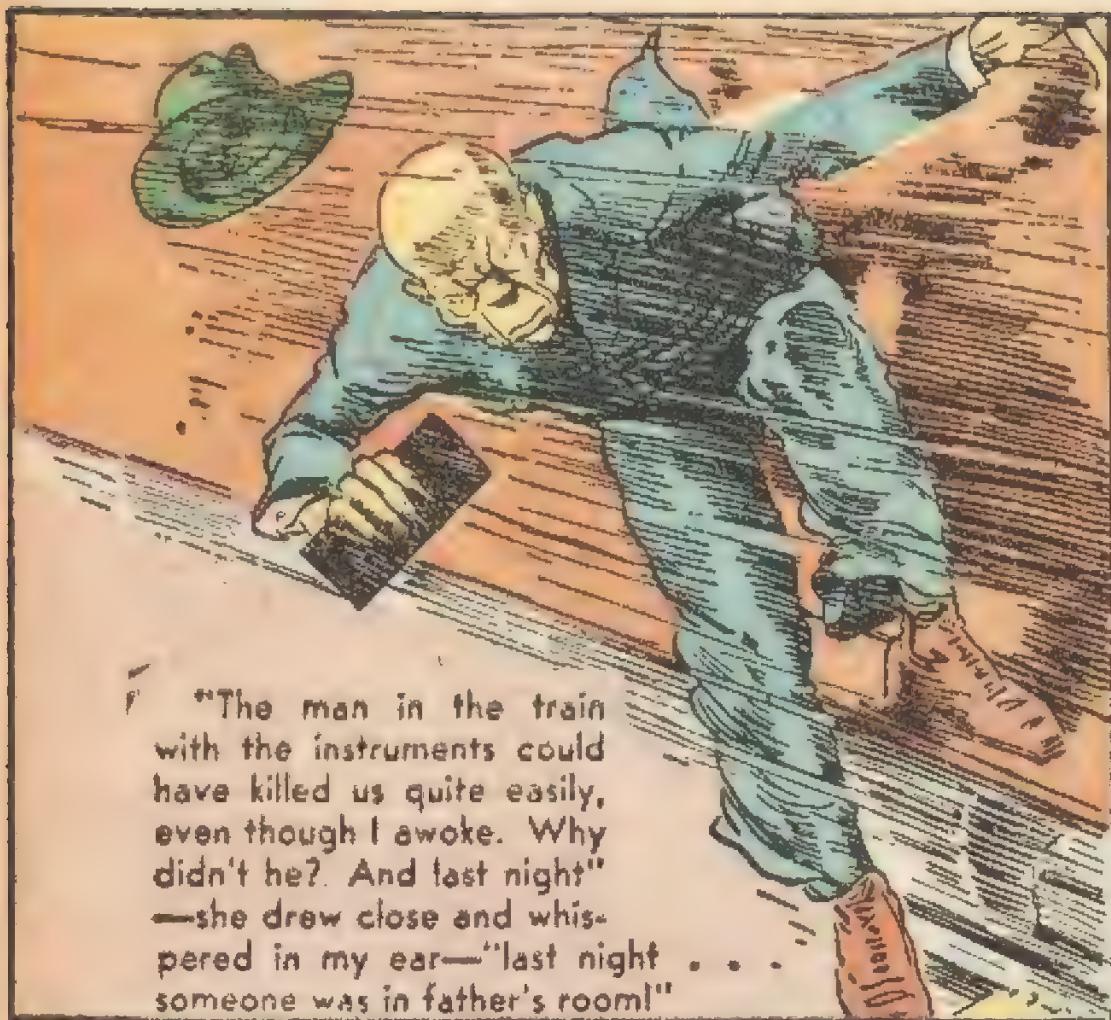
"Are you sure it was not a cat, Miss Eltham?"

"The eyes were too large. There was something dreadful about them. . . ."



What does it all mean, Dr. Petrie? she pleaded. "Vernon Denby tells me that some awful Chinaman is trying to kill Mr. Smith and if the same man wants to kill my father, why has he not done so?"





"The man in the train with the instruments could have killed us quite easily, even though I awoke. Why didn't he? And last night"—she drew close and whispered in my ear—"last night . . . someone was in father's room!"



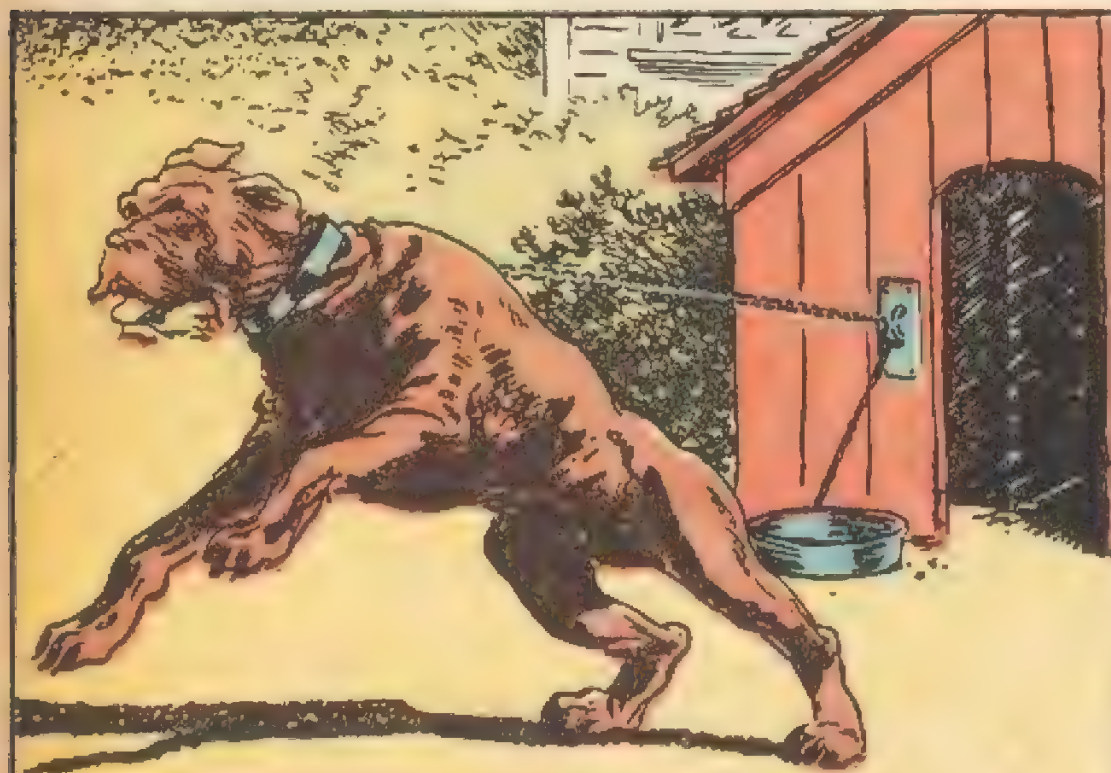
"Last night I could not sleep, Dr. Petrie," Miss Eltham said. "I heard something moving in my father's room next to mine, and knocked on the wall. . . ."  
 "How could anyone get into his room?"  
 "I cannot imagine. . . . But I am not sure it was a man!"



"I looked out of my window as father awoke and replied to my knock. Something moved swiftly into the shadows . . . something with a long thin body, and of a brownish color, marked with sections, and all of six feet long . . . I heard a swishing sound in the shrubbery. . . ."



"There's where I saw . . . whatever it was. . . ." She paused a moment and said: "Father thinks nothing can pass our defenses. But there is something in Redmoat that comes and goes at will . . . Listen! Caesar knows it!"

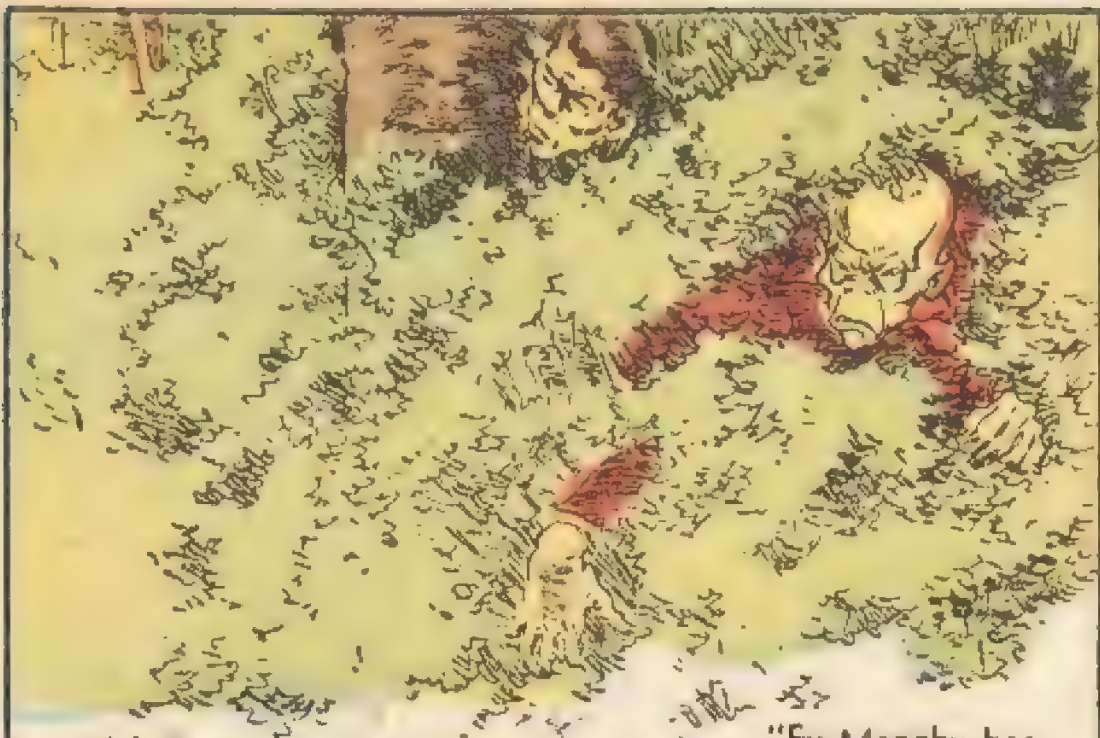


We could hear the mastiff howl. Yes, Caesar sensed the mystery that hung over Redmoat. . . . Again and again the clank-clank of his chain as he hurled the weight of his body against it rang eerily through the night.



"Eltham has influential Chinese friends, but they dare not have him in Nan Yang at present," Nayland Smith told me later that night as we puzzled matters over in my room. "Eltham would see too much—and know its dire meaning."





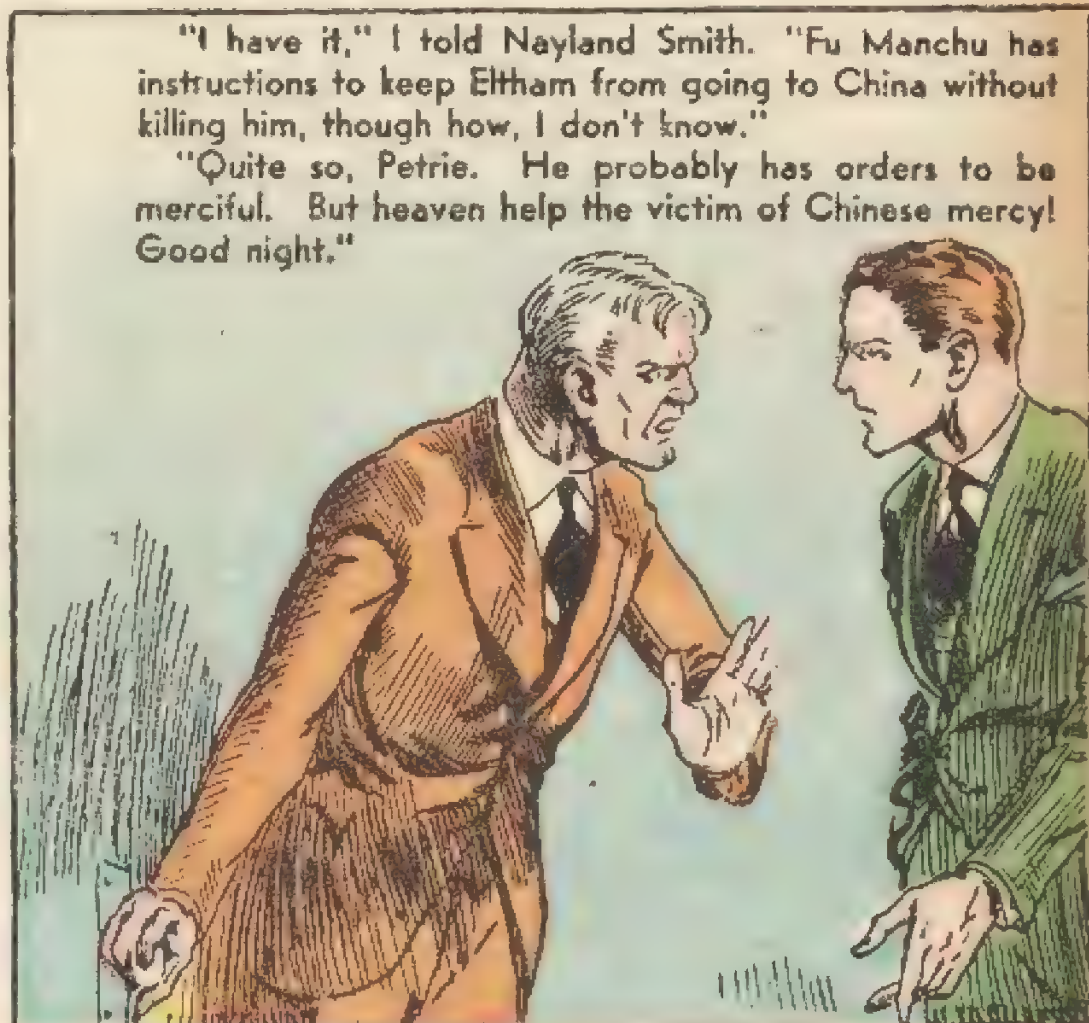
"Fu Manchu has been baffled by Eltham's precautions at Redmoat, I think," observed Smith, "but during Eltham's absence he provided some mysterious means of getting at him here. Yet Eltham has accounted for every rat-hole. A tunnel is impossible—all stone under house and grounds. Nobody can get in."



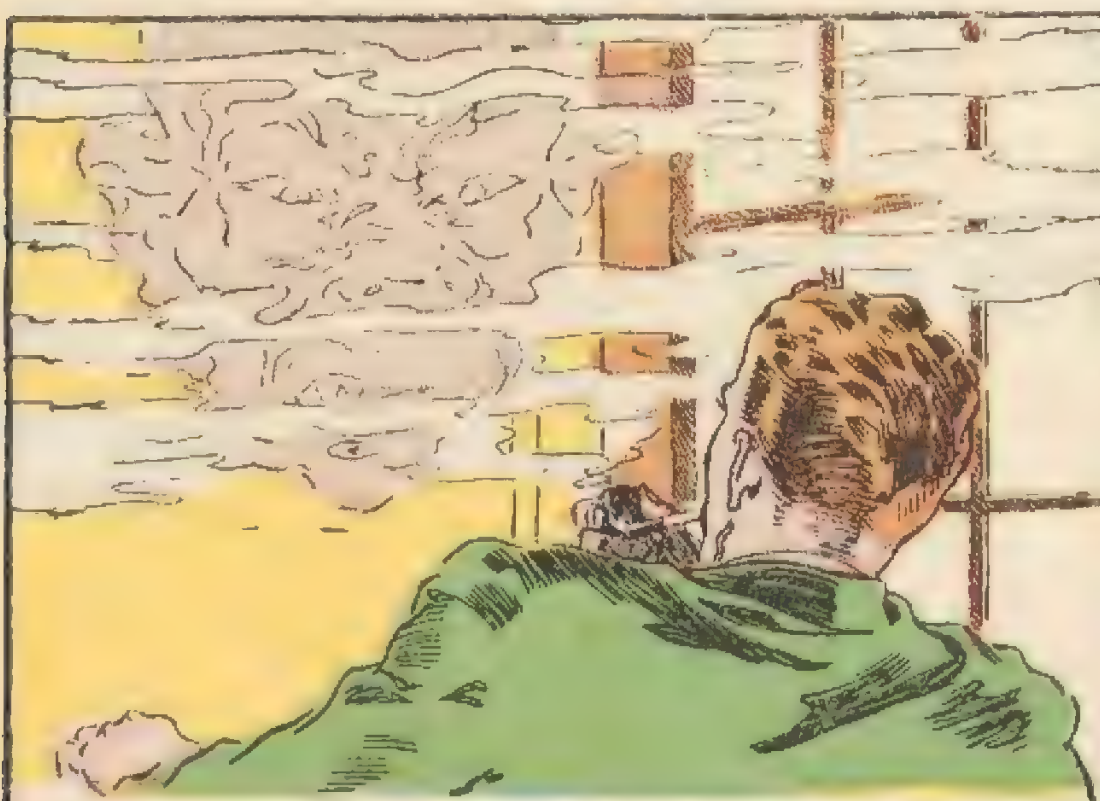
"How are they going to get at him, Petrie? That's the question. There is no entrance nor exit except the gate. How was the collie killed? That is significant."



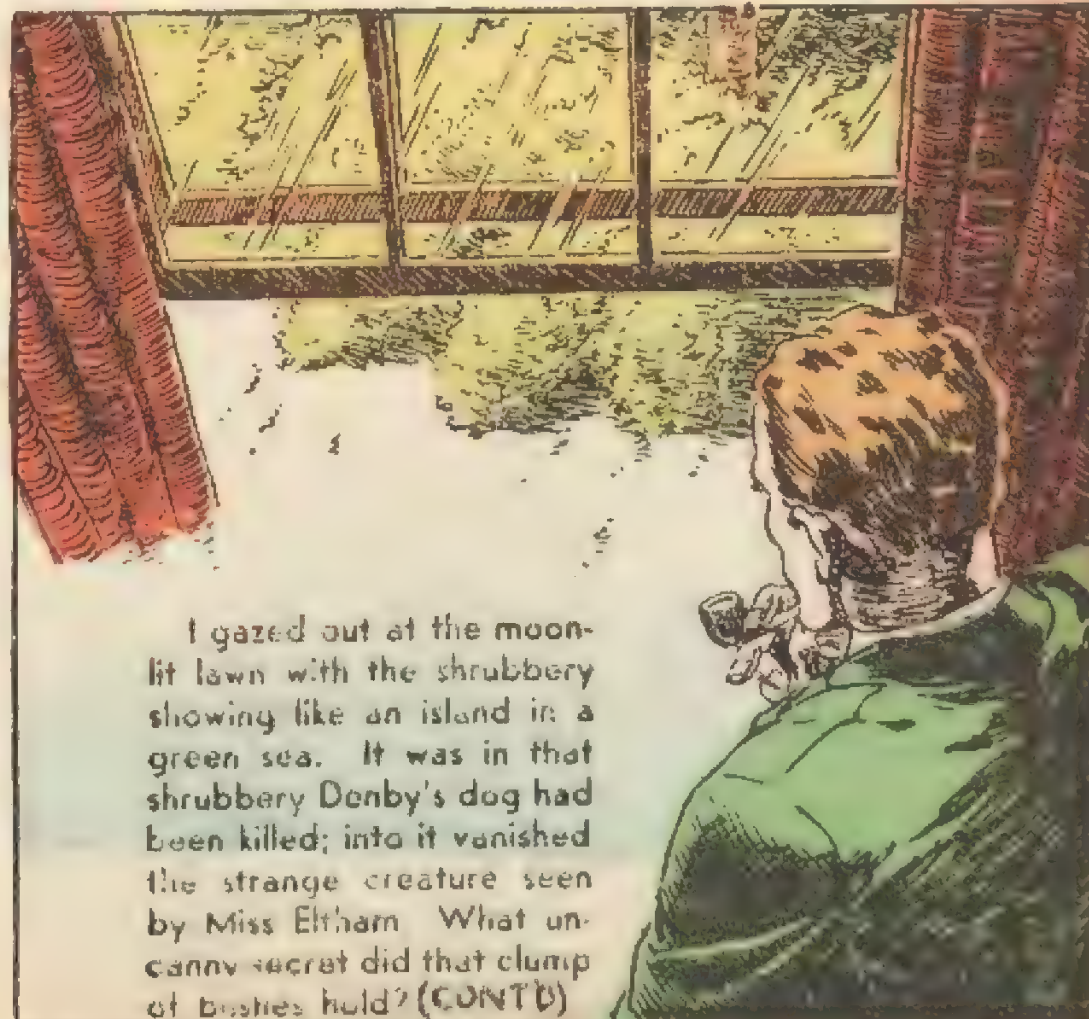
"The man on the train with those instruments . . . the something Greba heard in her father's room . . . the green eyes at the window . . . Fu Manchu stalks Eltham, Petrie—but what does he want to do to him?"



"I have it," I told Nayland Smith. "Fu Manchu has instructions to keep Eltham from going to China without killing him, though how, I don't know."  
"Quite so, Petrie. He probably has orders to be merciful. But heaven help the victim of Chinese mercy! Good night."



I had looked once upon the awful Chinese doctor, and now, alone in my room, I seemed again to see his face, with those strange green eyes. Perhaps at this moment he was near. The mastiff Caesar howled without ceasing.



I gazed out at the moonlit lawn with the shrubbery showing like an island in a green sea. It was in that shrubbery Denby's dog had been killed; into it vanished the strange creature seen by Miss Eltham. What uncanny secret did that clump of bushes hold? (CONT'D)



# FLATFOOT FLANNIGAN

by  
Gustawson



CALLING ALL CARS — — CALLING  
ALL CARS — — BANK ROBBERY  
ON MAIN AND CENTER STREETS!  
— — YOU TOO FLANNIGAN!!

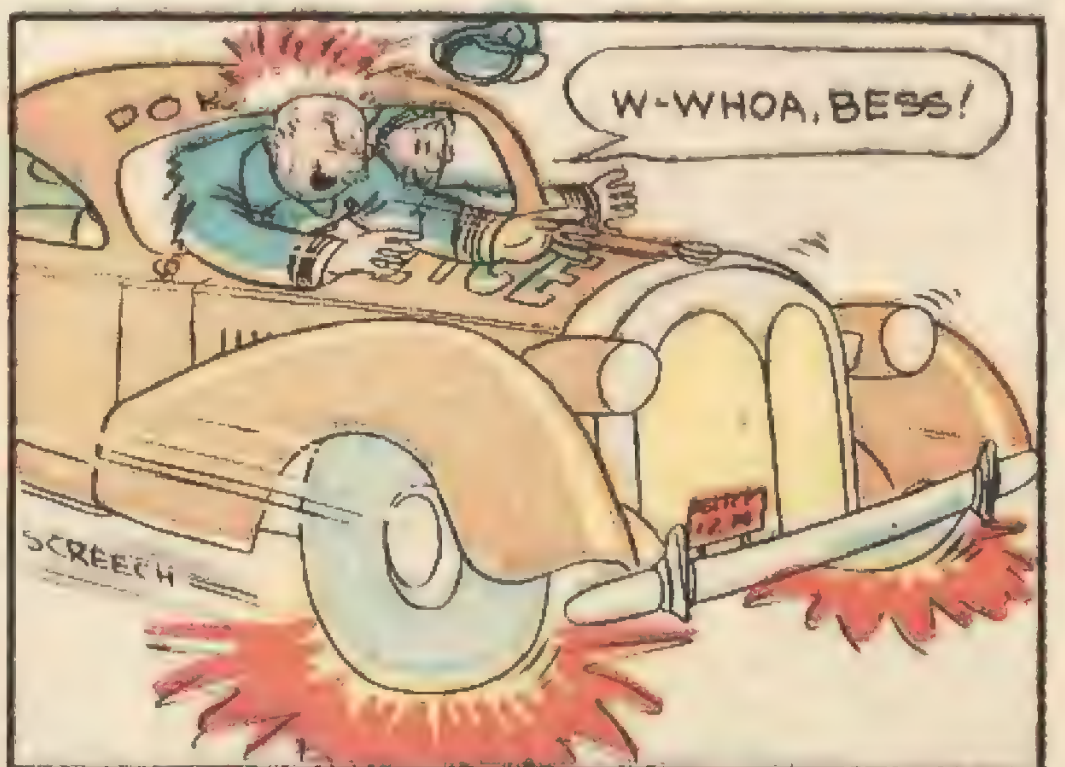
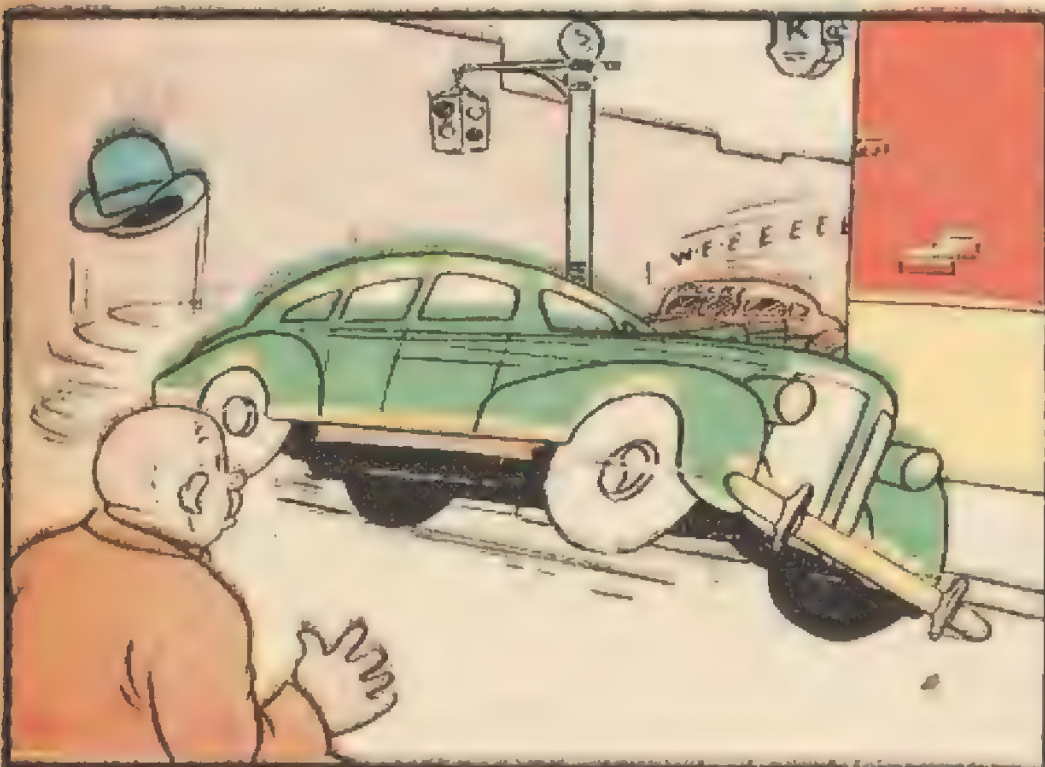


HEY, FLANNIGAN—  
THAT CALL WAS  
FOR US TOO!!

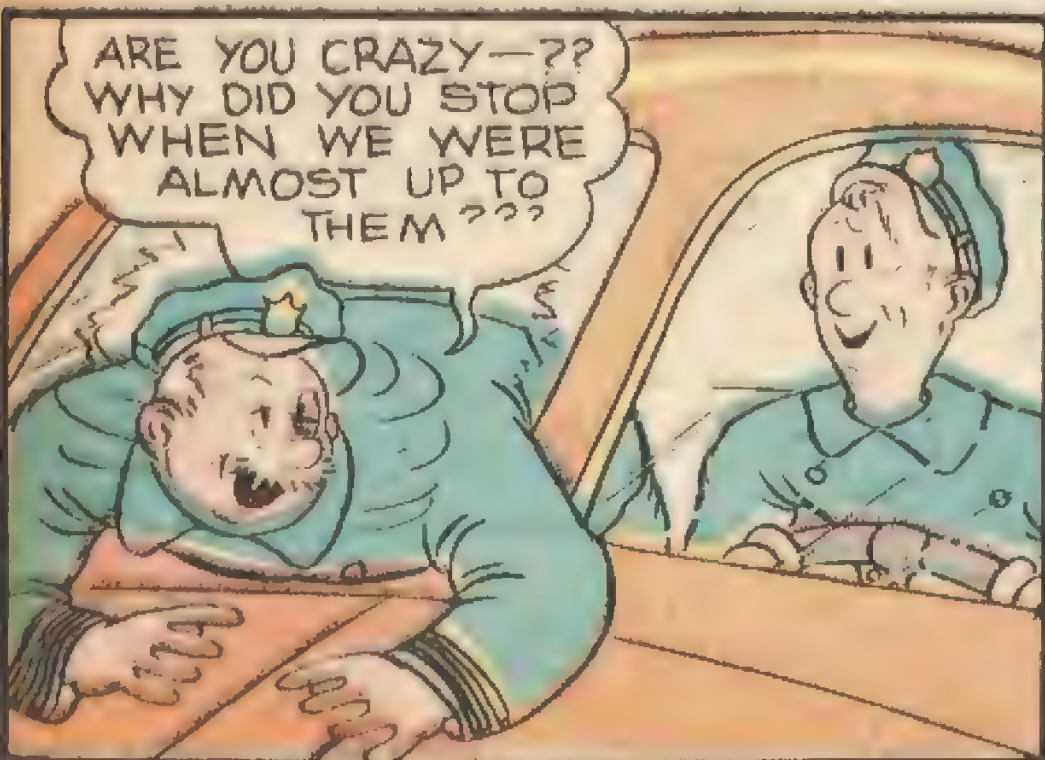
G-GOSH, YES —  
S-S-SO IT WAS.  
C'MON, LET'S  
G-G-GO!



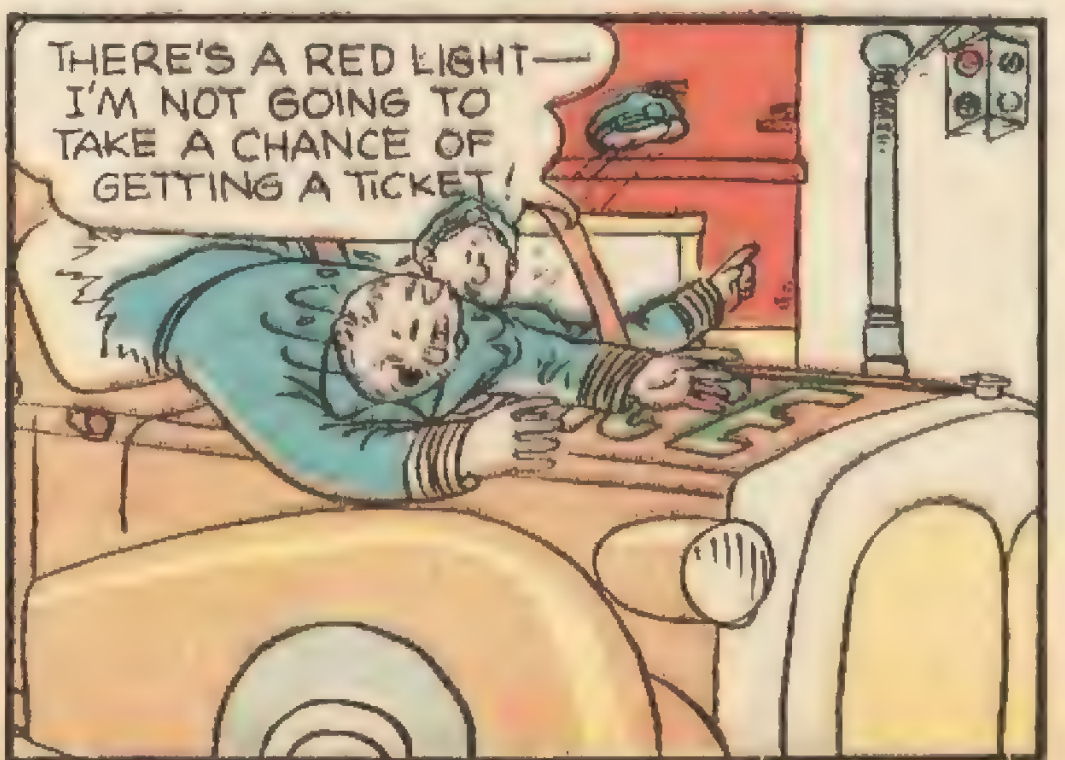
WE'RE THE FIRST  
ONES HERE — LOOK —  
THERE THEY GO!!



ARE YOU CRAZY—??  
WHY DID YOU STOP  
WHEN WE WERE  
ALMOST UP TO  
THEM ???



THERE'S A RED LIGHT —  
I'M NOT GOING TO  
TAKE A CHANCE OF  
GETTING A TICKET!





# Stamp Collectors' Corner

## DANZIG MARKS ANNIVERSARY

The Free City of Danzig, located about 250 miles from Berlin, has been a most important commercial city of central Europe for centuries, but at the moment its political importance is overshadowing all other claims of distinction. For almost a thousand years its rule has passed in steady succession from one power to another and its present status became effective on January 2nd, 1920.

The latest stamp issue from Danzig does not honor anything as modern as the establishment of a free city. Instead, history is retraced one hundred and twenty five years to the Union of Danzig and Prussia in 1814.

In medieval days the city was held at different times by Brandenburg, Pomerania, Poland and Denmark. In the fourteenth century it had come under Teutonic rule, under which it prospered rapidly. It was one of the chief towns of the Hanseatic League. The Teutonic order became oppressive, as all orders did in those days, and in 1455 Danzig became allied to Poland. The constant wars of the next few centuries were keenly felt and led to frequent changes in Danzig's rule. In 1793 it was allied to Prussia, Napoleon declared the port a Free City in 1807, and it was given back to Prussia in 1814. This last date is the one commemorated on the new stamp issues.

After its commercial prestige, which is very great indeed, Danzig is chiefly distinguished for its picturesque medieval aspect. So it is fitting that the new stamp designs go back to those yesterdays for inspiration.

A group of three knights, themselves in armor and riding panted horses, appears on the 5 pfennig stamp in bright green.

The 10 pf. value, printed in red brown, depicts the signing of a treaty between Danzig and Sweden in 1630. The union of 1814 is directly honored on the 15 pf. slate-blue stamp which shows a drummer boy leading a group of soldiers. A battle led by Stephen Bathory is being fought on the 25pf, brown-violet issue.

—:—

## Nicaraguan Issue

A view of Diarrio Park provides the design for all values in a recent stamp issue from Nicaragua. The stamps are printed in the following denominations and colors: 1½ centavo olive-green; 2 centavos rose-red; 3c light blue; 6c red-brown; 7½c dark green; 10c black; 15c orange 25c violet; 50c bright green and 1 cordoba, yellow.

## WRIGHT 4-PART Wonder Collection

- 1—Nice packet of old countries
- 2—Two sets of airmail stamps
- 3—Lot U. S. Commemoratives
- 4—Select mint Br. Cola—new king
- 5—Set triangle & diamond stamps
- 6—Packet of 15 diff. Asia
- 7—10 Africa—worth a dime!
- 8—Br. Jubilee, Coronation stamps
- 9—Packet 19th century stamps all 40 years old or more.

Believe it or not. ALL these with lists & approvals for 5c!

LEE WRIGHT & CO.  
2527-K Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md

## WORLD'S SMALLEST AIRMAIL

### FREE STAMP MAGAZINE!

\$2.00 U. S., Airmails, Bird, Indian, Airplane Commemoratives, Special Issues, scarce stamps from 25 countries, 5c with approvals.

CAPITAL STAMP CO.  
Dept. DC, 413 W. Roosevelt Blvd., Little Rock, Ark.

## Super-Wonder Packet Offered

containing 60 different stamps from ARGENTINA, TRANS-JORDANIA, NORTH BORNEO, MANCHUKUO, SUDAN, GUADELOUPE, IRAQ, SARAWAK, FRENCH and BRITISH COLONIES, including natives, beasts, ships, etc. This entire packet for only 5 cents to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free.

KENT STAMP CO.  
Box 87 (18), G. P. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

## U.S. \$1, \$2, \$4, & \$5 Stamps

Included in our packet of 25 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to new approval applicants sending 3c postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. DC  
FLINT MICHIGAN

## EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Sell my approval books, approval sheets, and nickel package. Bargains in stamps and profits for you.

MORTIMER ELLIS  
2841 West 37th Street, Dept. DT-5  
Brooklyn, New York

## FREE!!

TWO CORONATION SETS, an Abdication Stamp of King Edward, and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4c (four cents) to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

R. T. ROBERTS & CO.  
312 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

## 120 STAMPS FOR 5c

### ABELL "LITTLE GIANT" LOT NOTHING LIKE IT ANYWHERE

120 all diff. from every corner of world, triangle & diamond stamps, bicolors, ships, ODD COUNTRIES like Azerbaijan, Afghanistan, Schleswig, Surinam, South Sea Islands, Zanzibar, also NICE LOT U. S. A commemoratives, civil war issue, battleship Maine, \$1, \$2 & \$5 high values, etc. Sounds impossible, but everything (list value \$2.50) with lists & approvals, sent exactly as described—for only 5c!

ABELL STAMP CO.  
1818-K St. Paul St. Baltimore, Md.

## 62 DIFF. STAMPS FOR 5c

(Cat. values \$1.40)  
Unbelievable value! At least SIX triangles & diamond stamps! Airmail, animal, bicolor war stamps China, Japan, Manchukuo & insurgent Spain, bull-fight stamp, Asia, Africa, South Sea Islands—a collection in itself! Everything with lists & approvals, 5c

O. W. CROWDER CO.  
127 K E North Ave., Baltimore, Md

## Stamp Outfit Free

Scarce AIRMAIL TRIANGLE from Mozambique Co. Hard-to-get NORTH BORNEO (a real beauty)! BOTH these unusual stamps (missing from most collections) ALSO a set of U. S. stamps more than 50 years old, a WATERMARK DETECTOR (with instructions how to use it), and our famous JUNGLELAND PACKET from such countries as Sarawak, Gold Coast, Perak, mysterious Sudan, etc. including cannibals, head-hunters, bushwackers, native animals and other jungle thrillers—this big outfit with ALL these fascinating stamps is ABSOLUTELY FREE to approval applicants sending 3c postage! Giant list 500 stamp bargains included WRITE TODAY!

MIDWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. X  
MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## 33 FIJI ISLANDS, 3c 33 TRIANGLES, 3c

Gold Coast, Mexico and others. All for only 3c to approval applicants. One packet only to a customer.

FLORAL CITY STAMP CO.  
BOX 8F WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO

6 TRIANGLES  
BIG DIAMOND  
5 AIRMAILS!  
also Big packet of world-wide stamps including rare Borneo, Silver Jubilee, Belg. Congo, Dutch Indies, Siam, P. I., Cuba, China, Brazil, many Brit. Colonies, Chile & Mexico. 6c to approval applicants.

EUREKA STAMP CO., Dept. M, Burbank, Calif.





# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY JVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

COSMO IS CALLED TO IMMIGRATION HEADQUARTERS.

COSMO, THE SMUGGLING OF CHINESE TO OUR SHORES IS CREATING A SERIOUS PROBLEM. FRANKLY, WE HAVE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO FIND THEIR POINT OF ENTRY, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED FOR YOU. WILL YOU HELP US?

I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT A TRY, CARG.



YOU CLEANED UP THE REDFERN MYSTERY BEAUTIFULLY, COSMO. I'M SURE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING HERE.

THOSE CHINESE ARE PRETTY SLICK CUSTOMERS. DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW I'M INTERESTED IN THIS THING.



COSMO ENROLLS AT THE FRISCO SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

I WANT A SPECIAL COURSE IN CHINESE TAUGHT ME INSIDE OF THIRTY DAYS-- CAN YOU DO IT?

A MONTH IS A VERY SHORT TIME. I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO TEACH YOU.



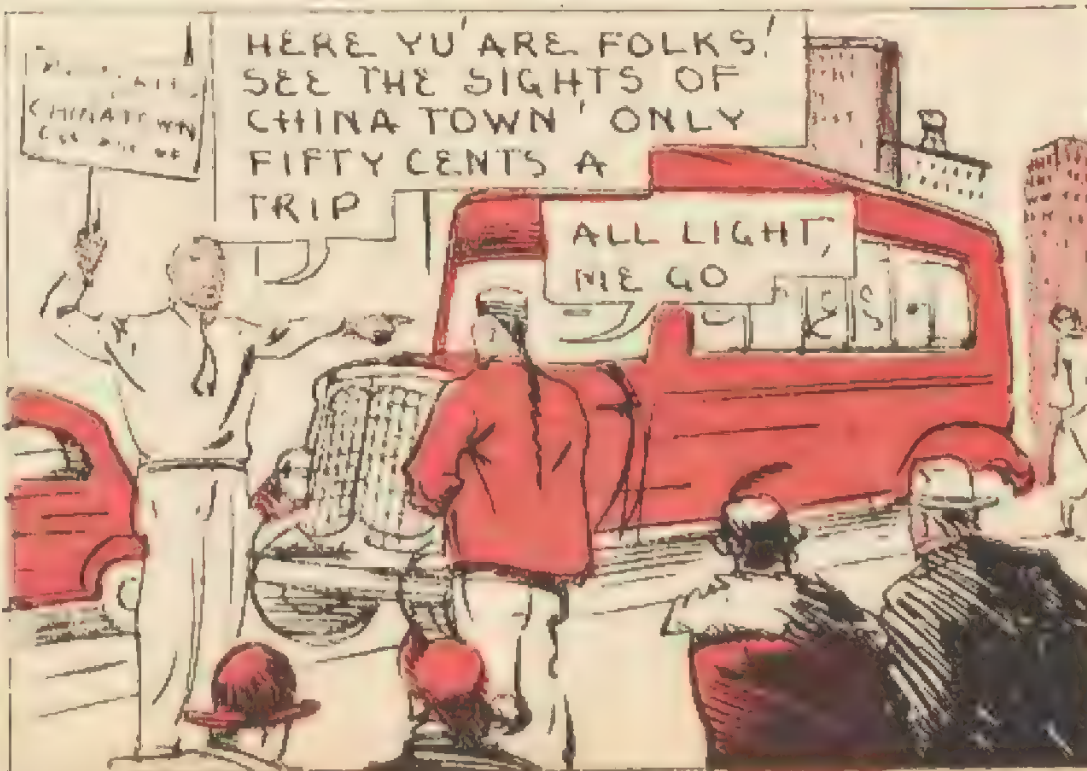
BY INTENSE APPLICATION COSMO ACQUIRES A FAIR KNOWLEDGE OF CHINESE.

AH, YOU'D MAKE A FINE CHINESE AMBASSADOR COULD YOU CONTINUE A BIT LONGER. YOU ARE VERY APT.

5211 72- BUT NOW MY TIME IS UP. I MUST LEAVE FOR CHINA

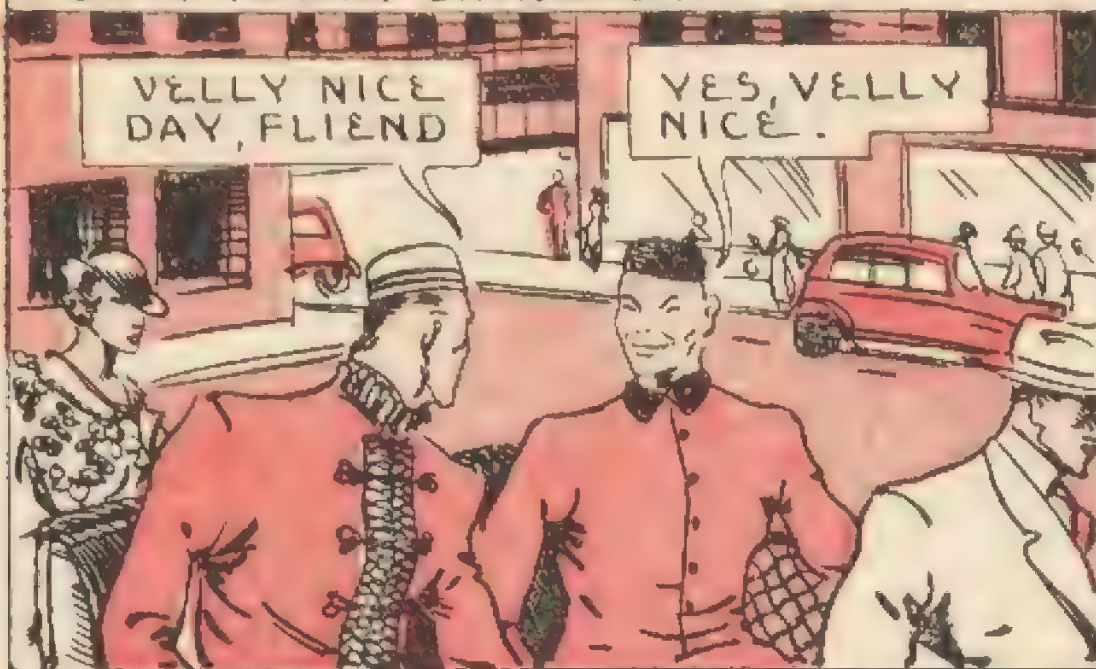


BUT SECRETLY COSMO DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A CHINESE AND PREPARES FOR ACTION.





IN THE BUS COSMO PICKS A SEAT ALONGSIDE A YOUNG CHINESE.



AS THEY RIDE ALONG COSMO FORCES THE CONVERSATION.



ME HAVE FLIEND, HE HAVE NICE LOOM FOR LENT.

O.K. ME GO SEE.



COSMO RENTS THE ROOM.

COME, MY FLIEND YEN LO, ME FOO LEE TAKE YOU TO DINNER FOR BEING KINDNESS FIND ME NICE LOOM.

VELLY GOOD - I COME.



COSMO MAKES THE MOST OF HIS NEW FRIEND AND IS AT LAST REWARDED WITH AN INVITATION TO THE FEAST OF THE DRAGON.

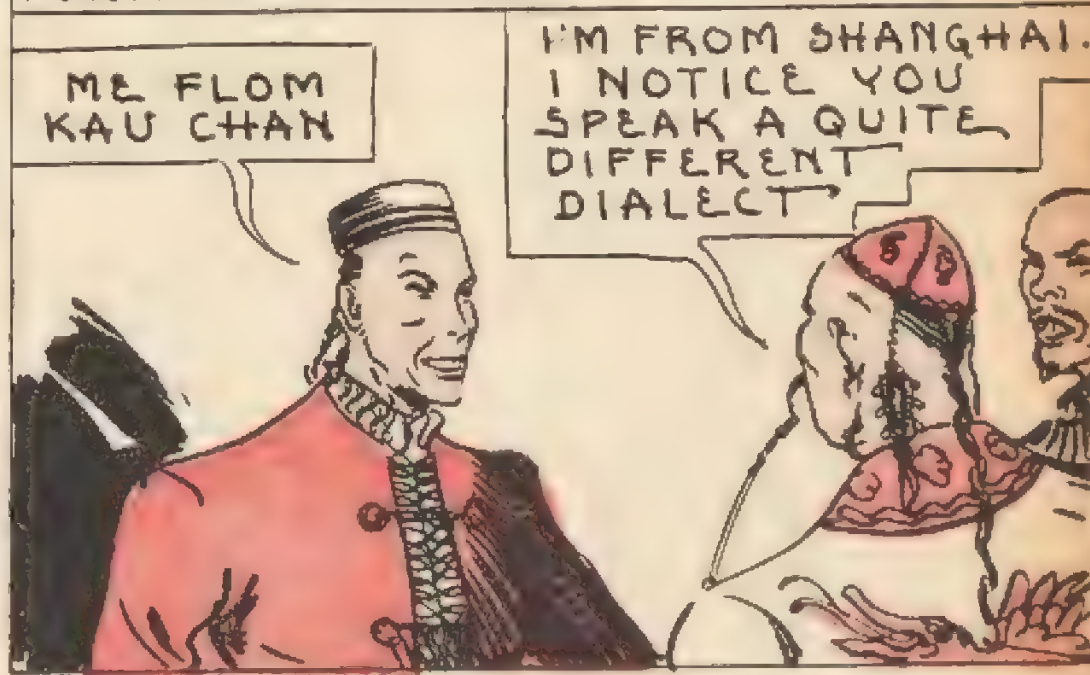
AH, THAT'S THE VERY THING I WANT. MAY THE FEAST OF THE DRAGON NET ME A PLATTER OF YELLOW PELTS.



AT THE FESTIVAL HE MEETS MANY IMPORTANT ORIENTALS.

ME FLOM KAU CHAN

I'M FROM SHANGHAI. I NOTICE YOU SPEAK A QUITE DIFFERENT DIALECT



HM-THERE'S YEN LO TALKING TO A CHINK I'D LIKE TO MEET. I'LL JUST SAUNTER PAST THEM.

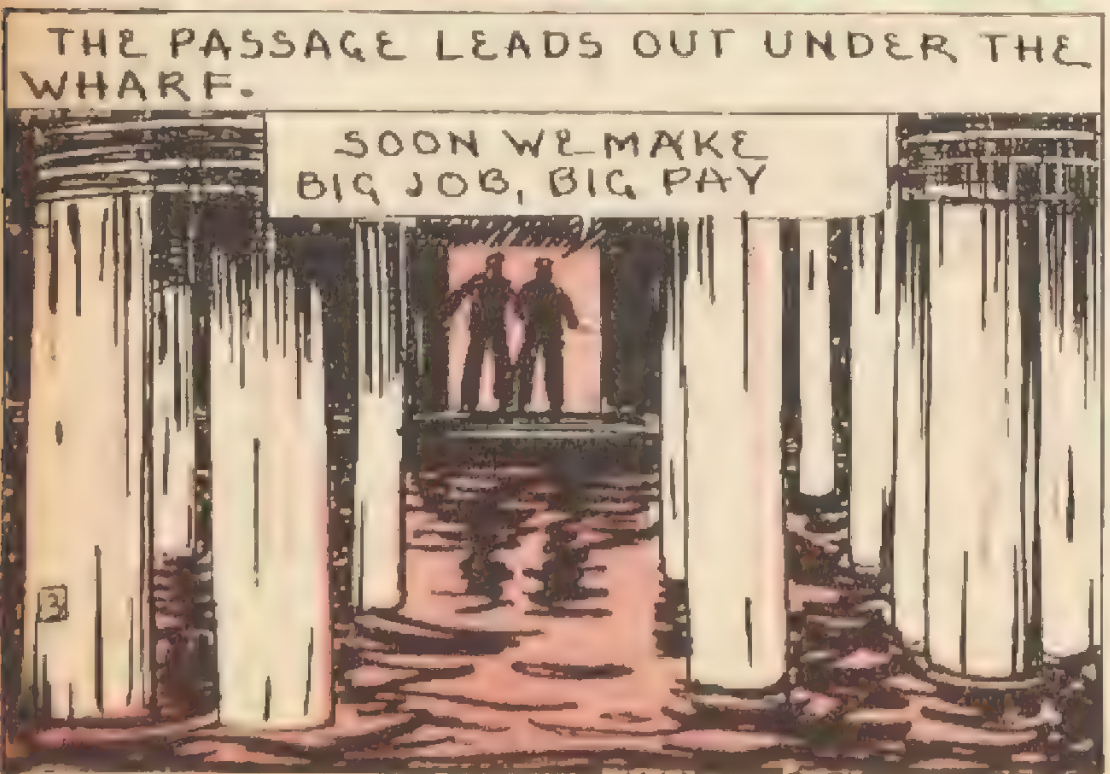
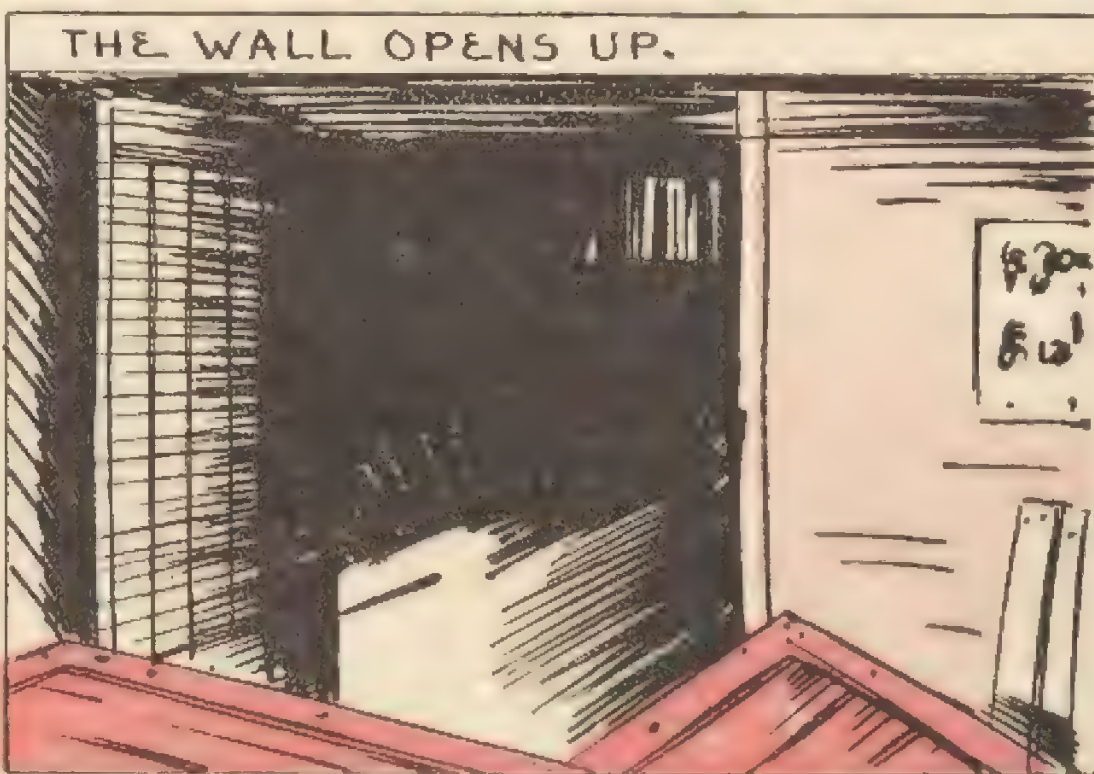
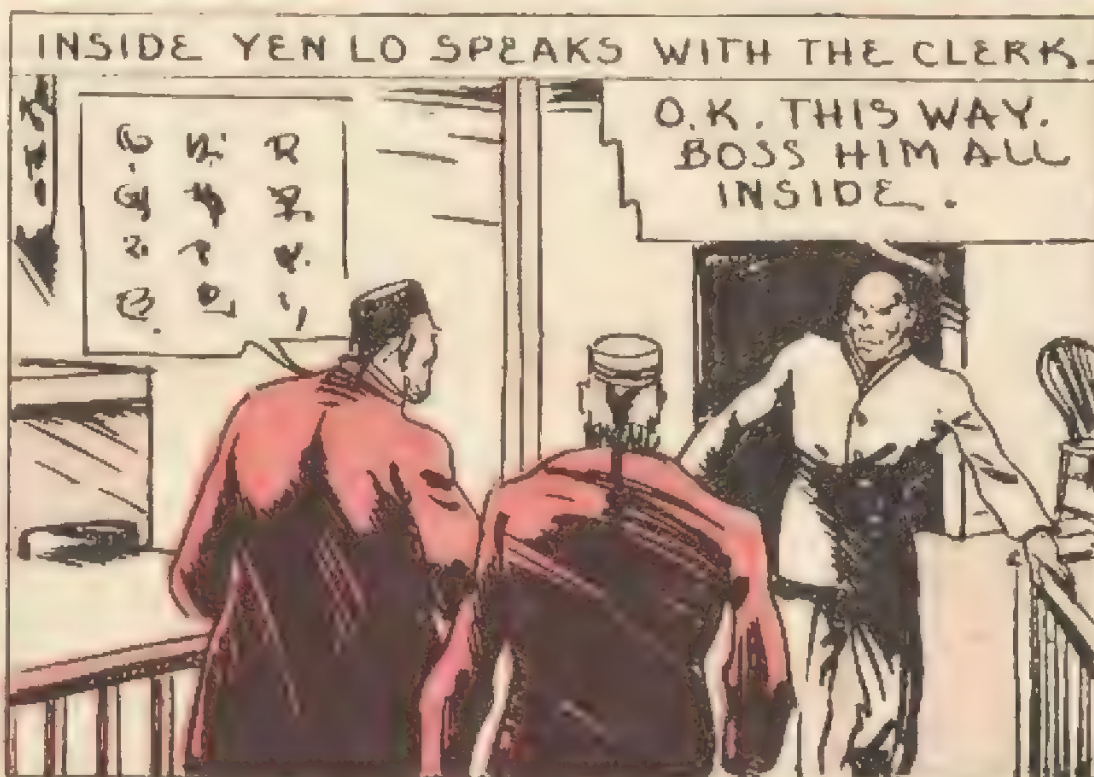
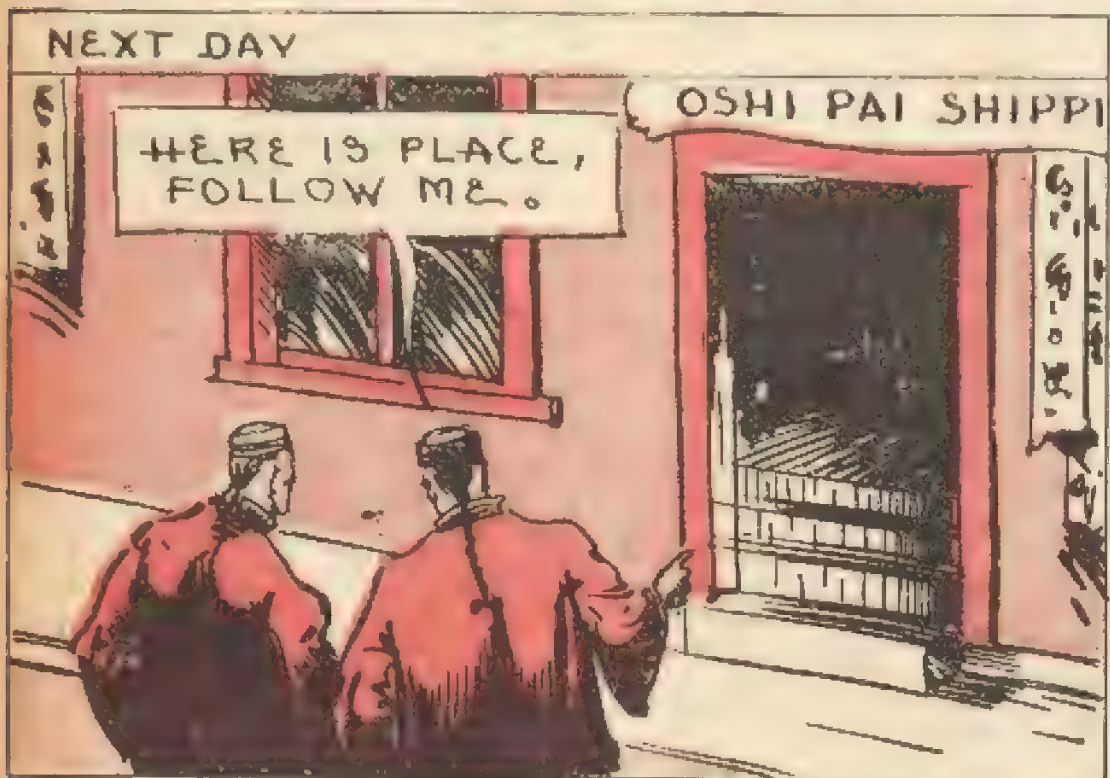
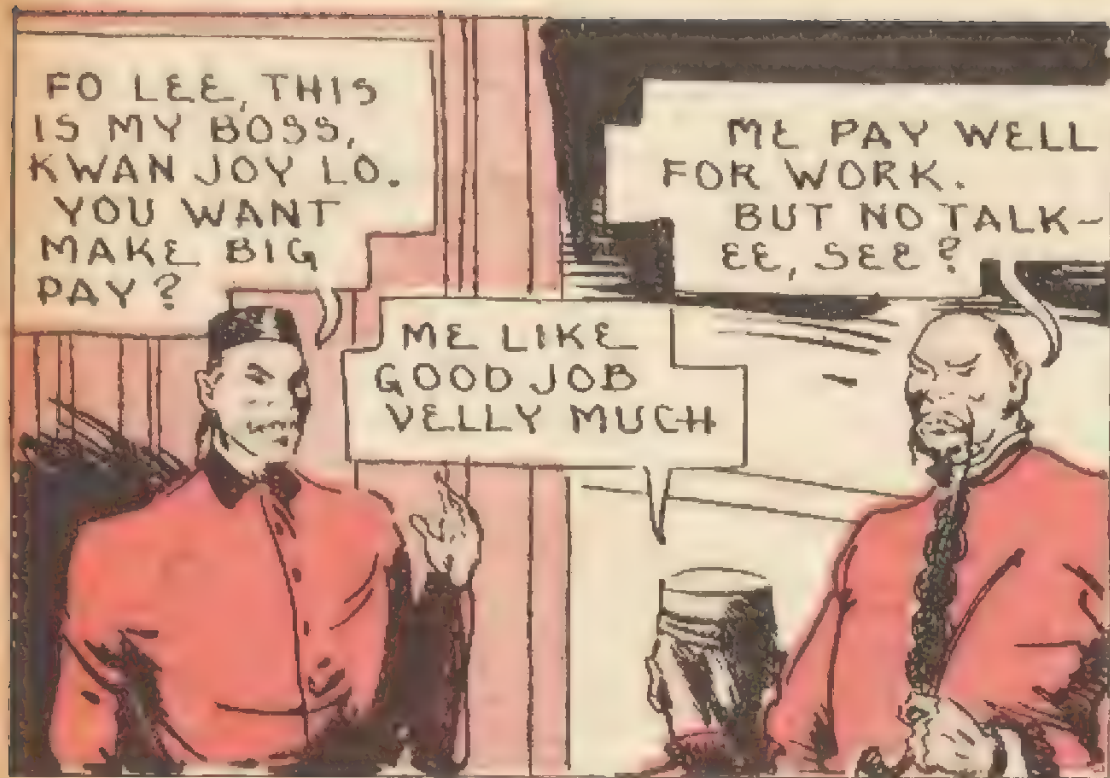


YES, YEN LO, I NEED MORE HELP WITH THIS NEXT SHIP-LOAD. DO YOU THINK WE CAN DEPEND ON HIM.

I WILL ANSWER FOR HIM MYSELF. KWAN JOY LO









WHILE UP ABOVE THE BARGE IS OSTENSIBLY ONLY LOADING ON COAL.



A TUG SNORTS AND THE BARGE IS TOWED FROM THE WHARF.

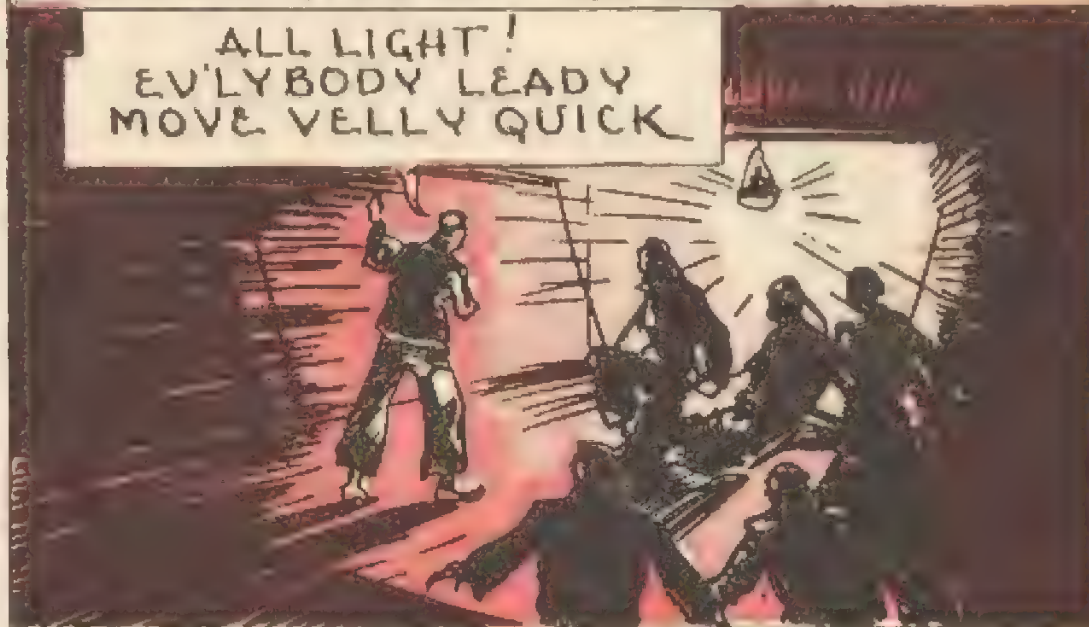


DOWN THE ESTUARY AND OUT TO SEA IT GOES.



MIDNIGHT - THE CHINESE ARE ROUSED AND MUCH ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE BARGE.

ALL LIGHT!  
EV'LYBODY LEADY  
MOVE VELLY QUICK



COSMO HEARS THE LOW MOAN OF A STEAMER WHISTLE AND THE CLANGING OF BELLS.

AHOY!  
STAND BY  
TO LOAD  
CARGO.



OUT OF THE STEAMER'S PORT HOLE COMES A STEADY STREAM OF HUMANS.



AT LAST THE COAL BARGE IS LOADED WITH JABBERING CHINAMEN. IT HEADS BACK FOR THE WHARF.



SUDDENLY THE BARGE BANGS INTO THE DOCK UPSETTING ALL ON BOARD. COSMO'S JACKET GETS TORN ON A NAIL.

LOOKEE!  
WHITE SKIN -  
HE NO CHINA-  
MAN.





DETECTED, COSMO RUNS FOR THE DECK OF THE BARGE.



PURSUED HE LEAPS TO THE WHARF.



SEVERAL ORIENTALS LEAP AFTER HIM AS THE BOAT SUDDENLY SWINGS OUT FOR AN ORDERED GETAWAY.



THERE IS BUT ONE AVENUE OF ESCAPE FOR COSMO-THE SECRET PASSAGE.

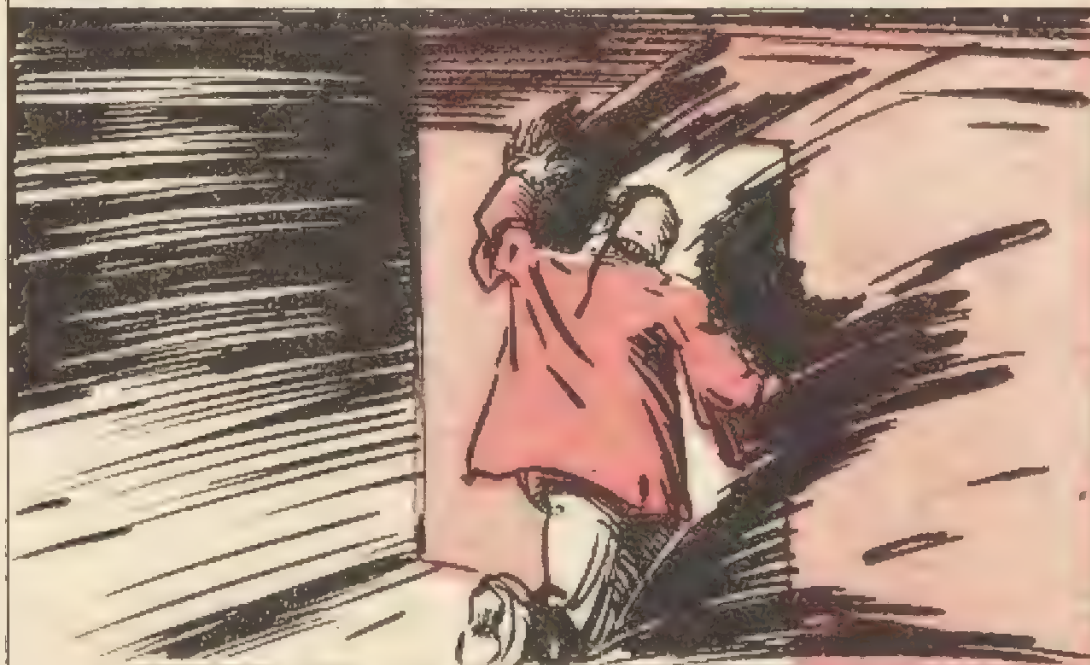
WELL, I SURE STIRRED UP A NEST OF HORNETS THAT TIME. I'D HATE TO BE MADE INTO CHOP SUEY



DOWN THE DARK CORRIDOR HE DASHES, DRAWING HIS AUTOMATIC.



AT THE HIDDEN DOOR HE FUMBLES ABOUT FOR THE SECRET SLIDE.



TRAPPED, COSMO HEARS A SOUND ON THE OUTER SIDE. SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING THE EVIL FACE OF KWAN JOY LO.

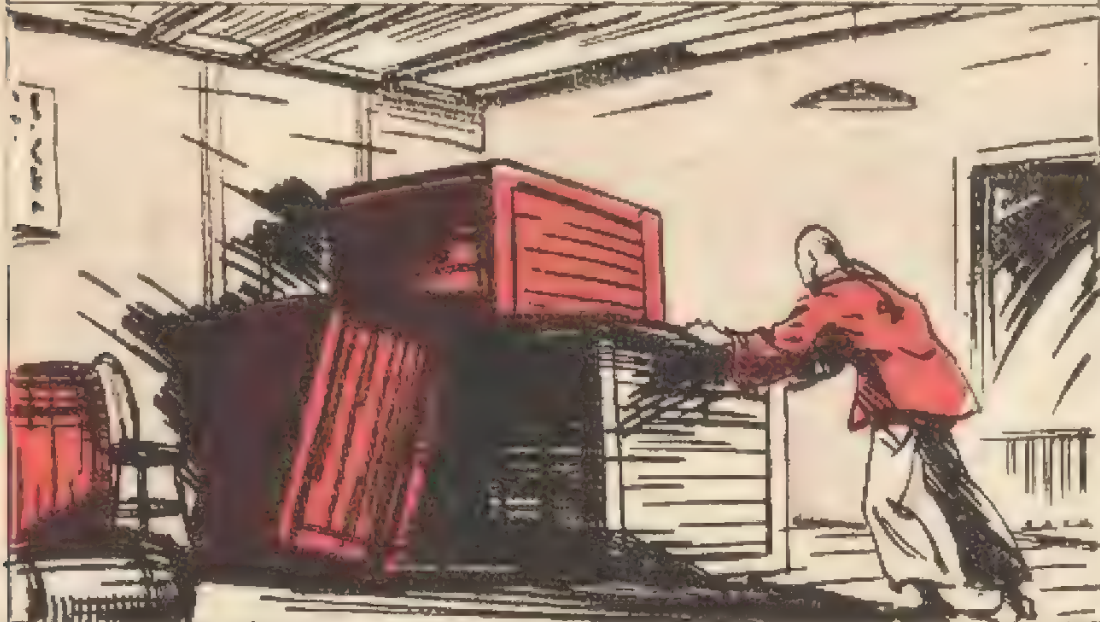


INSTANTLY COSMO LEAPS FOR THE ORIENTAL, SURPRISING HIM WITH A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT.

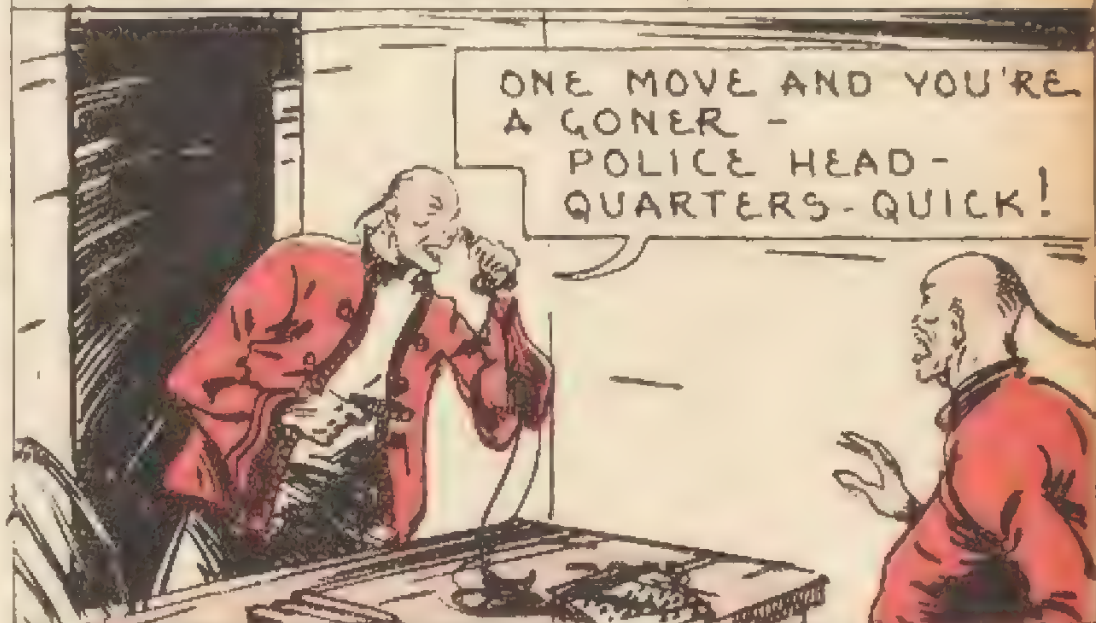




COSMO RUSHES OUT AND PUSHES HEAVY CASES AGAINST THE DOOR TO DELAY THE PURSUERS.



NEXT MOMENT HE IS IN THE OFFICE, HIS GUN LEVELED AT THE CLERK AS HE REACHES FOR THE PHONE.



ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE A GONER - POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS-QUICK!

COSMO SPEAKING - SEND A SQUAD TO 69 SHORE SIDE IMMEDIATELY -



WITH A GIGANTIC LEAP COSMO CLEARS THE DESK AND LANDS BEHIND THE CLERK.



HE HURLS THE HAPLESS CLERK INTO HIS PURSUERS MIDST



HE GAINS THE OUTER DOOR AND RUNS INTO THE ARMS OF THE POLICE.



HERE, HERE, CHOP STICKS, AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WHAT- YOU'RE COSMO?

SURE, MIKE DONOVAN, AND I'M A DANCING DERVISH TOO - DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO HEAR OF COSMO?

WELL, MAKE SURE NOW - MAYBE I'M NAPOLEON AFTER ALL --

BUT COME, LET'S ROUND THESE CHINKS UP BEFORE THEY HOTFOOT IT FOR CHINA.



THE CHINESE SUBDUED COSMO PICKS UP THE PHONE AGAIN.

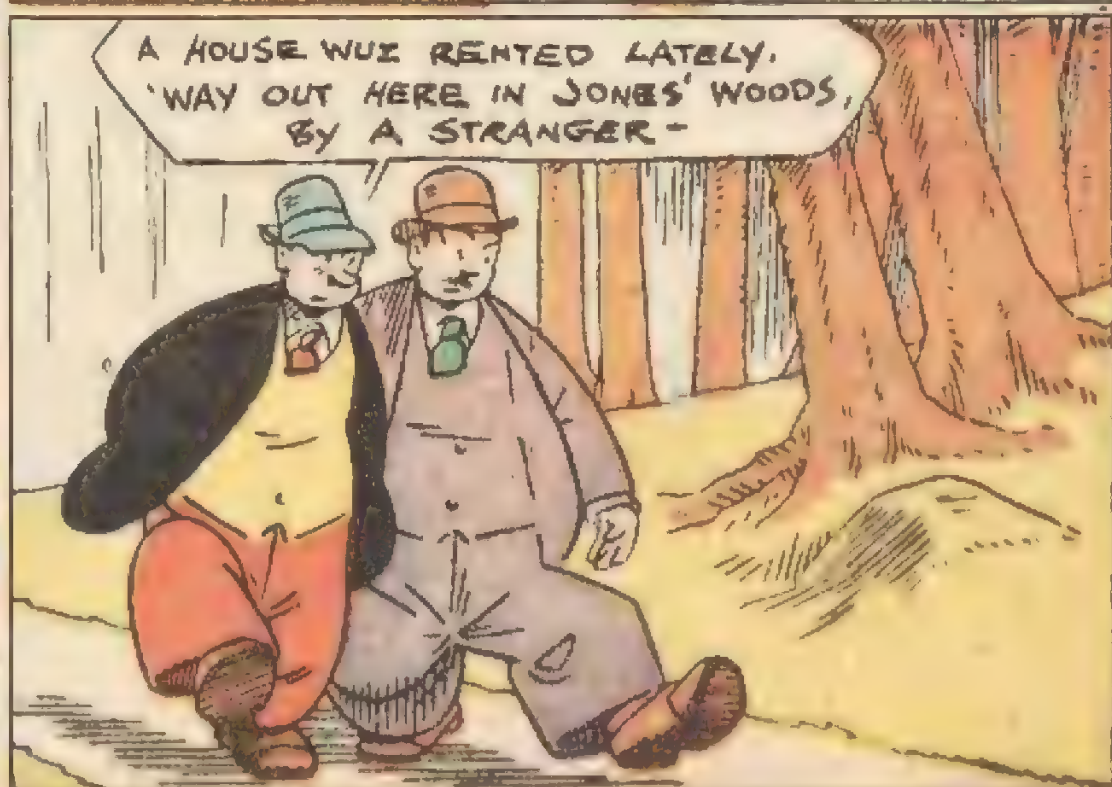
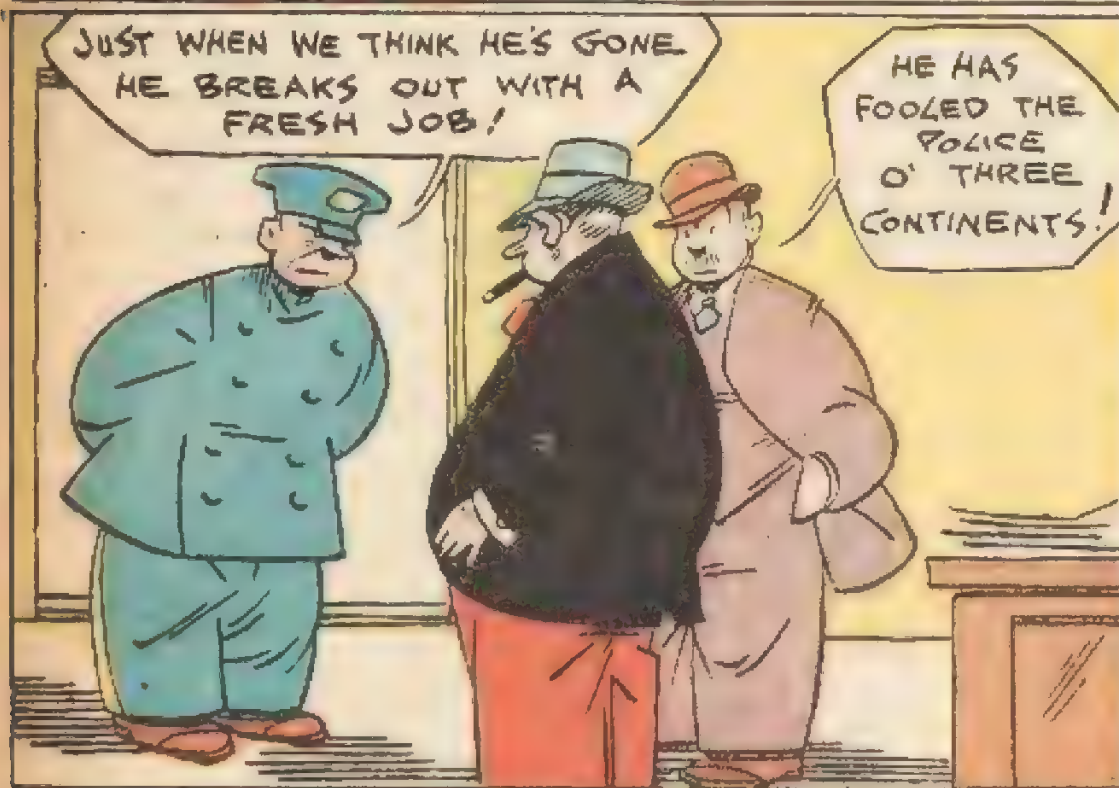
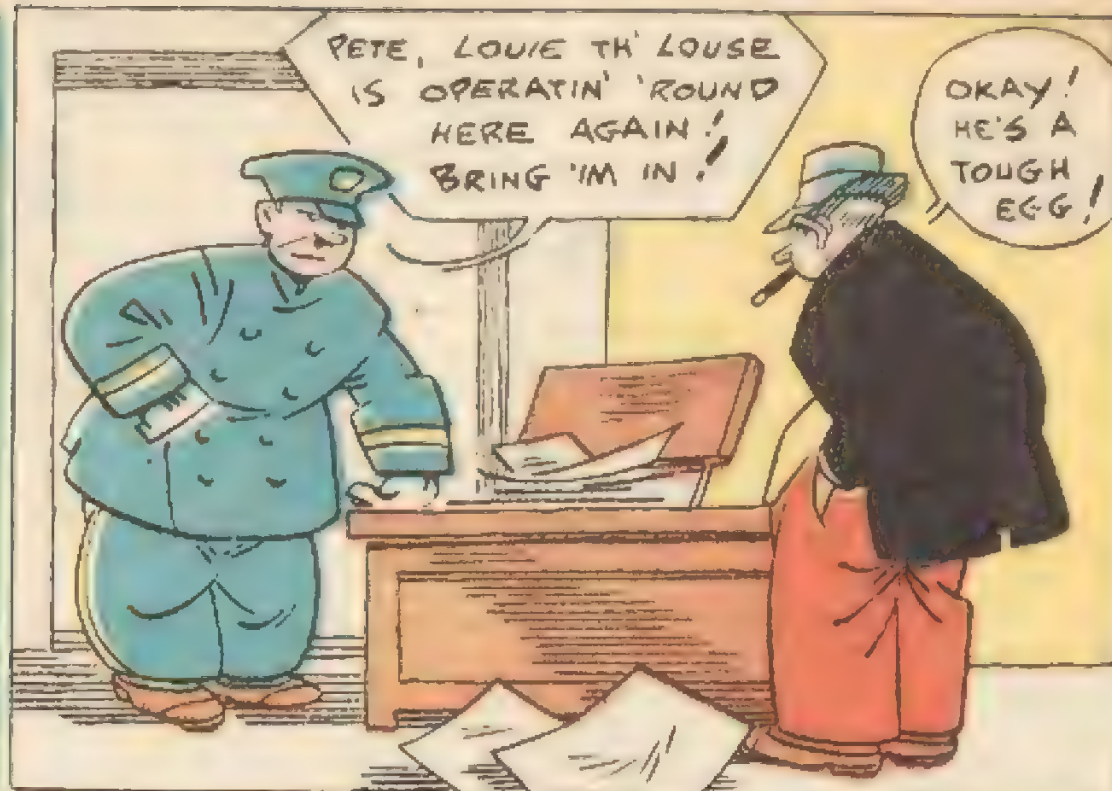


HELLO! COAST GUARD? PICK UP COAL BARGE AND TUG NEAR PIER 39. THEY'RE CHINESE SMUGGLERS, WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THE GANG.



# PLAIN CLOTHES PETE

BY ALGER







WE'LL SEE  
WOT WE CAN  
LEARN 'BOUT  
THAT PLACE!



WE'RE LOOKIN'  
FER SMITH'S  
PLACE!

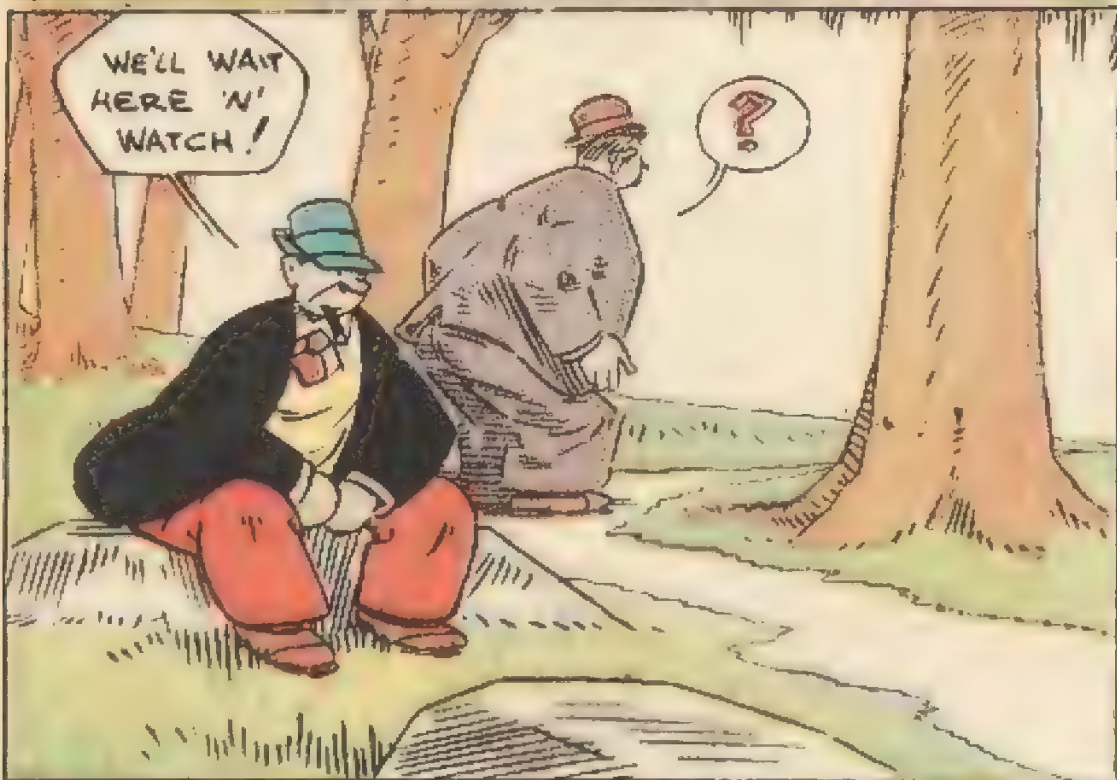
NEVER  
HEARD  
OF IT!



I DIDN'T LIKE  
TH' LOOKS O'  
THAT BIRD!



NOW THERE'S  
TH' HOUSE



WE'LL WAIT  
HERE 'N'  
WATCH!

?



PETE, I  
GOT A FEELIN'  
WE'RE  
BEIN'  
FOLLERED!

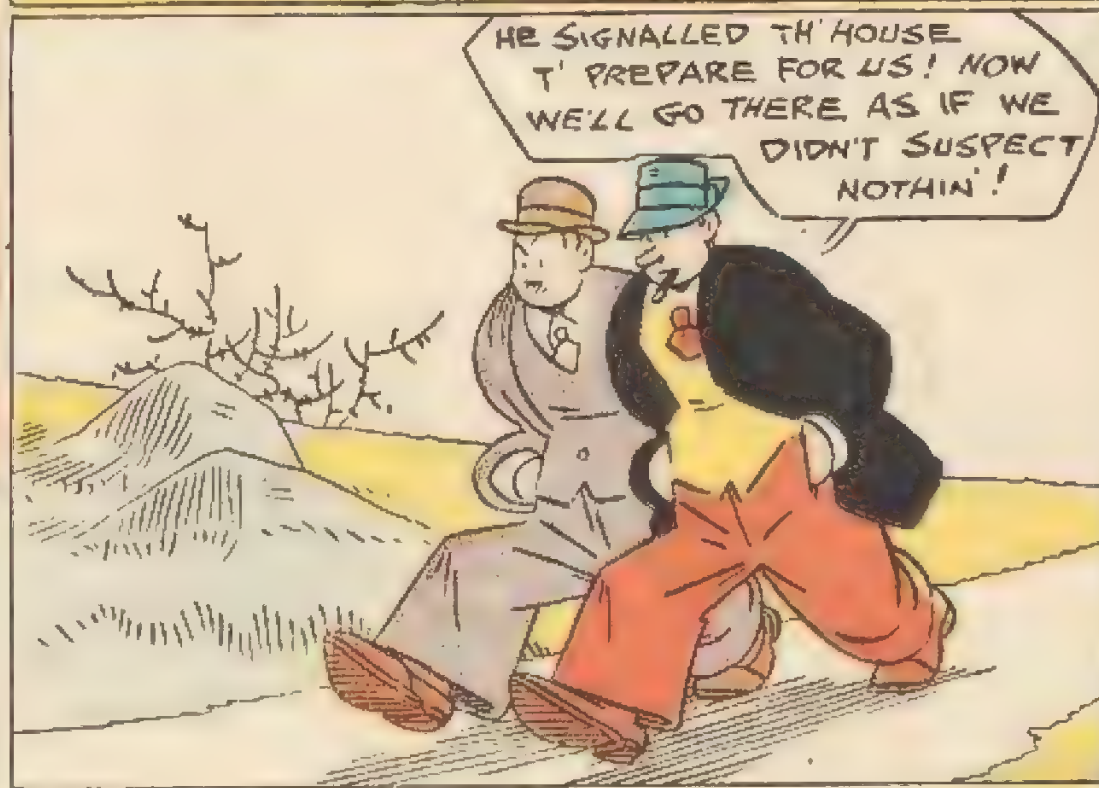


YOU'RE  
RITE! I SEE  
A GUY BACK  
OF US!

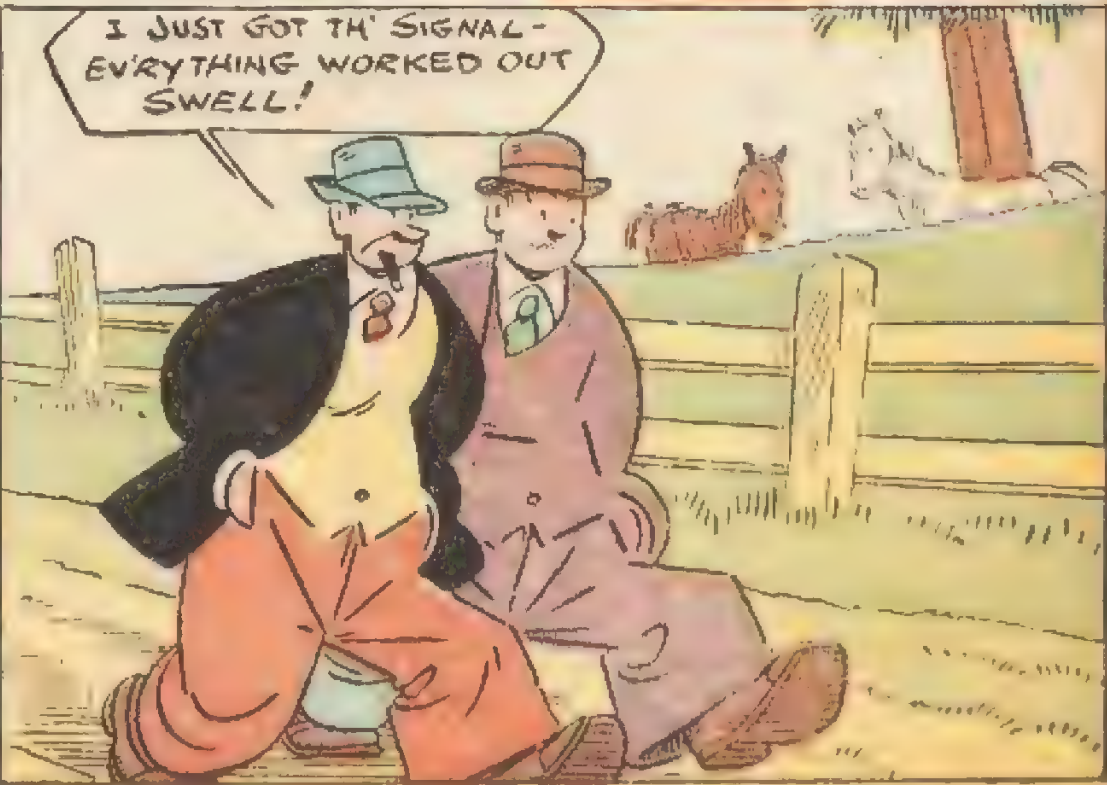


I SAY, FRIEND,  
WHERE'S THE  
DUGAN PLACE  
AROUND HERE?











# SLAM BRADLEY

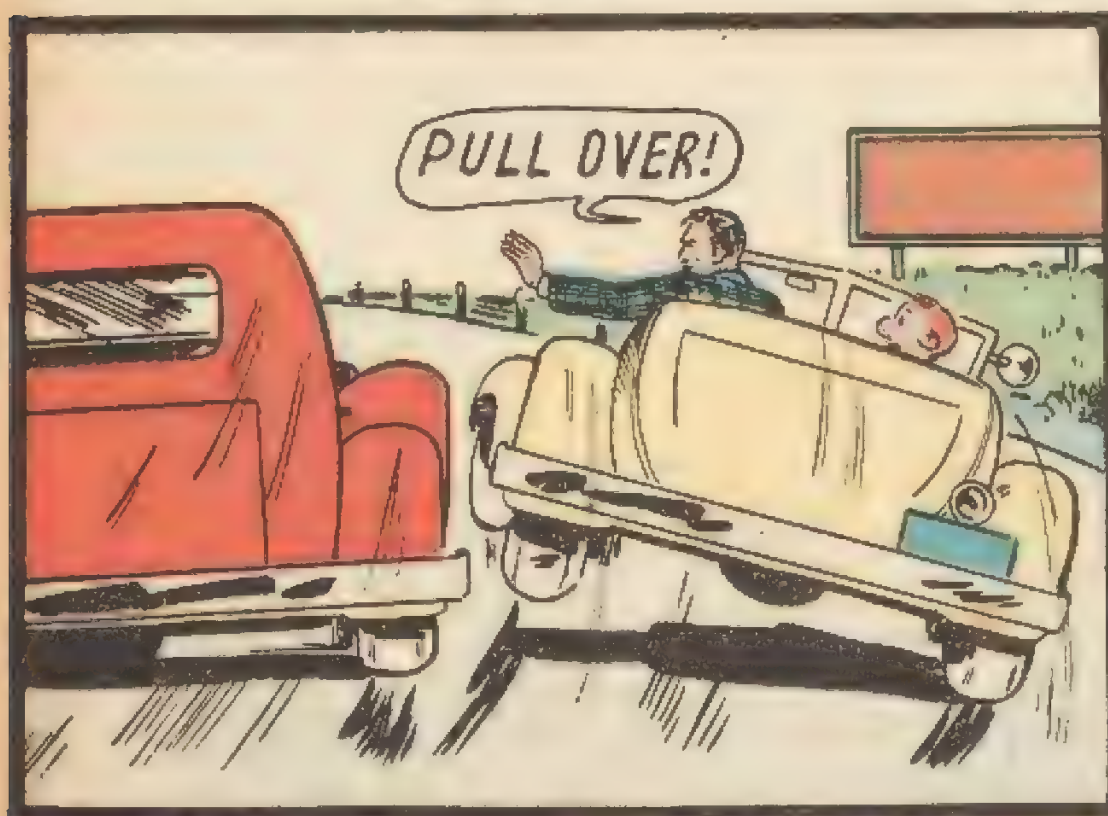
by

JERRY  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

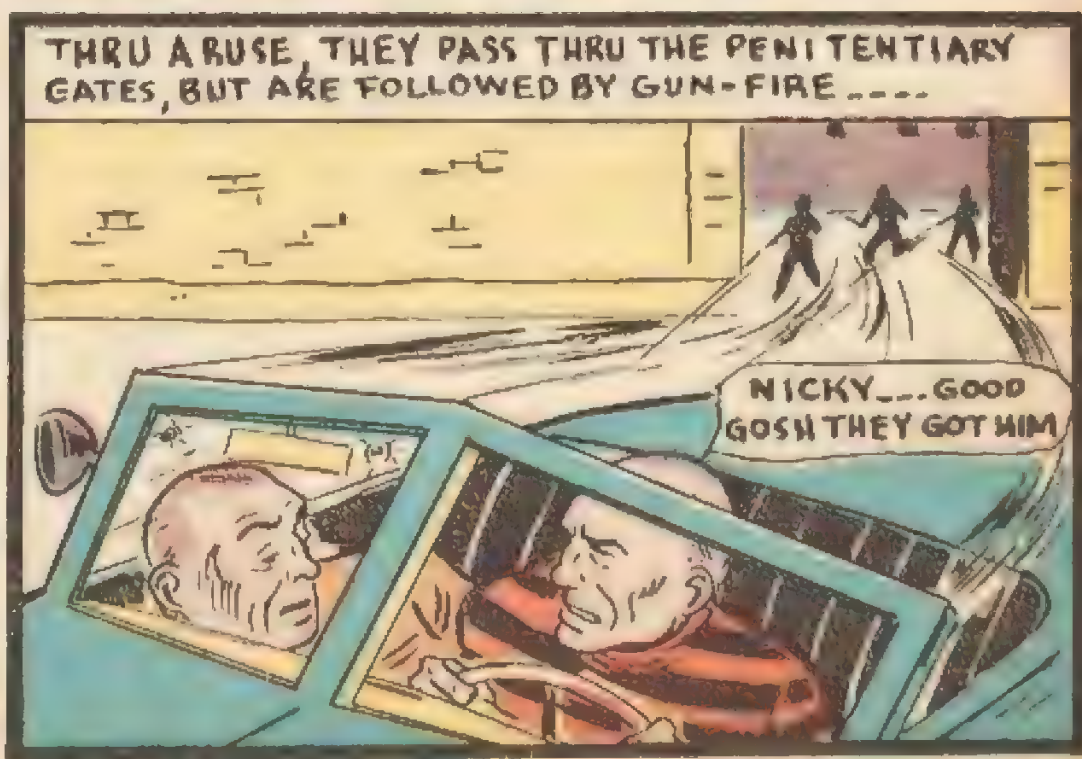
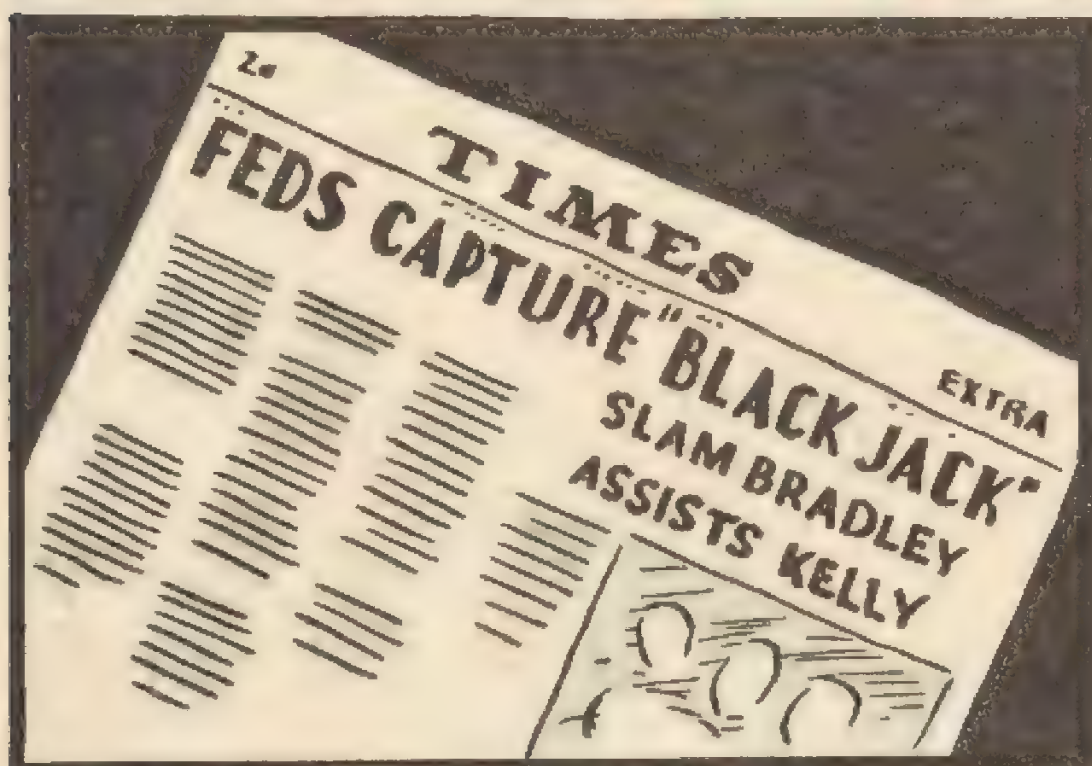
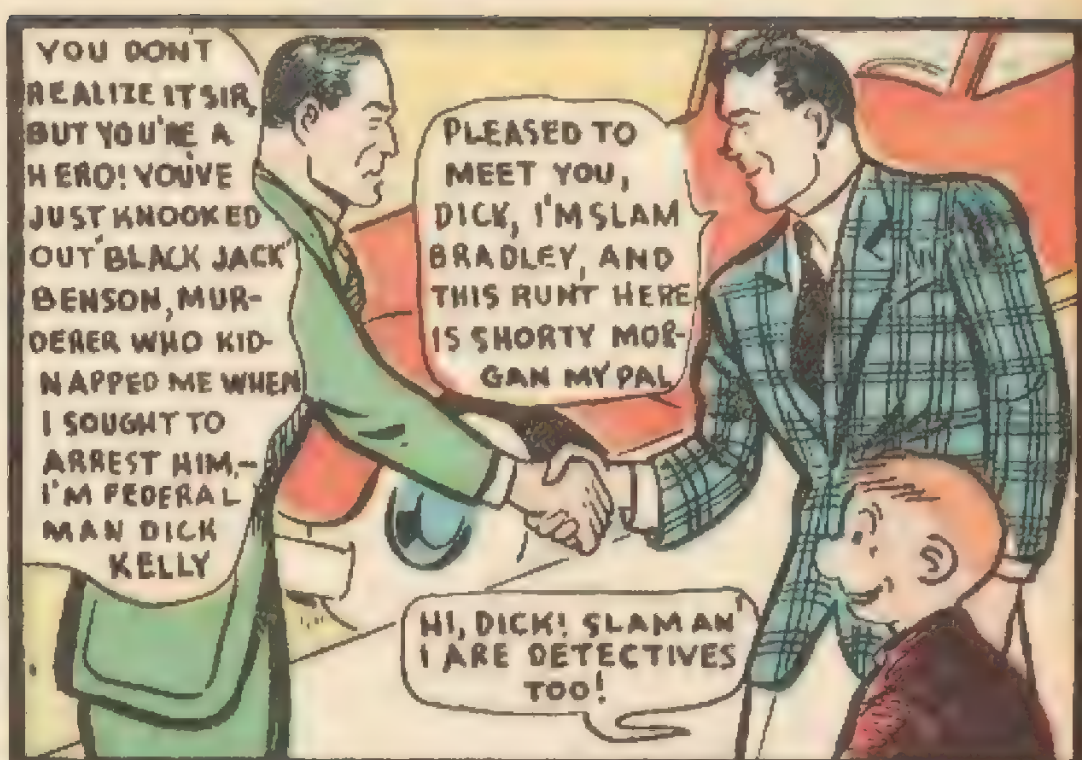
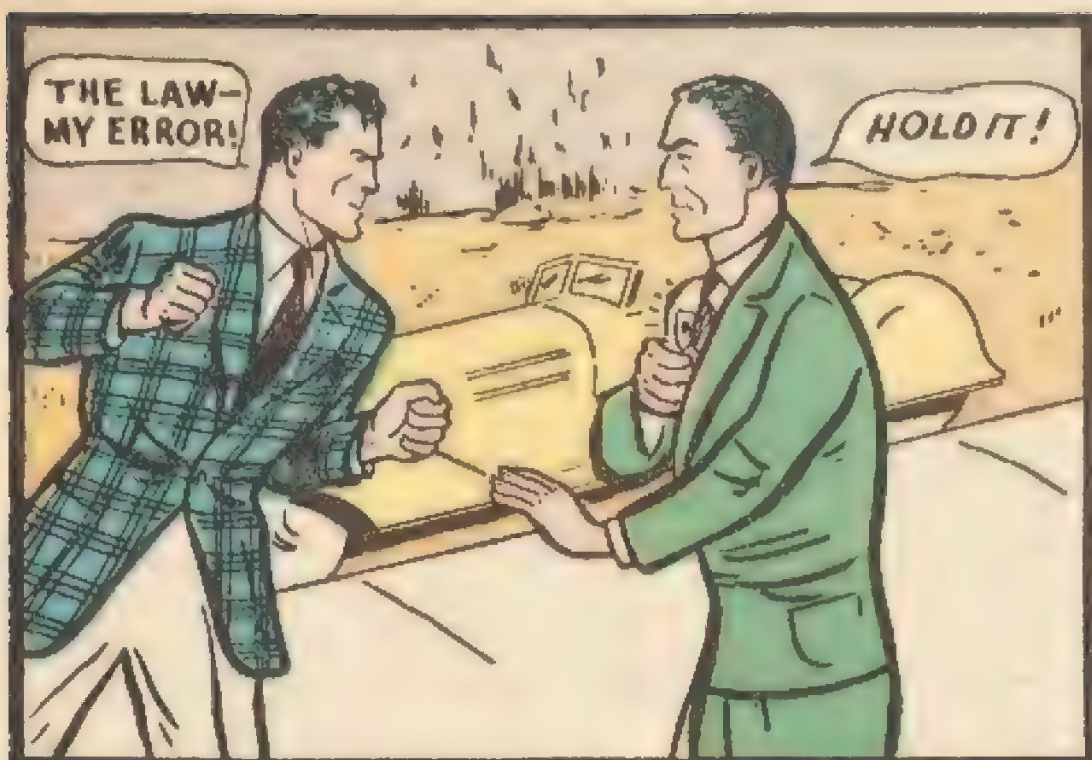
OUT JOY-RIDING, TO RELAX FROM THE TENSION OF MANHUNTING, SLAM BRADLEY, TOUGH PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HIS PARTNER PAL, SHORTY MORGAN, FIND THE RIDE NO PLEASURE WHEN A HURTLING SEDAN FORCES THEM OFF THE ROAD, AS IT WHIZZES BY AT A TERRIFIC RATE OF SPEED!

AFTER 'IM!

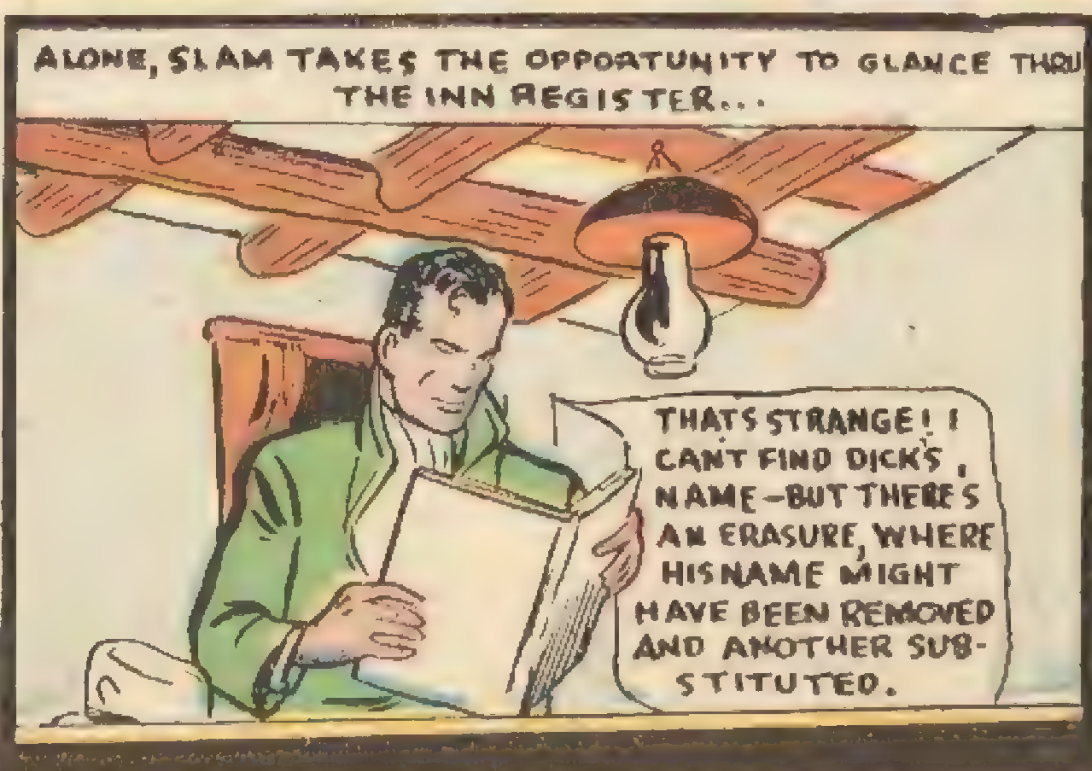
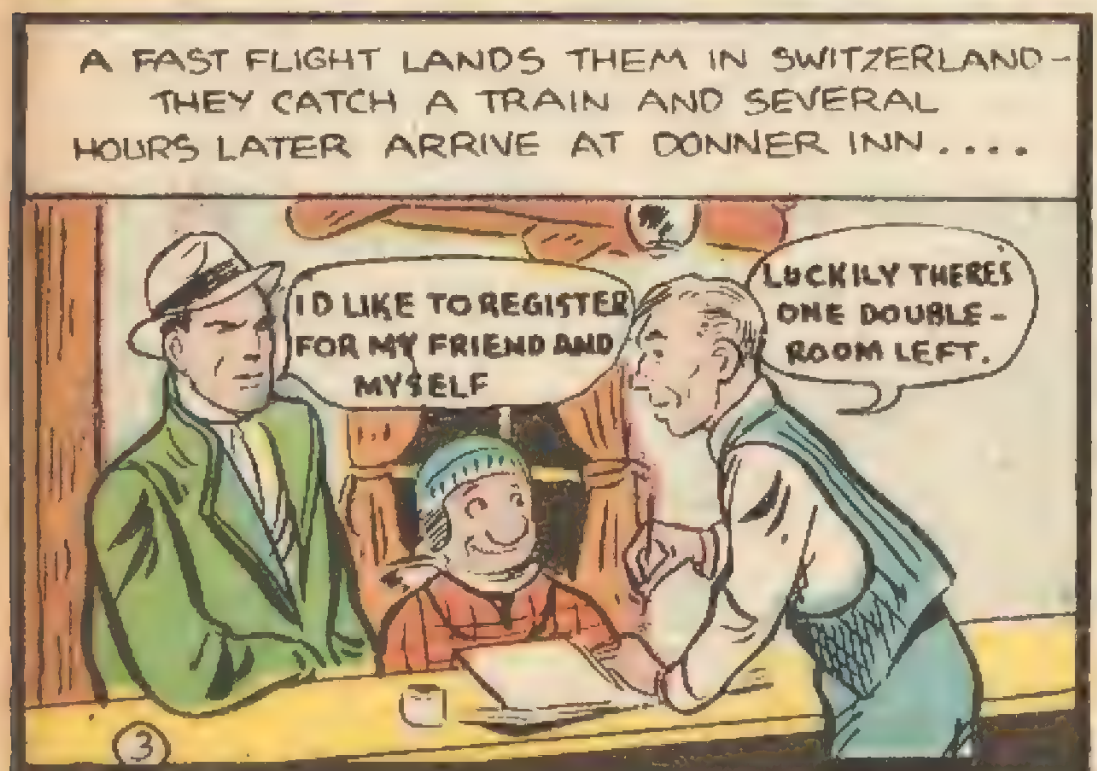
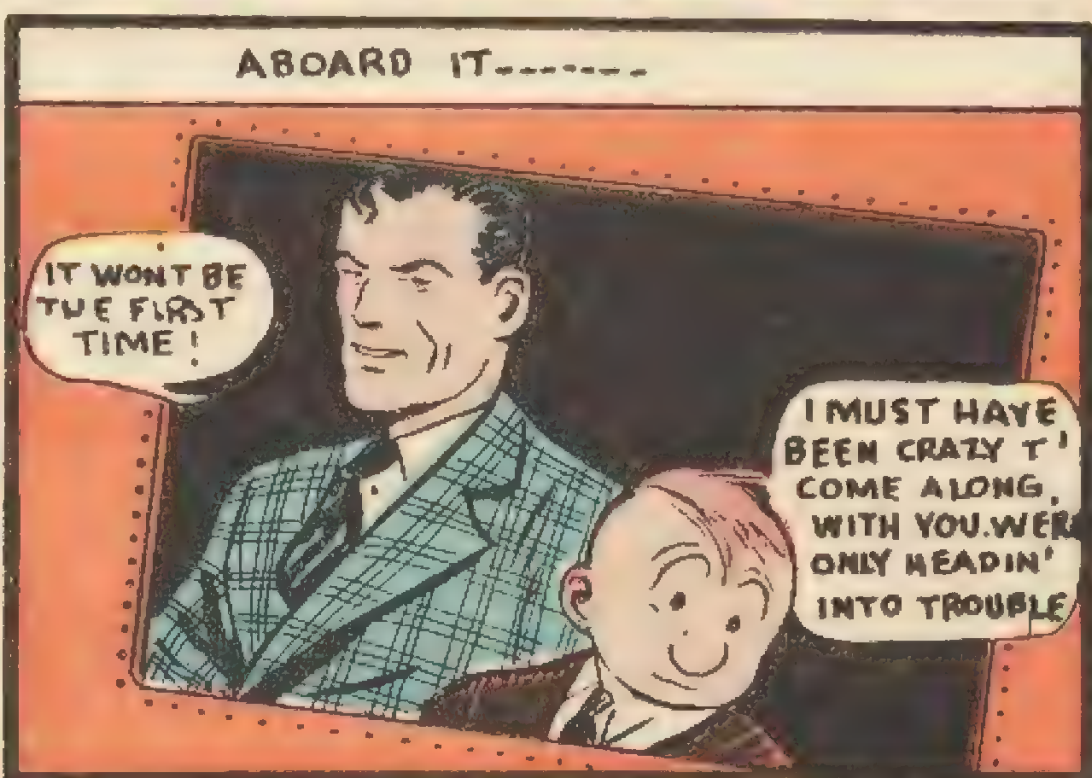
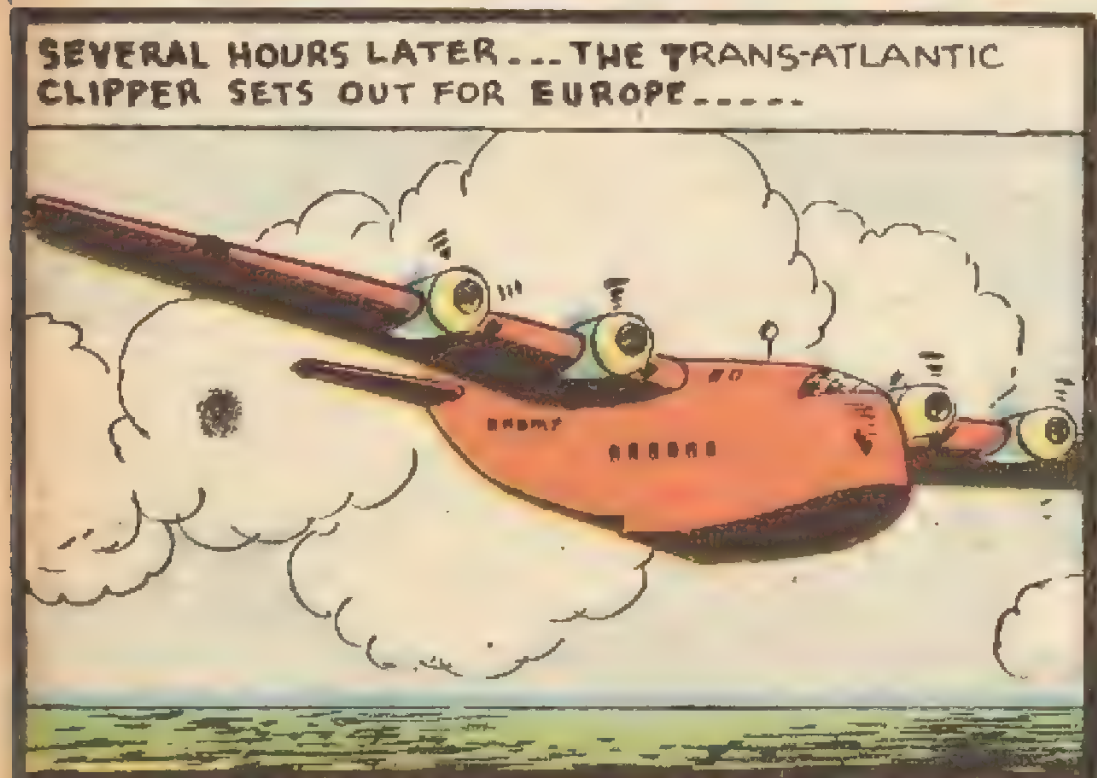
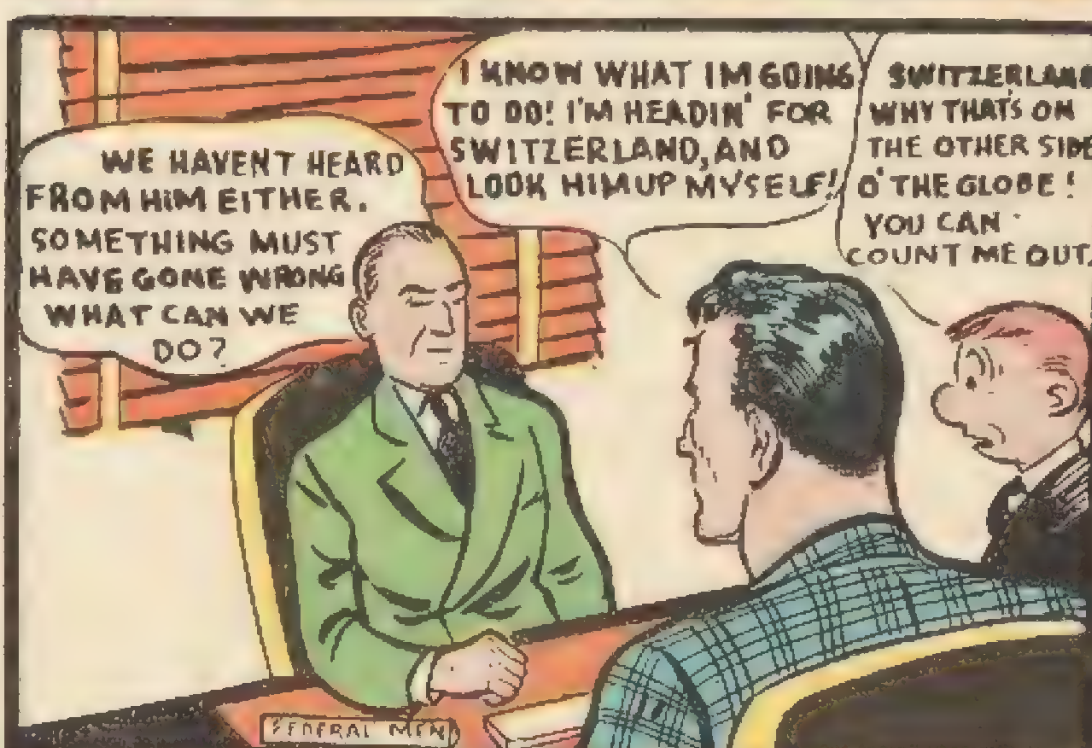
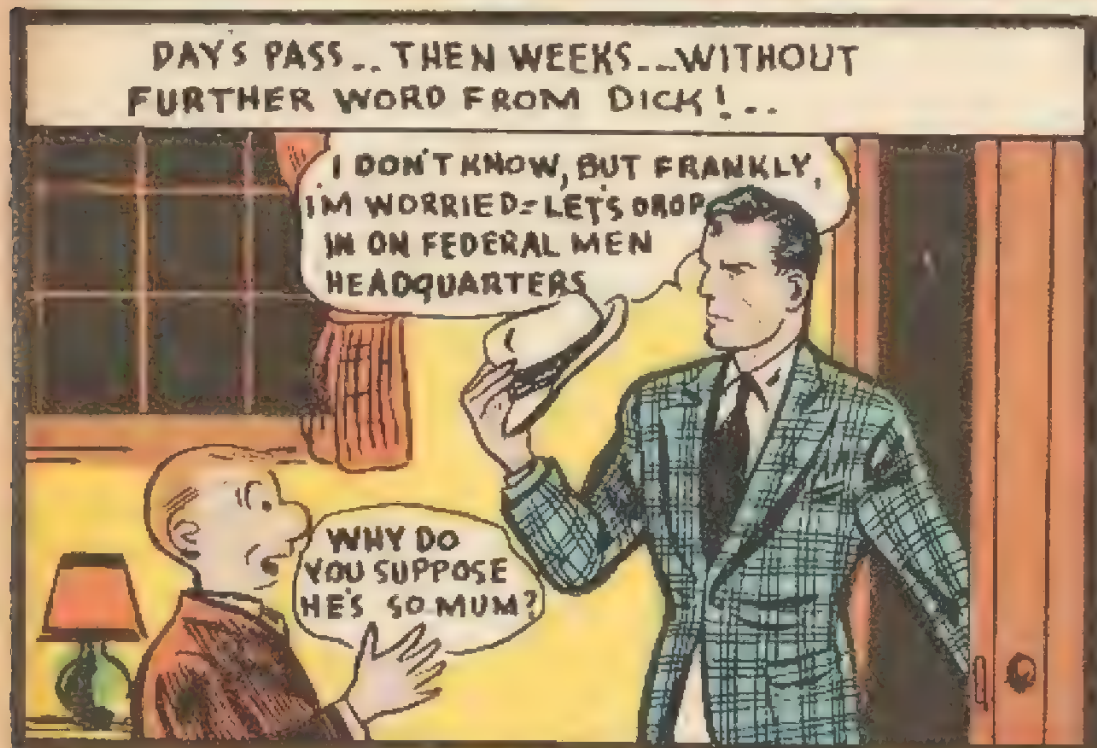
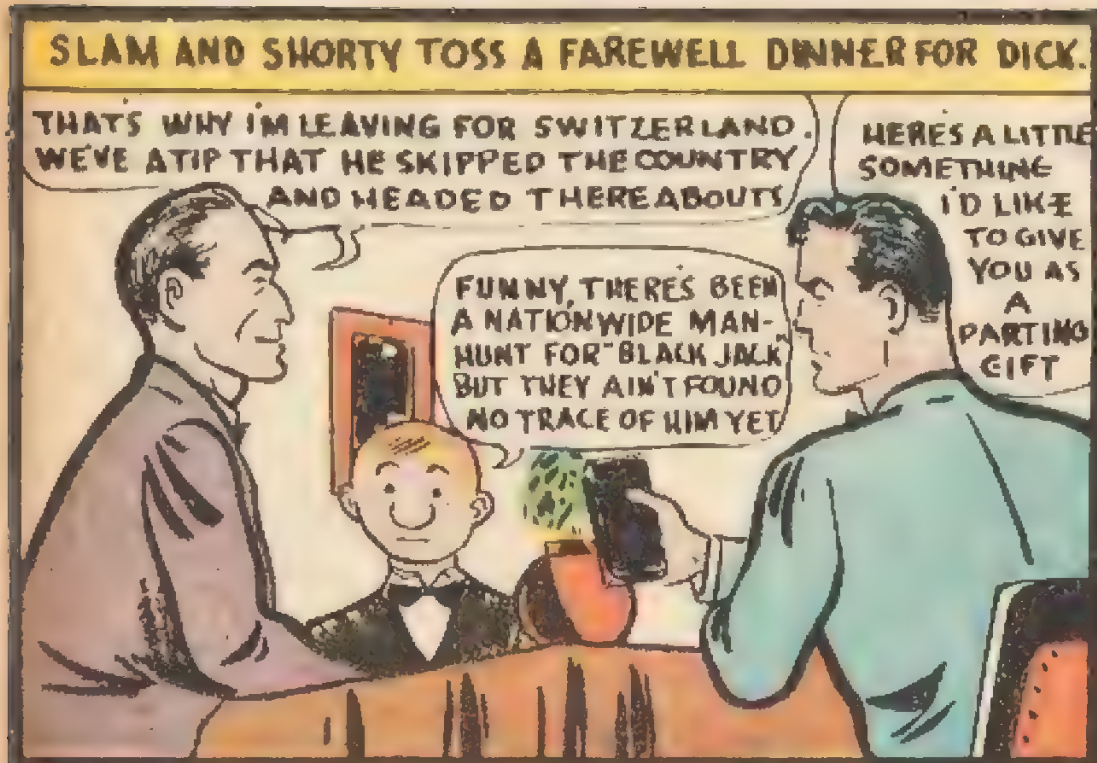
WHY TH' DURN ROADHOG!  
HE DIDN'T EVER BLOW  
HIS HORN!



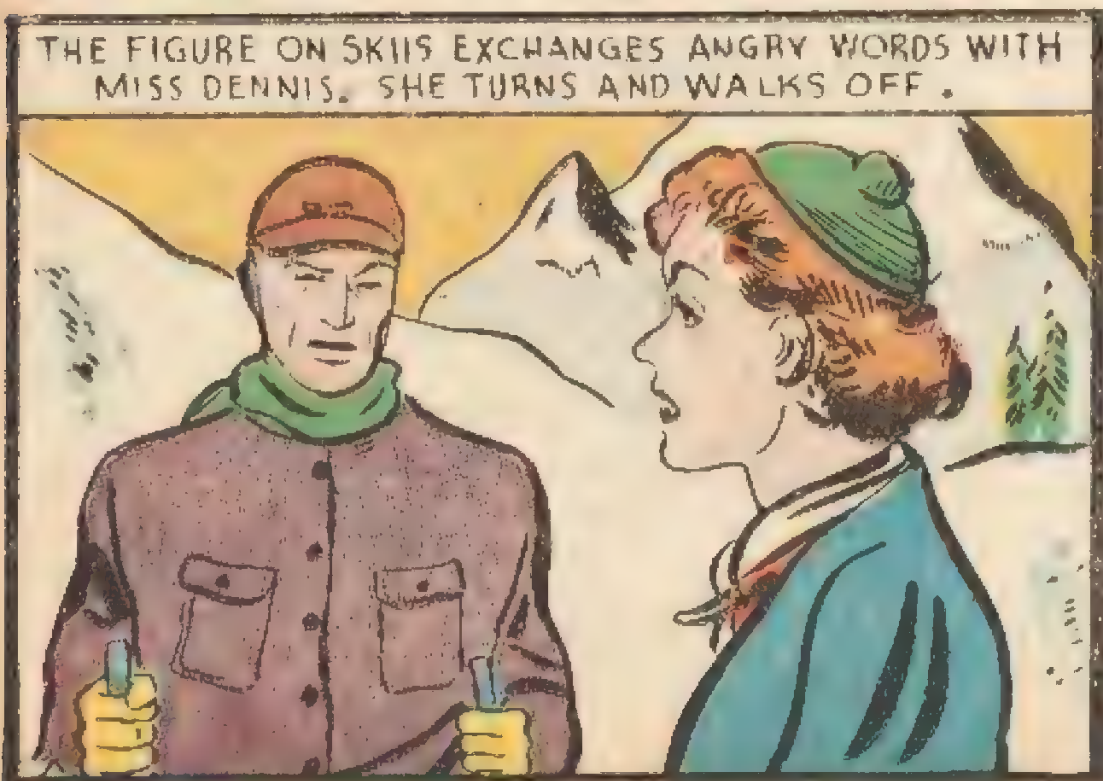
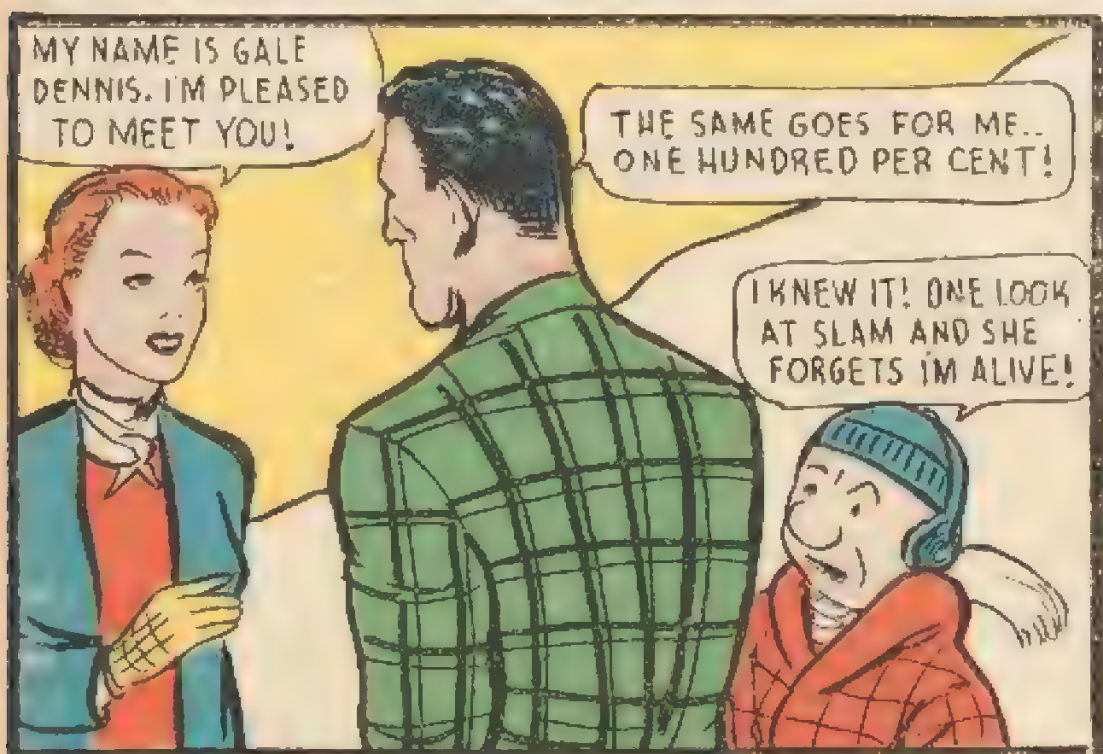
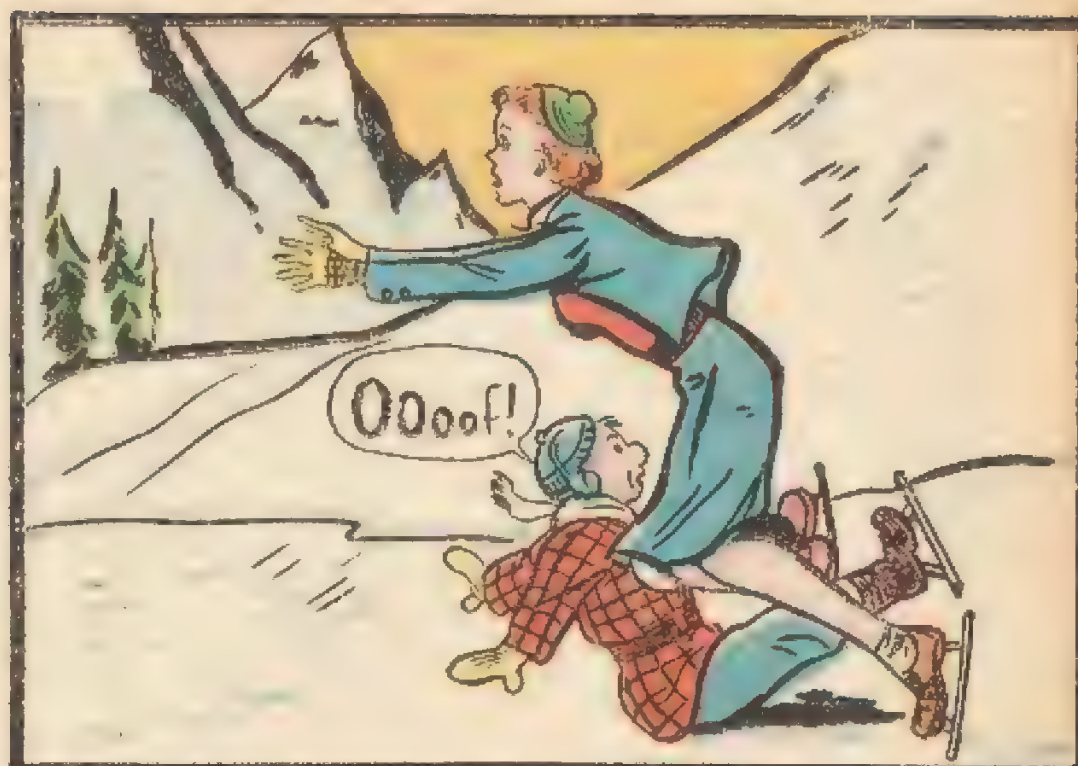




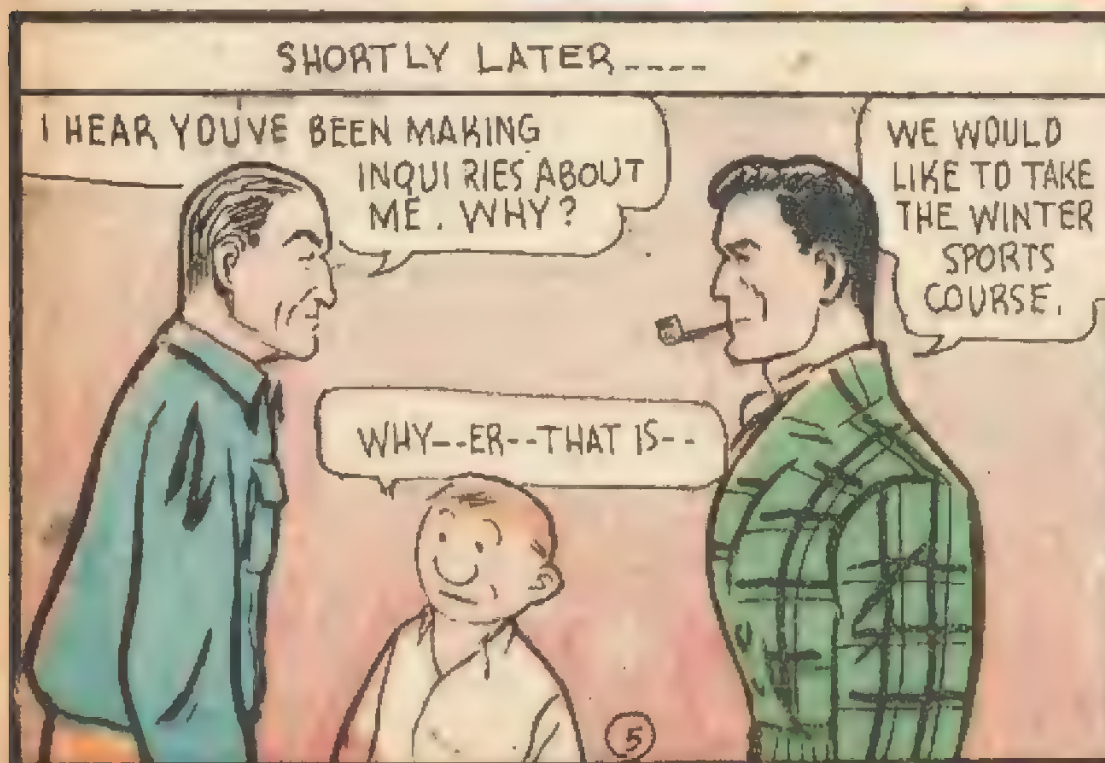
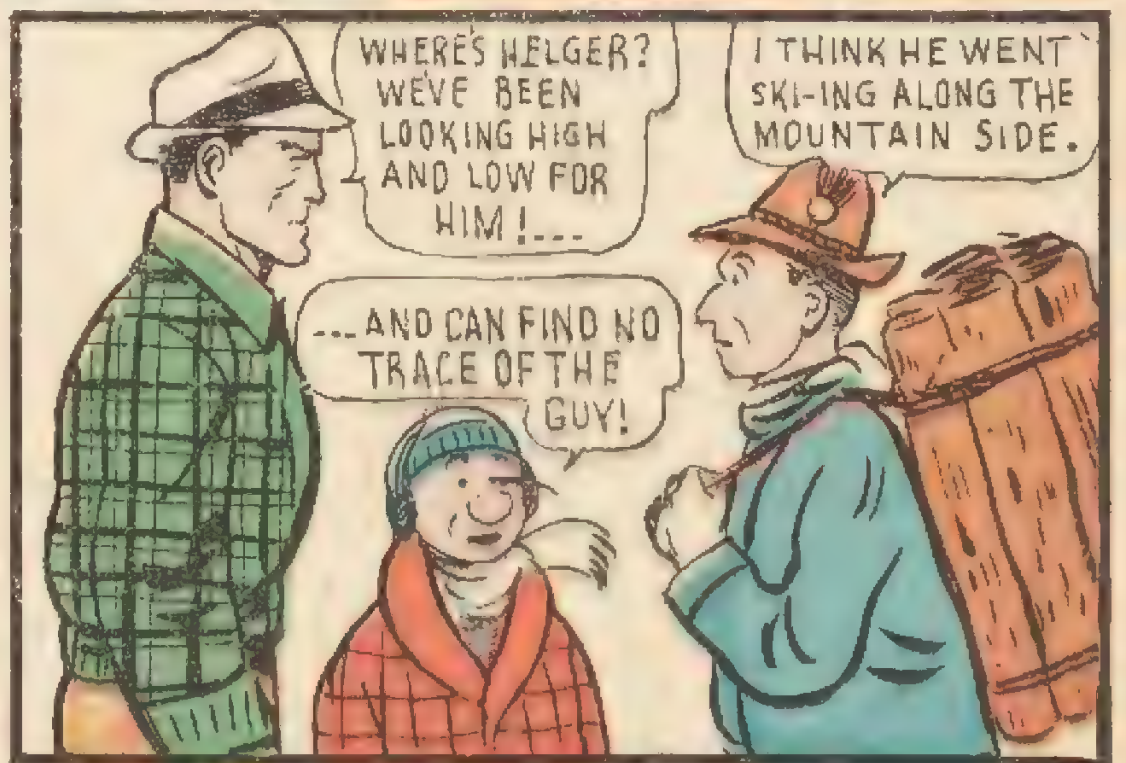
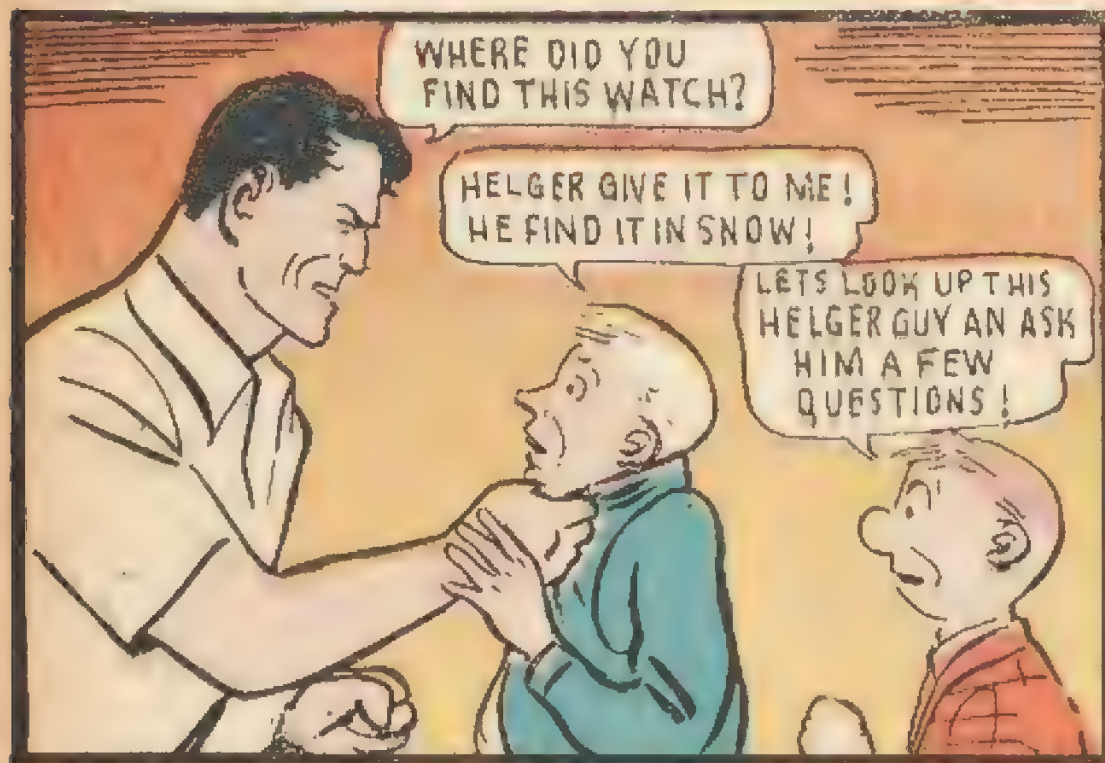
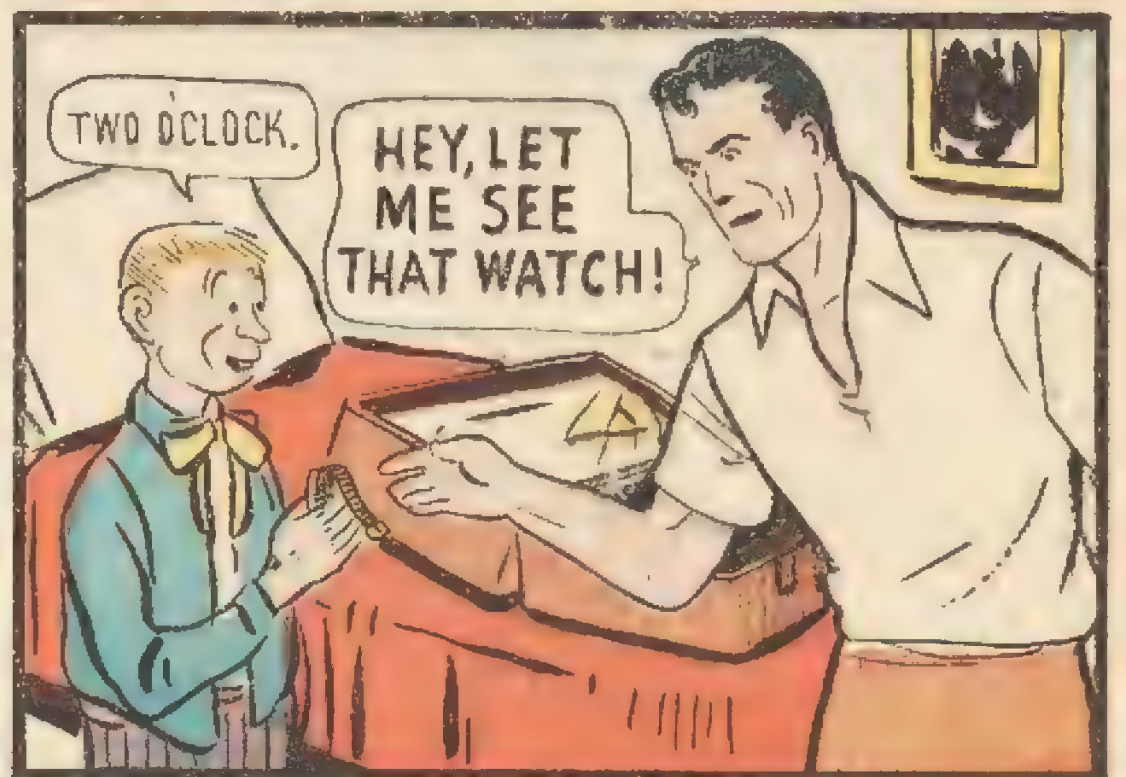
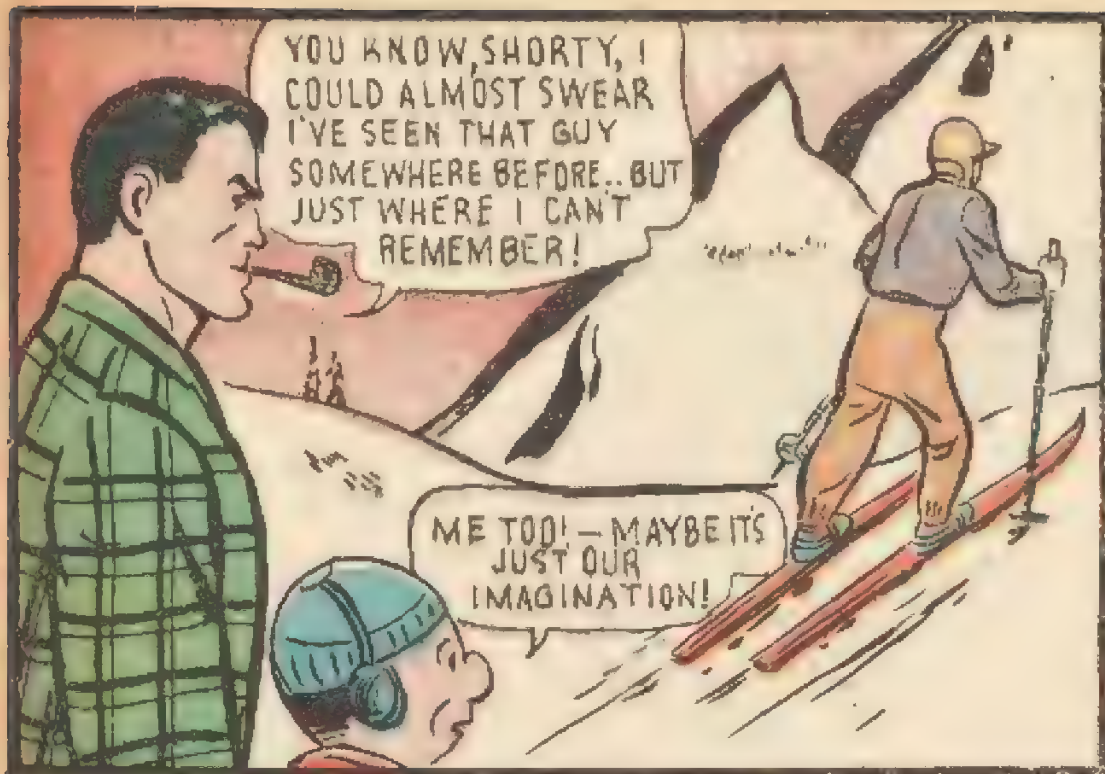




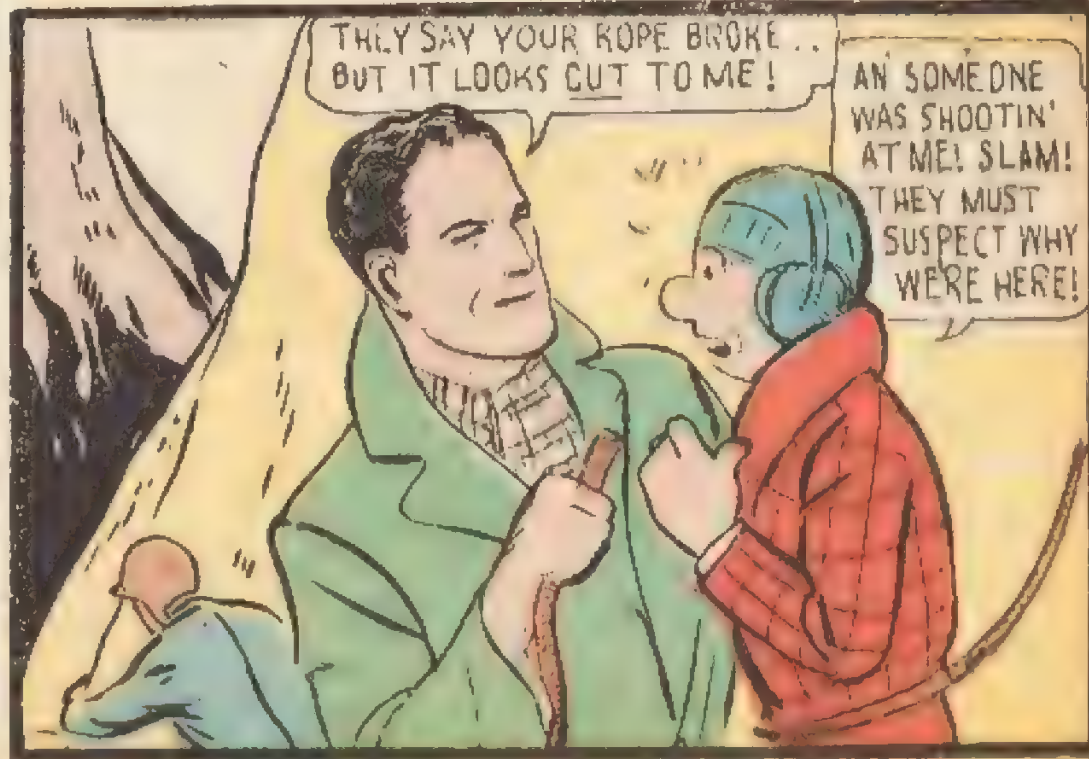
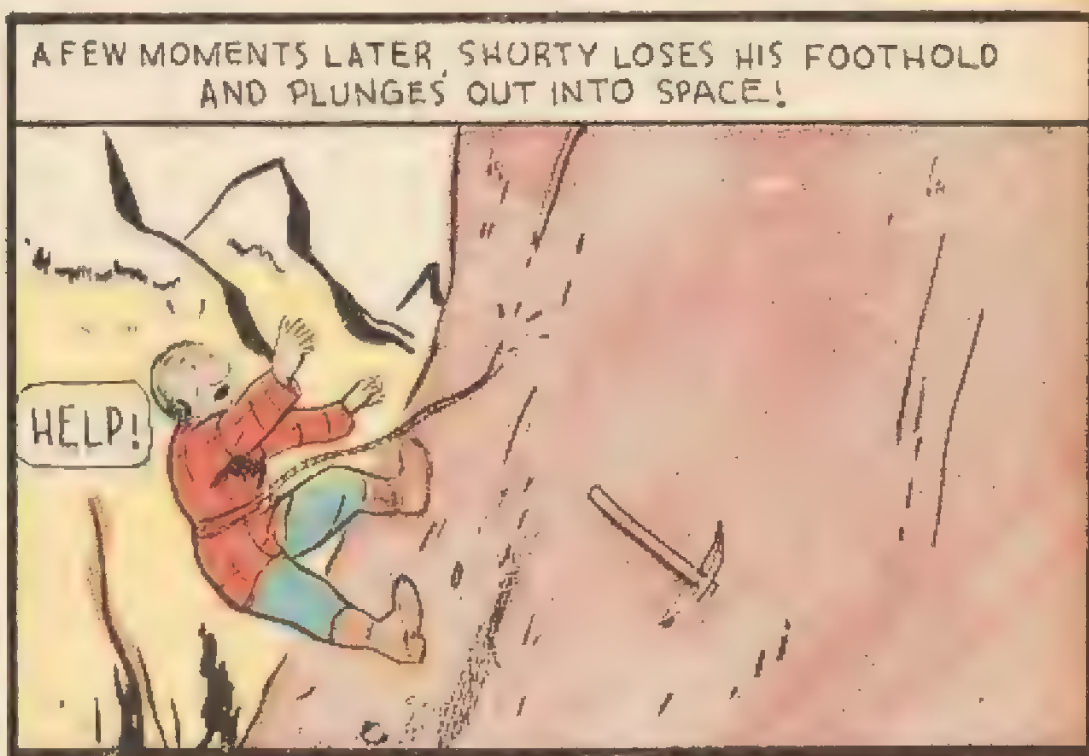
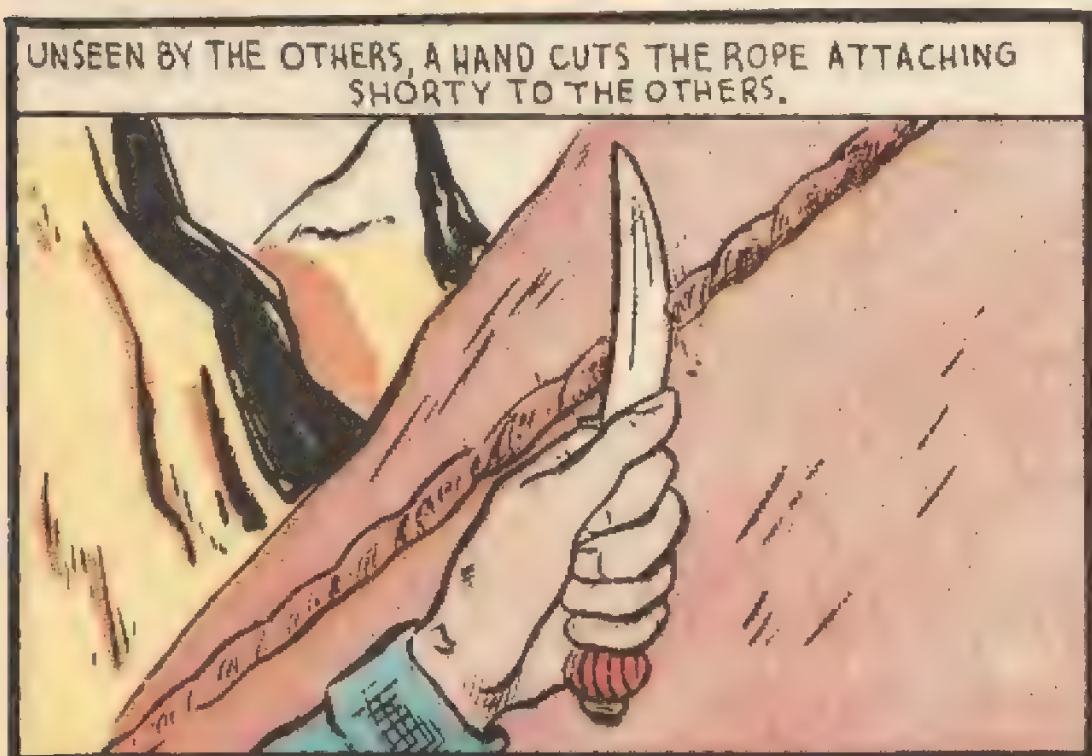
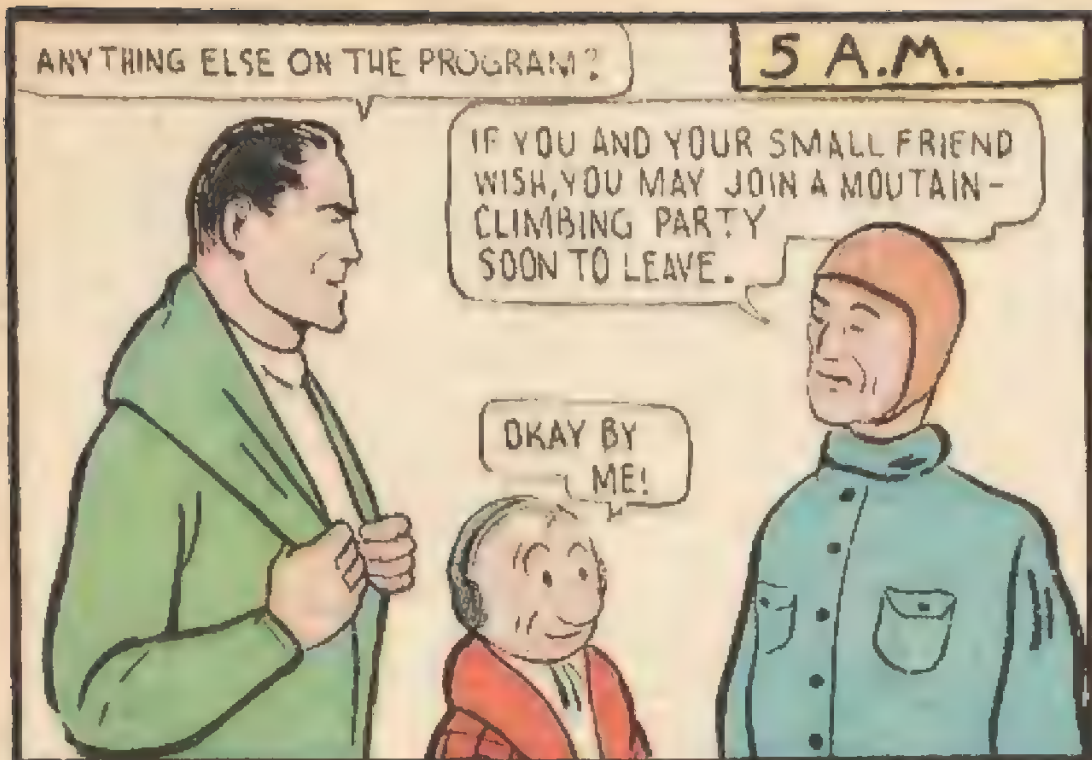




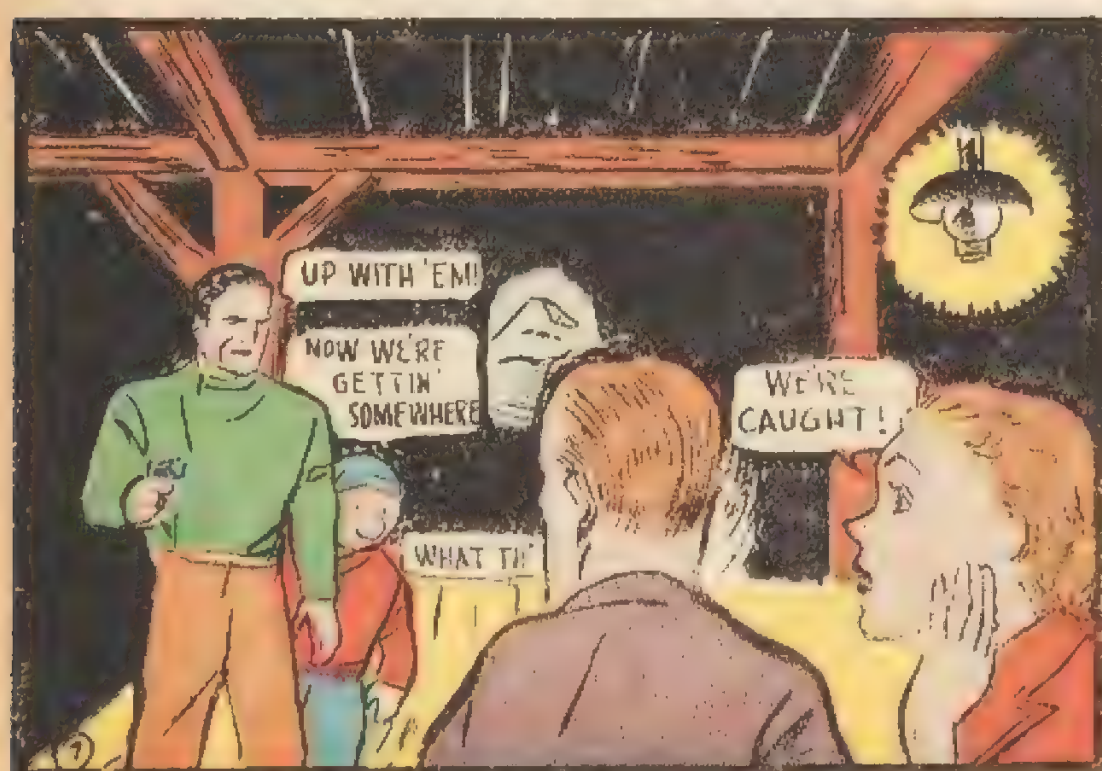
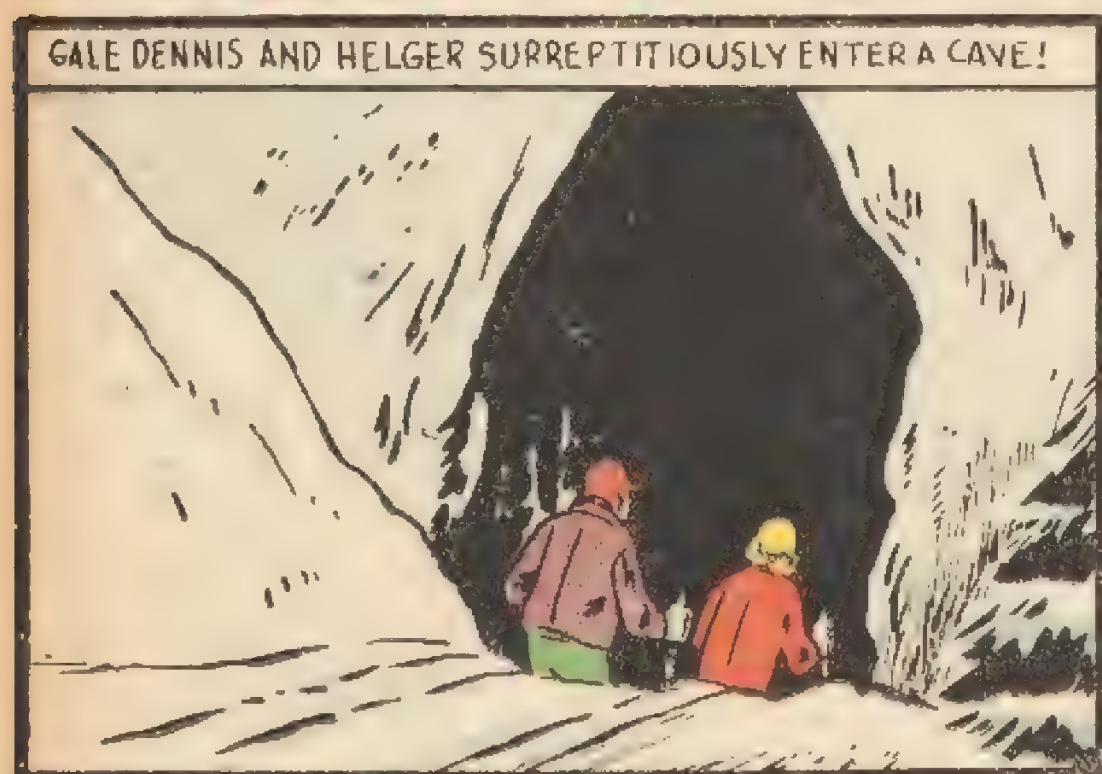
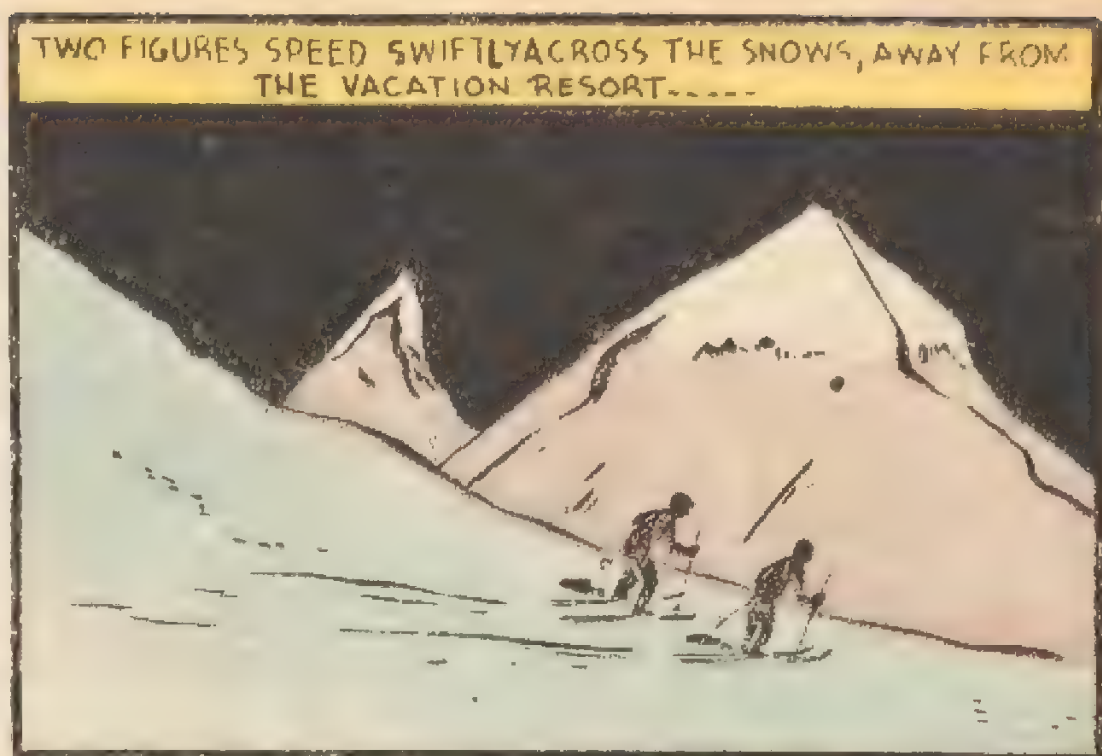
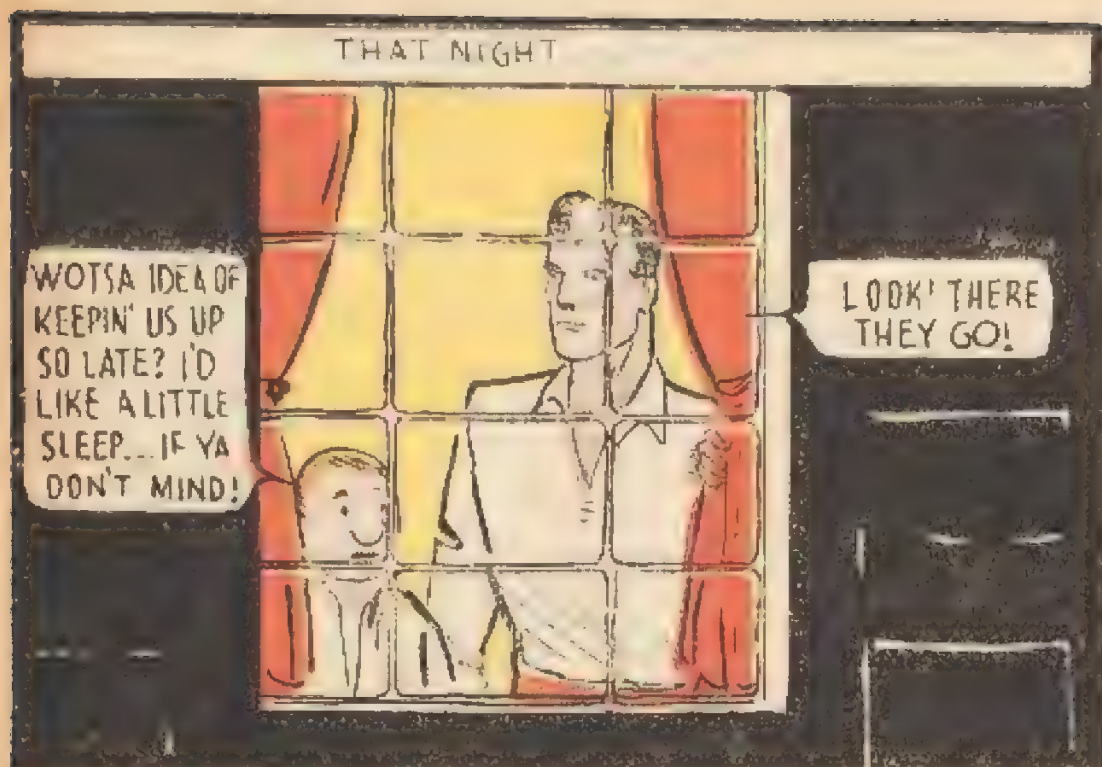








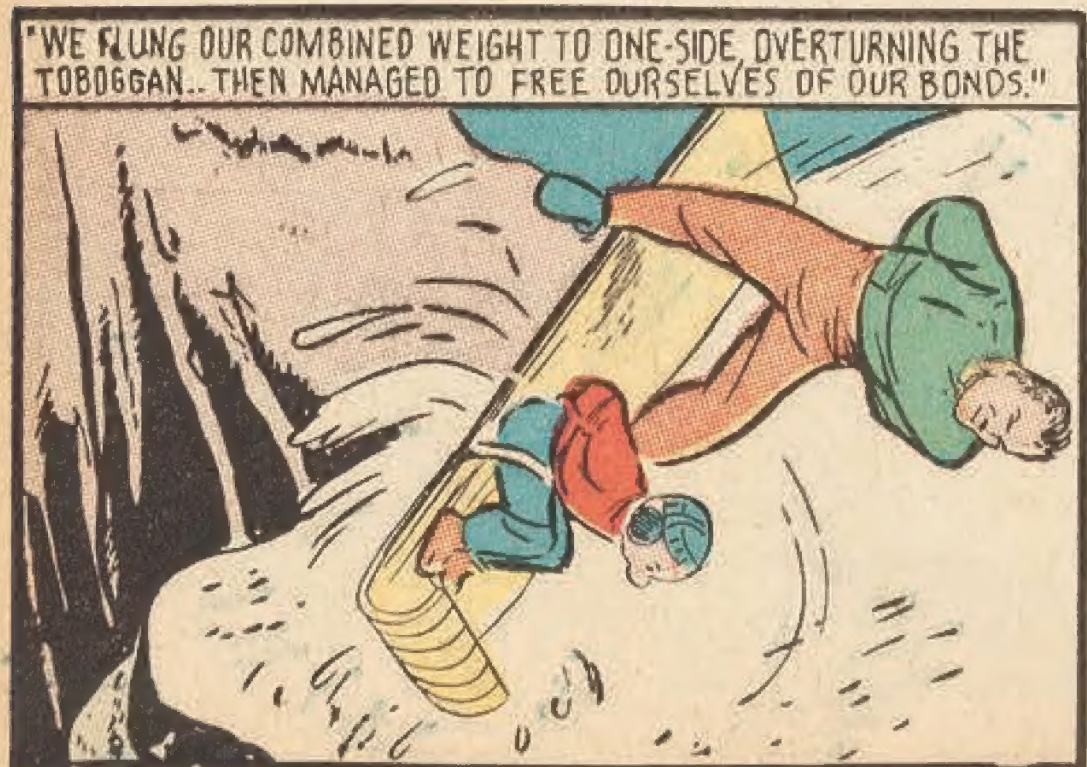
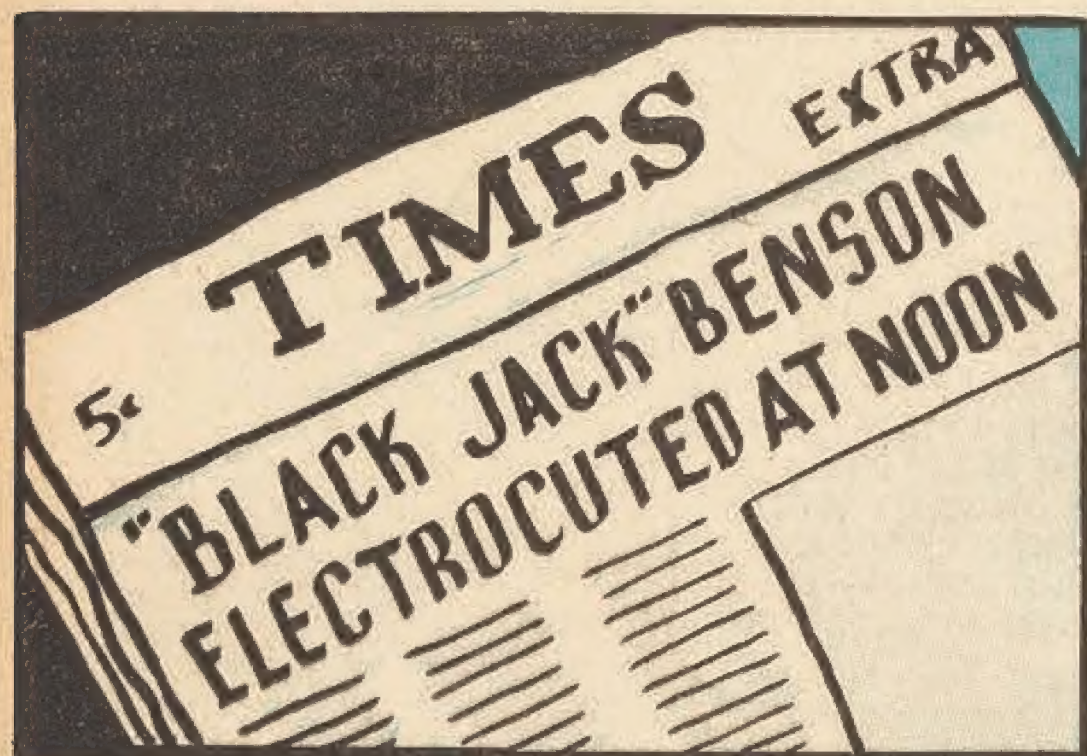














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